





ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

EARLY DAYS AT
ST. MARY'S



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ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, Knoxville, Illinois

Founded, 1868: New Buildings, 1883

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

KNOXVILLE, ILLINOIS

BY THE

REV. CHARLES WESLEY LEFFINGWELL, D.D., LL.D.

RECTOR EMERITUS OF ST. MARY'S SCHOOL



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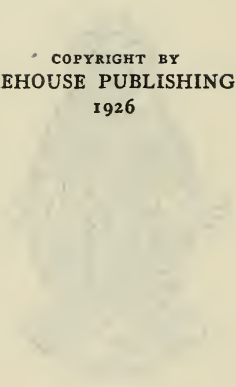
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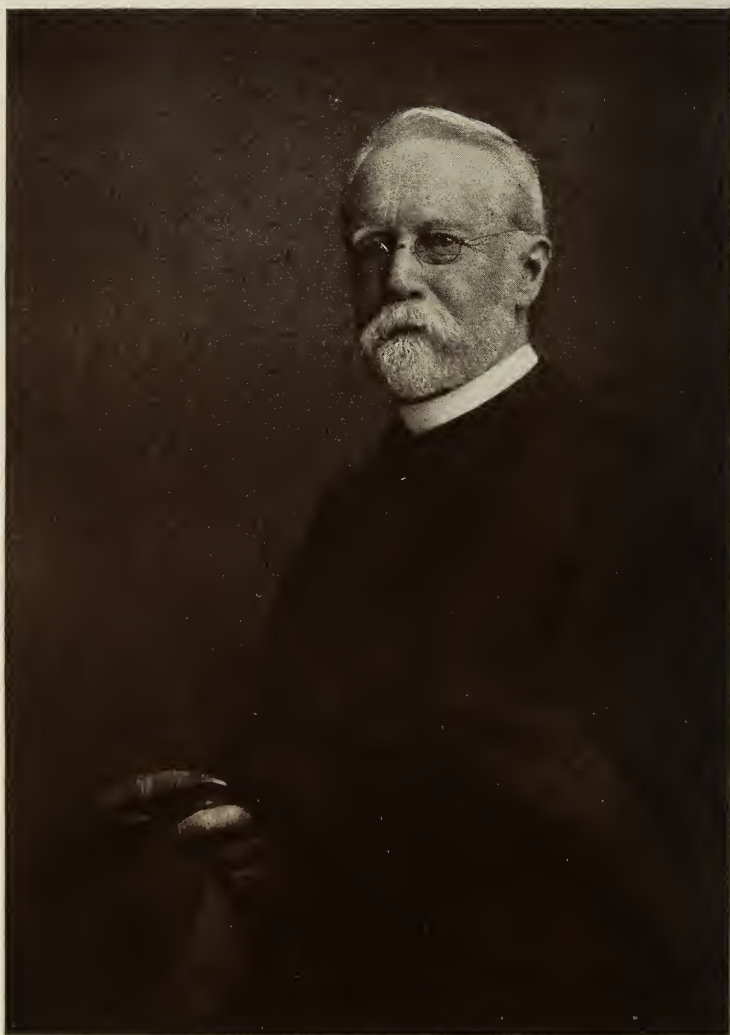
EARLY DAYS AT ALBANY
1800-1810

THE EARLY DAYS AT ALBANY
1800-1810
BY
JAMES M. SMITH

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Charles Wesley Leffingwell

Rector-emeritus St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Illinois

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TO HER
WHO GAVE TO ST. MARY'S IN
THE EARLY DAYS A MOTHER'S CARE
TO MY WIFE ELIZABETH
BELOVED COMPANION AND HELPER
FOR SIXTY-FOUR YEARS
IS INSCRIBED THIS BOOK

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SCHOOL MOTTO:

"Blessed are the Pure in Heart,
for they shall see God."

SCHOOL COLORS:

Blue and White.

CHAPTER I

KNOXVILLE, Illinois, in the eighteen-sixties, was the county seat of Knox County, the oldest settlement between the Illinois and the Mississippi rivers. In those days, many small towns in Illinois had a college decoration of some sort: Knoxville had a university, chartered by the Legislature of Illinois. Endowed with a three-story brick building and a high sounding name, and with nothing else, the Ewing Female University had a brave but brief career; the doors were closed, soon to be opened for an educational enterprise of a less pretentious aim and name.

With its debt of several thousand dollars, the vacant property was offered to the Diocese of Illinois on condition of establishing and maintaining for four years a successful school. On approval of Bishop Whitehouse, I accepted the invitation to conduct the school, beginning in April, 1868. This decision determined my career for half a century; indeed, for life; and the wonder of it was that I did not seek or desire the work, and had not thought of preparing myself especially for such a work. Yet, without any plan or purpose on my part, except to secure an income, I did have some very helpful experiences. During vacations and interruptions of my college course, I had "paid my way" by several terms of teaching, of which the most interesting were

the two years as Principal of the Galveston Academy, which I organized in 1860.

But the really important, indispensable preparation was gained (after graduating from Knox) during my three years as Vice-Principal of the Poughkeepsie Military Institute, under Dr. C. B. Warring. In an historical sketch which appeared in the *P.M.I. Cadet*, many years after my retirement, is the following reference to my service in the Institute:

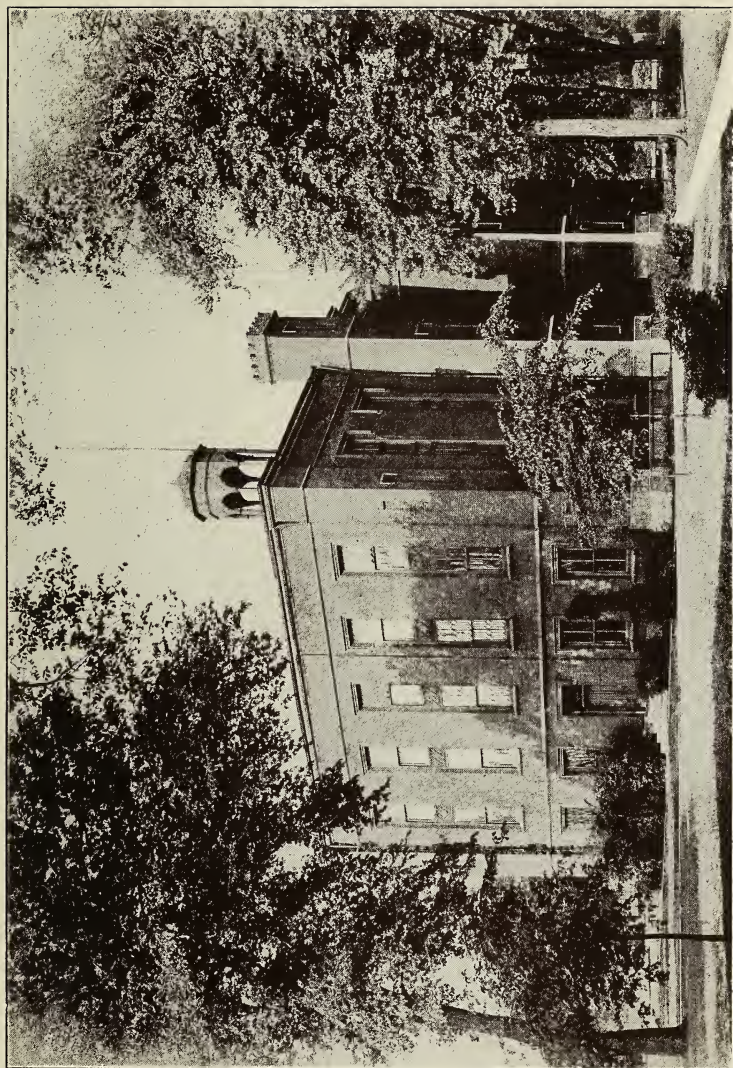
"In October, 1862, Mrs. Wright, the excellent wife of Colonel Wright, both of whom will always be remembered by the earlier cadets for the interest they manifested in the school, drove up to the building and introduced Mr. C. W. Leffingwell, who was seeking a position as teacher. He had been engaged in the South in that capacity, until the breaking out of the war drove him to the North. The Doctor had from the first intended that this school should be a military school, and so Mr. Leffingwell's coming seemed providential.

"In addition to his duties as Military Instructor, Mr. Leffingwell had general charge of the English studies. He remained till the fall of '65, when he left to become an Episcopal clergyman. He completed his studies, was admitted to Orders, and, after a little, returned to his original profession, for which he has rare qualifications.

"Under Mr. Leffingwell we had our first encampment. Those who were present will always remember the pleasures of camp week. We used to have a dress parade every evening, and a band twice or three times during the week. Why, Mr. Editor, I have seen the front yard so crowded with ladies and gentlemen in carriages and on foot, that we had to post guards to keep them back.

"Mr. Leffingwell was very much respected and loved by the pupils. I suspect the young ladies of his great school at Knoxville, Illinois (St. Mary's School) would hardly think that their grave and reverend Principal, now a Doctor of Divinity, and the editor of a most prosperous Church paper, could ever have drilled boys in the manual of arms, but it is even so, and it almost takes my breath away to think how rapidly the intervening years have glided by."

In addition to my regular work as instructor at P.M.I., I was permitted to share in the general duties



Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois

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and interests of the School; and my wife, as assistant matron, was becoming qualified to conduct the domestic department of a similar institution. So, without intending it, we were getting ready for St. Mary's!*

"You will spoil a good teacher to make a poor preacher," was Dr. Warring's comment on my resignation. After three years of strenuous service under him, I had decided to complete my theological course, and, at the risk of being a poor preacher, to devote myself to the ministry.

SO ended, as I supposed, my pedagogical career, and with great satisfaction I entered the Theological Seminary at Nashotah, Wisconsin. One can scarcely realize, without the experience, what a blessed relief comes from such a change; from the strain of discipline and the burden of responsibility, to the calm and peaceful life of a student. In this blessed state of receptivity, sheltered in a little house near the lake, with my wife and child I dwelt, with never a thought of "keeping school" again.

"Then were we like unto them that dream." But this dream of unencumbered student life did not last long. Among the families connected with the Seminary and in the country adjacent, there were a number of boys and girls for whom there was no convenient school, and I was induced to care for them as private pupils, in our own house. After breakfast was cleared away we arranged the room for study. My wife and her sister, in addition to household duties, attended to all the details of teaching, while I gave what help I could.

When we formed this class only a little family

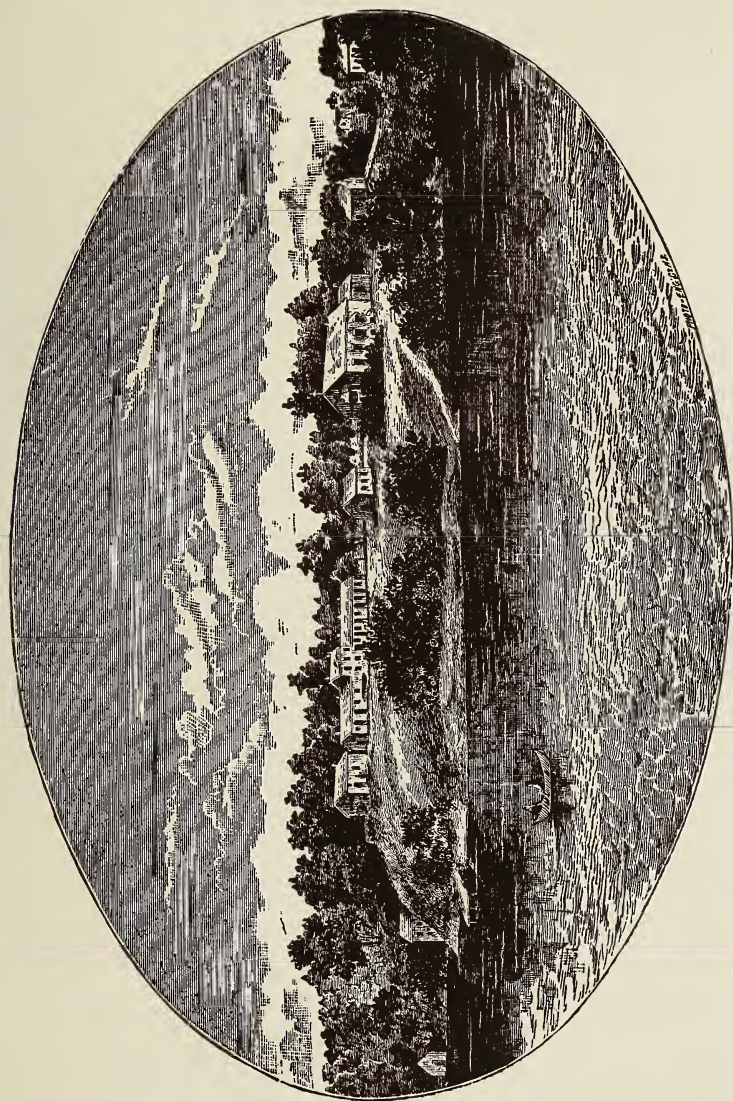
* Perhaps my residence in Poughkeepsie was of advantage later, in the opportunity it gave me to become acquainted with several prominent schools for girls, notably with the beautiful schools of Dr. Wright and Dr. Rider.

school was thought of, but the demand for increased service and accommodations soon called for a school building. This we were able to provide from an appropriation by the trustees of the Seminary and from subscriptions by neighbors who were interested. Bishop Kemper was among our subscribers, and was very kind in giving his approval and encouragement. Dr. Hugh Miller Thompson (later, Bishop of Mississippi), whose family resided near us and whose children attended the school, was another good friend and subscriber. With the new school house, we soon had to provide sheds for the shelter of the teams which our boys and girls used in coming to the school from the country round about. I think the school was called The Lakeside Academy, and we had from forty to fifty students in attendance. I remember that in winter I brought the wood and made the fire in the school-room, and daily conducted the service for the opening at nine o'clock; from there I went to my duties at the Seminary. I was able also to give some attention to the school in the afternoon.

So, within a year, and without intending to resume school duties from which I supposed I was finally and completely separated, I was conducting a school which had considerable promise of usefulness and permanence.

THE above narrative perhaps would not be worthy of record, except as it introduces and explains my call to the work in Illinois, which came about in this way:

After I had graduated at Nashotah, I was acting as tutor to the preparatory students there, while conducting the little academy to which I have referred. My record in Poughkeepsie was known to friends in



Nashotah, Wisconsin, Theological Seminary, in 1850

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the vicinity of Knoxville, Illinois, and they made the suggestion that I might be available for the proposed school. Negotiations were opened. One step led to another, and arrangements were finally made for me to establish the school.

I never could understand how it all came about; the more I have thought of it, the more I have wondered how I could have accepted the call; and still more, as time went on, I have wondered how I could have endured the uncertainties, anxieties, and hardships of the first few years of that hazardous enterprise. I cannot attribute my decision to wise forethought or practical judgment. I have always felt that I was led to the conclusion, and sustained in the trials that followed, by wisdom and strength beyond my own. Indeed, in looking back over my life, I seem to have had very little control over its great issues. I have tried to conform to the conditions under which I was placed, without giving anxious consideration as to where they might lead. If I have done anything worth while, in one direction or another, it has not been because I sought to go in that direction, but because I seemed to be led that way, and was blessed with the assurance that it would be well.

I CANNOT leave Nashotah for the great adventure in Illinois, without expressing my profound gratitude for the kind Providence which ordered my steps to that blessed retreat, to that center of learning and piety set down between the lakes and surrounded by the forests of that beautiful region of Wisconsin. Coming from a strenuous life and the exacting duties of a responsible position, the quiet and calm and the spiritual atmosphere of that retirement made a profound impression

upon my mind and personality. For the first time, I was brought in touch with some of the great minds of the Church, and was granted an insight into the ancient learning, history, and faith of the Church. Dr. A. D. Cole was at the time president of that school of the prophets; a kindly, genial, well-balanced man, with whom and with whose family our relations were most pleasant during our brief life at Nashotah. Dr. Adams and Dr. Hugh Miller Thompson were the great and brilliant teachers under whom it was my privilege to sit, and under whose magnetic influence my own intellectual powers were stimulated. Dr. Lewis Kemper was another genial and helpful master, with whom it was a blessed privilege to be associated. I can never forget nor fully repay the favors that were granted me in many ways, during my brief life there. I am only one of many hundreds who, I am sure, would bear eloquent witness to the blessings received while students and residents of that happy community.

When I last visited Nashotah, things were somewhat changed, but the school-house that was built for my Lakeside Academy still stood there under the old trees, no longer diffusing the light of elementary learning in that little world, but serving perhaps a better purpose as a dormitory for the preparatory students over whom, for a time, I had been placed as a tutor. The old chapel and library, the scene of the first heroic mission at Nashotah, had disappeared, and the dignified cloisters and dormitories built of solid stone, looked out from the crest of the hill over the placid waters of the lake.

IT was a cheerless and blustering day in March, when, with my wife and infant daughter, I came to Knoxville to complete preparations for opening of the school



Hebard House, Knoxville, Illinois, in 1844

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in April. As always in March, "the skies they were ashen and sober." The wide and windy landscape of the mid-west through which we journeyed gave no token of approaching spring, suggested no cheer for man, bird, or beast. But we were young and hopeful, happy in the thought of "new worlds to conquer," heedless of signs and seasons and the state of the weather.

We made our temporary abode in Knoxville, at the old Hebard House, taking the room in which Mr. Lincoln had rested, a few years before, when on his way to Galesburg for one of his famous political debates with Douglas. Half a century after, on the spot in Galesburg where Lincoln spoke, I listened to an address by Mr. Taft, then a candidate for the presidency.

The Hebard House was a monument of pioneer days, its date, 1844, being painted large on the street front. It was the "half way house" between the Mississippi and Illinois rivers, where the stages changed horses.

Our residence "in town," though only for a short time, helped us to the acquaintance and good will of the citizens, and was the beginning of the cordial relations that have always existed between the School and the town. At a reception given to us in the hotel, we met some of the "old settlers" and many of those of later day, all eager to see the man who had come to open the "seminary." Many years after, Mrs. Keightley, shaking with laughter, told me that as she entered the crowded room that night, I was pointed out to her, and she exclaimed, almost loud enough for me to hear, "What! that boy?"

But I was not conscious of being so very young (twenty-seven, "going on eight!"), for I had begun the serious work of life at sixteen. I note that Dr. DeKoven

was only twenty-eight when he became head of Racine College.

A few days later I was embarrassed by a similar remark, on being introduced as "the man who had come to open the new school." "Well, now, I declare! You do look rather young!" was the frank but kindly greeting; to which I was able to stammer the response that I hoped time would cure that. "All things come to him who waits!"

With Mr. Keightley, whose wife is mentioned above, I had an amusing encounter, some years after, when the legal transfer of the Ewing property was about to be made under our new name. Keightley objected to the change of name to St. Mary's. In consideration of a large subscription, he had acquired the right to name the University, and had given it the name of Ewing, the family name of his wife. I happened to know that her first name was Mary, and so I argued that he might consider our proposed name, St. Mary's, as referring to her! But he was not to be put off by pleasantry, however flattering. I paid him five hundred dollars for a "quit claim." I think Mrs. Keightley never knew how near she came to being canonized!

BUT there was little time for social attentions, during the month preceding our opening. The work of cleaning and repairing was already well advanced, under the direction of William Hester, Warden of our St. John's parish in Knoxville. Of Mr. and Mrs. Hester I should like to make more than this brief mention. Their helpful friendship began when I was a student at Knox in 1862. As a lay-reader I came over to Knoxville from time to time, on Sunday afternoons, to read the service, and rested at their pretty cottage from my

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ten-mile walk. They were English people of refinement, delighting in flowers and in old china. Their coöperation in the preparatory work at St. Mary's was of great value.

The conditions under which that work was begun would seem to us at this day quite hopeless. The building of the abandoned university, though substantial, was unattractive and out of repair; the grounds were ungraded prairie, without tree or shrub or decoration of any kind except for a row of young maples growing outside the old front fence. The only water supply was from a well, the only provision for heating was by stoves, there was not even a fire-place; no plumbing, not even a drain pipe. Plumbing was almost unknown in that day, outside the big cities. In Knox County there was only one bath tub when St. Mary's was opened. For the first fifteen years, the School had only kerosene lamps for lighting. A wide space of unbroken prairie, with a few small houses and a railroad track, lay between our future home and Knoxville.

Perhaps there was something stimulating in the magnitude of the difficulties confronting us.

"The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare."

Difficulties and disappointments must be met in every enterprise of moment. A school can not be set up, like a "ready cut" house, on a prairie in Illinois, or even between two great cities like Chicago and Milwaukee. "I could a tale unfold," about Racine College and Kemper Hall, how they started and struggled and stopped and started again.

Of the details of our work during those busy April days, no one would care to hear; indeed, they are mostly

forgotten. The Paschal moon shone down with kindly light upon our new school home where we were ready to open the doors on the following Monday.

IN OUR preparation for the opening of St. Mary's School, nothing was more important than engagement of a Principal. Of course I was much concerned about that, for executive ability is the most difficult to secure. Without advertising or aid of agencies, indeed without correspondence, Miss Hitchcock was engaged a month before we went to Knoxville. For twenty-five years she held her place, without question. There was no change or desire for change, until the term of her enlistment had expired.

Nancy Meneely Hitchcock was a graduate of the Emma Willard School, the pioneer school in the field of higher education for women in America.* Miss Hitchcock's efficiency, influence, and impressive personality are known to all who have been related to the School. Through her, we believe, something of the high ideals and fine culture of the great school in Troy descended to St. Mary's and profoundly affected its character and career.

So we prepared, as best we could, the staging of the drama—the properties, scenery, etc.; but what of the Play itself? Of course our educational plans were not elaborated in every detail at first, but a few general principles and fixed points were clear at the start. We had what the engineers call a “base line” from which to triangulate. School, Church, and Home were the three dimensions, so to speak, of the little world which we proposed to establish there, on the old “Military

* In recognition of Mrs. Willard's distinguished services a monument has been erected to her in Troy.



Nancy Meneely Hitchcock

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Tract"; and the end of that little world's evolution should be character and service:

"The Perfect Woman nobly planned."

We were there to establish *a school*; not a reformatory, pleasure resort, sanitarium, boarding house with a pedagogic annex, but first of all a school. Our business there was to educate, and whatever else we might do or leave undone, we must make a thoroughly good school or fail, and deserve to fail.

And what is a "thoroughly good" school? A school may be very thorough without being very good. I remember how my time as a boy was not always profitably employed in the memorizing of names and dates and facts and figures of no importance. The curriculum in the days of the "little red school house" was very limited, and we made the most of it.

There are many things beside thoroughness required for the making of a good school. At St. Mary's one thing we had in mind, and have kept in mind, from the beginning: the school should be adapted to the needs of its students. Since men and women differ in temperament and constitution, both physical and mental, the difference should be recognized in the ordering of studies, regulations, and recreations of a school for the education of girls and young women.

And that school should be founded and continued in the faith and fear of God, for other foundation there is not in all the Universe. Without religion there is no hope in schools or institutions of any kind; no hope in art, philosophy, science, civilization. The education which ignores the fundamental relation of the soul of man to the Soul of the Universe is a delusion and a snare. That relation of the soul is established, main-

tained, and cherished in its fulness by the Gospel and Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

St. Mary's should be a CHURCH SCHOOL, not a convent, nor a compromise, but consistently and decidedly a Church School, with no apology for its teachings or worship. That is not to declare it a propaganda for making "Episcopalians." Its propaganda should be for the promoting of pure religion by making religion the rule and habit of every day life.

In its scholastic and social training, the School should aim to give to its students broad culture and mental discipline, so that they shall be known as educated and capable women, in whatever state of life it may please God to call them. They should be taught to live healthfully, behave soberly, and manage their affairs prudently.

A school in which scholars live, as well as study and recite and exercise, is, for the time, their home. It should be to them as nearly as possible all that the family home is; often it is more and better. If it fails in home life, in home care and influence, great is the loss thereby. Habit, temper, and disposition are established for life, largely by home influence. The safety, honor, and welfare of the nation depend upon the quality and character of its homes more than upon "Congress assembled." Fortunately, "boarding schools" are generally much more than the name implies. Our pioneer Church School "between the rivers" must be a HOME SCHOOL; students and teachers closely related as in a family, sharing its social and domestic life.

As a home, St. Mary's should provide for the safety, comfort, health, and happiness of those committed to her care, including, as far as possible, all that pertains to their physical, social, and domestic life. It should

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prepare its students to adorn the family and social circle, not only with intellectual culture, but also with graceful manners, refined tastes, and Christian character; truly a tremendous charge, not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but, as the Marriage service declares of matrimony, "reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God."

These shall be the three "dimensions" of our school world; Intellect, Affection, and Religion; these three being the length, breadth, and height thereof.

CHAPTER II

N the morning of the thirteenth day of April, 1868, St. Mary's School was opened in Knoxville, Illinois, without sounding of trumpets or formal ceremony. Our little company assembled for Matins in the great Study Hall, and in the Collect for the day (it was Monday in Easter-week) we found the prayer that we most desired to offer:

"Almighty God, . . . we humbly beseech thee that as by thy special Grace preventing us thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect."

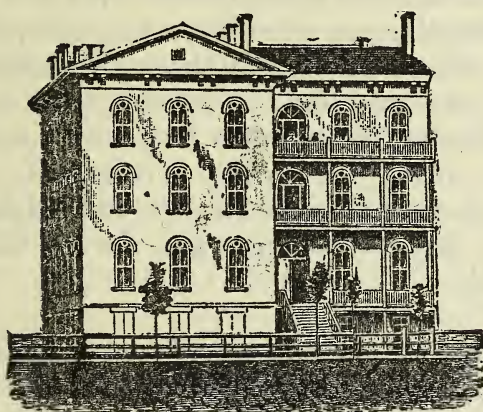
There were about thirty students present, most of them being day scholars. Only four were members of the school family; Luella Hobson and Mary Beaty, of Chicago; Marianne Greenleaf, of Galesburg; Ellen Seely, daughter of our housekeeper. Besides the Rector, Principal, and House Mother, we had Miss Osborne, teacher of music.

It was, indeed, a small beginning, in a big, big room, nearly a hundred feet long and fourteen feet high, with great arched windows on three sides of it, and with only some desks and a bare platform at one end to break the monotony of it. Later, the hall was handsomely decorated; the ceiling was paneled, the walls were frescoed and hung with maps and paintings, and on the platform were rugs, chancel and school furniture, and a fine organ, with front of decorated pipes

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

reaching almost to the ceiling. It was really a noble room.

I have often wondered how we were able to endure those first three months, with inadequate income, depressing environment, and uncertainty for the future. Perhaps it is more remarkable that our few students remained contented and cheerful and made a fine record. Indeed, that "day of small things" was not at all discouraging. Beginning so near the end of the



EWING UNIVERSITY BUILDING

In which St. Mary's School was conducted
for five years, 1868-1873

school year, with little advertising, we had no reason to expect many students, and we were not equipped to take care of many. Above all, we were sustained by the faith and hope which had attended every step of the enterprise. We thoroughly believed in it, and worked for our small school as faithfully and cheerfully as we ever did for the larger school of a later day.

To do the best possible for each one of our little flock, we had almost as many classes as pupils. The

primary class consisted of one little girl, who began with A-B-C under Miss Hitchcock and continued with us through the whole course to graduation, never having attended for a day any other school. Later, the same record was made, of course, by our three daughters, who were born at St. Mary's.

That first period of pioneer work was really the pleasantest of our half century at St. Mary's. At least, it so seems on looking back to it. Perhaps it is a case where "distance lends enchantment." We had no annoyance of discipline, no overwork and worry, no discontent. After school hours, sometimes we played croquet, sometimes explored the beautiful forests north and south. On Sunday we attended St. John's parish church where, for many years after, I officiated, supplying organist and choir from St. Mary's, and helping by our offerings to pay the expenses and the big debt on the little church.

THE end of that first quarter was our time to "make a show," and we made the most of it. I grieve to recall how we tormented our few little lambs by a public examination. Good Dr. Chase, of Jubilee College, presided, and he smiled so kindly and praised so heartily the performance of the frightened victims, that they survived the tests of answering questions in public, and perhaps forgave us for subjecting them to the ordeal.

The grand finale of this short term of our little school was an entertainment of music and tableaux. Miss Hitchcock was the manager of the spectacular features, and with the very limited material at hand, gave a fine "exhibition." The good people of Knoxville thronged the hall and heartily applauded.

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The evening is memorable as one of the hottest on record. Never were wax-works subjected to such intense heat without melting! The performers will recall with a smile the placid endurance of the "Fat Woman" in her multitudinous wrappings, and the Spartan-like spirit of the "Wild Boy of the Woods," who, rather than not be ready for his cue, wore the buffalo robe all the evening.

FROM the interesting performance at the end of that first term, through all the years, musical and dramatic entertainments have been frequent and popular at St. Mary's; and they have been very helpful, serving to promote culture and good cheer, and to give the spice of variety to school life. Indeed, they have real educational value, for those who plan and perform as well as for those who are entertained. It is to be hoped that the school girl's fondness for social and dramatic entertainments may not be diminished by increasing interest in athletics. While she gains in mental and physical alertness, by field sports and the gymnasium, may she not lose or lessen her commanding influence in home and social life, but still be to us "a phantom of delight," ministering to the joy and beauty of the world.

The performance of that hot evening in June was like the launching of the ship: and happily she floated! Everybody was proud and pleased. The ship was a mere hull, unfinished and unfurnished, needing almost everything to make it fit for the voyage. But we had made a beginning. "Thus far the Lord had brought us on our way."

"Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

The motto which good Bishop Chase had carved on the altar of his Jubilee College chapel should be ours: "*Jehovah Jireh!* The Lord will provide."

ONE of the cherished memories of this period of St. Mary's is that of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Chase, to whom I have referred above, and to whom we were frequently indebted for service and encouragement. At the time of his first visit he was conducting a school for boys at Jubilee College, near Peoria, a charge which had been assigned to him by his uncle, Bishop Philander Chase. As Illinois emerged from the "Wilderness" the college at Jubilee was submerged, as it were, in its almost inaccessible location, and the little school conducted by Dr. Chase was all that remained of the educational work at Jubilee. This involved a considerable deficit, from year to year, and during the late years of the episcopate of Bishop Whitehouse, the school was discontinued.

By the successors of Bishop Whitehouse, earnest efforts were made from time to time, to revive the work at Jubilee, without encouraging results. To Dr. Chase, of course, the closing of the school was a great disappointment, and I am happy to believe that he was somewhat comforted in his sadness by occasional participation in the growing work at Knoxville. He was ever a welcome visitor, a kindly man, a gentleman and scholar, worthy of the relation he had sustained to the work of the first Bishop of Illinois.

OUR little hour of elation at the close of that first term was followed by a period of great anxiety; how should we provide equipment for the growth of the School? We were quite sure of increased attendance,

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and everything was encouraging except the financial situation. So far, our receipts from school charges had been very small, not sufficient to pay current expenses during the ten weeks of that first term. No contributions had been received or solicited, and we had no guarantee of salary or support, except the five-year lease, which allowed us to make or lose, to sink or swim! We could not mortgage the property to raise money, as we held it only under a lease.

Possibly I might borrow on my personal note. I remembered that a Churchman in Chicago, who had encouraged me to go to Knoxville, had remarked that he might give something to aid the enterprise, so I went to Chicago, only to ascertain that this good man had quite forgotten his intention to help me, and was not in a condition (or disposition?) to do or to promise anything.

Returning to Knoxville, I was obliged to report that I could not secure, as I had hoped, any assistance from Chicago, for the growing necessities of the School, and should have to do the best I could with what I had in hand; to which the president of the bank replied:

"But why do you go so far from home to borrow money?"

I explained that I had no more collateral to offer, and that I was better known in Chicago than in Knoxville, where I had resided only for a short time.

"How much money do you need to carry you through?"

I told him I thought \$2,500 would be enough; possibly I could make it a little less.

"John," he said, calling to Mr. Babbington, the cashier, "make out a note for Mr. Leffingwell for twenty-five hundred dollars."

"But, Mr. Runkle," I said, "I have nothing to offer as security, and I know of no one in this town who would be willing to sign the note with me."

"Oh, yes," he said, "I will sign the note with you. That is all right."

THIS was the beginning of a long course of courteous treatment which Mr. Runkle and the bank extended to me, through the half century of my administration. A few years after, I became a director in the bank, and my relations with that institution were very gratifying and helpful. My helpfulness to the bank, I think, was mostly by way of borrowing money from it!

Cornelius Runkle should be written down with Abou Ben Adhem as "one who loved his fellow men." Both in appearance and temperament he resembled Abraham Lincoln. He was a man of few words and many good deeds. He had no family, and seemed to care little for what most of us consider "the comforts of life." He lived in the old bank, sleeping in a little room there and taking his meals at the Hebard House. When I urged him to be more liberal towards himself while he was doing so much for others, he smiled away my good advice, with the assurance that he was quite comfortable and contented with the routine of his simple life. During our acquaintance of over thirty years, I never knew of his going outside of Knox County or spending a dollar for recreation, while he was spending and lending freely to help others.

In his philosophy of life, character and conduct were entirely the products of heredity and environment, and he seemed to hold this doctrine almost to the exclusion of man's responsibility. After the robbery of the old bank, he objected to the pursuit and punishment

of the band, though they had tortured him to get the combination of the big safe. "You and I," he said, "would be just as bad, if we had been brought up as they were. And after all, they were not so very bad, for they rubbed oil on my feet after they had burned them!" The thieves got a few hundred dollars from a small safe, "But they didn't get the pile!" said Mr. Runkle.

IN those days, the School year comprised forty weeks, broken only by two weeks of Christmas holidays, and a week in the spring. This gave us a summer vacation of nine weeks. I'm not sure that the shortening of the school year almost a month, which came about later in nearly all the schools of the country, was altogether "a consummation devoutly to be wished." On the part of the schools it was not so much of choice as of necessity. More and more, school patrons were lengthening their summer vacations, withdrawing students before the close of the school year, and returning them tardily after the reopening. Of course it was not difficult to reconcile both teachers and pupils to the shorter term.

Of the sixty pupils in attendance during this first full year, only fifteen were resident. The large number of day scholars, though not a source of much revenue (the full charge for tuition being only \$40 a year) was a great help in organizing classes, adding to the interest and variety of work and play, and filling the big, barren study hall with young life and eager activity. This large patronage from Knoxville was not continued in later years (and was not so much needed) since the public schools were greatly improved.

The charge for resident students, \$360 for the year of forty weeks, seems absurdly small in these days of thousand dollar boarding schools; and it was really too

small, even in those days, to furnish a living wage to those engaged in it. But for the Middle West it seemed "all the traffic would bear." Some thought the rate would be prohibitive, as St. Mary's would be in competition with seminaries in which the charge was considerably less. In these institutions the scholastic training, as a rule, was excellent, but at St. Mary's there was more than teaching; Christian nurture, personal care, social culture, character-forming influences, paternal discipline, wise ordering of habit. For these, parents were willing to pay.

For many years the charge for board and "tuition in all studies of the course" did not exceed \$400 a year. During the later years of my administration, when the cost of living had greatly advanced everywhere, the charge at St. Mary's was \$600 a year. This included training in domestic science as well as ordinary school work.

It seems almost incredible that we could "carry on" even with a full school, at the lower rate. But the conditions were most favorable for economical administration. Wages and supplies, especially in rural districts, were less than one-half the present cost. The day laborer, all over the country, received only \$1.50 for a ten-hour day. We paid for butter, eggs, poultry, and other farm and garden produce one-fourth the price we pay today. Coal, in that part of Illinois, was about \$2.50 a ton; wood, \$4.00 a cord; meat, a shilling a pound; ordinary domestic service, \$16.00 a month. Our hundred pounds of turkey for a dinner cost only \$12.50.

Only a half dozen years before the opening of St. Mary's, during the Civil War, farm and garden produce in the Middle West scarcely paid for hauling to market. When roads were bad, corn was sometimes used

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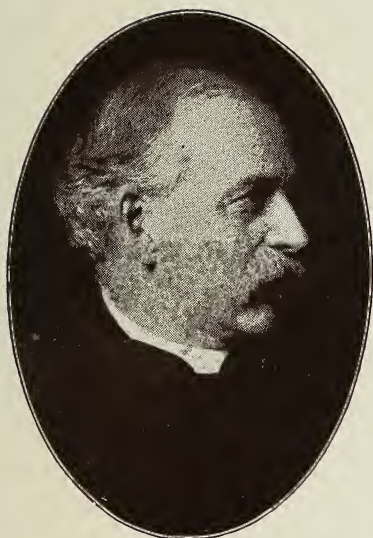
for fuel. Coal was five or six cents a bushel at the freight station. By burning the corn at home, the long haul by wagon through Illinois mud was saved on both corn and coal. I remember a friend of mine who drove twelve miles to Galesburg with a bushel of eggs (a gross, packed in oats) and brought back a pound of coffee as the proceeds of the sale! The eggs were four cents a dozen; the coffee was priced at sixty cents, in our depreciated currency, (this during the Civil War) or thirty cents in foreign exchange. A dozen eggs for two cents and a half. But with feed costing nothing the hens kept on laying, and the farmer's wife mixed parched grain with the coffee, "to make it go farther."

CHAPTER III

IF YOU will dig down and uncover the foundations of a school, you will find that some of the "living stones" there are from the student body; and throughout the building, in every "bonding course" by which the walls are strengthened, the student body is represented. Every school manager will tell you that the character, reputation, and stability of an institution depend largely upon the quality of the students. In this respect St. Mary's was fortunate, and from the beginning has been blessed. As a rule, her students have come from the best families of the Middle West; girls who were respected at home, and ambitious to qualify for positions of honor and influence.

At the reopening in September, 1868, even with a very small number of advanced pupils, we were fortunate in finding three who were well prepared for the middle class of our three-year graduation course. The three who constituted this upper class, Clara Wilson, Jennie Hunter, and Ada Runkle, were young women of mature character, strong purpose, and high ideals. They should have honorable mention, as among the "living stones" of the foundation upon which St. Mary's was builded.

Miss Wilson, valedictorian of this class, went from St. Mary's to Vassar College, graduating there in two years with a fine record. She married George W. Kret-



Edward H. Rudd



Anna Francis Rudd

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zinger, prominent railroad attorney of Chicago. Through all these years she has been loyal and active in the interests of the school of which she is a trustee: she is also president of the Associate Alumnae. Some charming products of her pen will be found among the selections in this volume.

Our foundations were strengthened and the efficiency of the school was increased by the coming of Anna Francis, my wife's sister, who had been in charge of my little academy at Nashotah. She had remained there to complete the school year, and so had missed being counted with Miss Hitchcock as one of the real founders.

Miss Francis was a "born teacher"; alert, energetic, and versatile. As instructor and choir leader for nearly forty years, she gave devoted and valuable service to St. Mary's. She married the Rev. Edward H. Rudd, and for a brief period had experience of parish life, but soon returned to her old school work and home, bringing her husband with her. Mr. Rudd (later, Dr. Rudd), Chaplain and Instructor in Science, was soon known and valued for his own sake, and not as the husband of his wife. The frequent occurrence of his name in reports of our school life and work is an indication of his helpfulness and popularity. Their child Harold, growing up with our little ones, was a competitor with them for the favor of the girls. Each baby had a "waiting list."

OBSERVERS of child life have claimed that growth of intellect and personality is greater in early than in later years. It may be true also of the childhood of institutions. It seems to be true, in the case of our St. Mary's. That first year was remarkable as a

formative period. The routine of duty and recreation, the customs, order, and discipline, the standards and ideals that prevailed in that year, continued almost unchanged for half a century, and presumably continue to this day. Of course as numbers increased even beyond the "limit" of a hundred, there could not be the same intimate relation of students, officers, and teachers, as in the days when all knelt together in the library for family prayers. But the School never entirely outgrew the home; the family never was merged in the institution; love was not submerged by law.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
'Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,'
The teacher did reply."

My first condition in the engagement of officers and teachers was that they should all share in the family and social life of the School, be interested in the students, in their recreations as well as in their work, and seek to secure their confidence and affection. Teachers and students lived together, worked and played together, in the most kindly and intimate relation. Doubtless this family spirit was more easily cultivated in those days, when teachers generally did not regard school duty as exclusively professional and official. The policy of St. Mary's School from first to last, under my administration, was to have officers and teachers all interested in the domestic, social, and spiritual life of the institution. This ideal, I think, was fairly realized, and we were happy to have it so.

THE most notable event of the reopening was the visit of the Bishop of Illinois. He had not returned from Europe when our little company assembled in

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April, and this was his first sight of St. Mary's. He was surprised and gratified to find a diocesan school, almost full grown, waiting to welcome him out there on the prairie! He seemed to take the School at once to his heart, winning all by his gracious manner and kindly words. It was a great privilege for our little School to be visited and addressed by Bishop Whitehouse, a privilege and honor frequently enjoyed in the years following. With the work of a great diocese, his large correspondence all written by his own hand, he journeyed often and far to visit us. He said that it rested him to spend a day at St. Mary's.

The Bishop was with us again to preside at the celebration of our First Anniversary, in Easter week. The following account of the day appeared in the *American Churchman*, of which Dr. Hugh Miller Thompson was then editor:

"St. Mary's School, at Knoxville, Illinois, celebrated its first anniversary on Easter Tuesday. The morning was bright and beautiful. At the usual hour of service, the School entered St. John's Church, singing, as a processional, The Strain Upraise. The services were choral, and the voices of the sixty young girls rang out clearly and sweetly in chant and response. The Bishop's address was most appropriate. With a delicate appreciation of the home feeling that characterizes the School, he began by calling the anniversary 'Baby's Birthday,' drawing a charming comparison between the winsome ways of the darling of a household, and the love, the hopes, and the promise that cluster around St. Mary's. The service over, the School left the church singing Jerusalem the Golden.

"The rest of the day was kept as a high holiday. One pleasing feature was the presentation of a birthday cake by the young ladies. It is a custom at St. Mary's, and one which marks the home-like character of the School, to commemorate the birthday of each pupil by presenting a cake to the heroine of the day; and it occurred to the young ladies that the fitness of things required that St. Mary's too, should have a cake. One was accordingly procured, and after supper

it was carried into the parlor by the youngest, followed by an impromptu procession of the donors, all eager to tell that it was for 'Baby's Birthday.' The cake was gaily decked with tiny gilt flags and streamers of bright ribbons, and surmounted by a solitary pink taper!"

During Whitsuntide the Bishop confirmed four students in our little parish church, where our Sunday and special services were held. The first full year closed with literary exercises, on June 18, 1869.

OF course there was a considerable deficit at the end of the first year. The second summer vacation, (1869) found us in worse condition, financially, than before. We had gained in experience and reputation, and the outlook for the future was encouraging, but bills were pressing for payment, and our need of increased equipment for school and household was greater than ever.

We had need also of increased physical equipment; our vitality was at low ebb. The long strain of overwork and anxiety had brought us almost to the breaking point of health and hope. Inadequate income had compelled us to limit expenditure for service in every department, and we had to do work ourselves which we could not afford to get done by others. I was preacher, teacher, business manager, bookkeeper, secretary, steward, optimist! My uncomplaining wife shared in almost all the executive work of the house and the school. With the added burden of a baby in arms, she could no longer conceal from me the wear of her too strenuous life.

We decided that we must have a vacation. "And thereby hangs a tale! Let's ha' it!"

"Elizabeth," I said, a day or two after the exhausting work of the closing exercises, "we must have a rest; we will take a vacation."

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"That would be fine!" she replied; "but how can we afford it? We can rest here. We shall be very comfortable and can take things easy, after we get the cleaning done and the rooms in order."

"No! Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, my dear. We are going to get out of sight and sound of St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Illinois, and stay at least a month, even if the School never opens again."

"If we go away I'm afraid we shall have to stay away, for we shall not have money enough to get back."

NEVERTHELESS, I went on to make plans for the outing. I had a little reserve fund of several hundred dollars, made up I scarcely know how, and carefully hoarded for emergencies. This secret being revealed to my wondering wife, we joyfully began to arrange the details of our great adventure. We would go to Saratoga Springs (not to the big hotel, of course), and to Poughkeepsie, our former school home, and to grandfather's old farm in the Berkshire Hills, etc. We had the trunks brought out and the day of our departure appointed. Then we faced the embarrassing duty of negotiating with our local creditors.

I had no doubt that most of them would be willing to wait for payment until the reopening of School in September. But in this I was mistaken. I found that nearly every one wanted his money and had to have it. They were quite right in demanding it. They had their own bills to pay, and, as a rule, had no reserve funds.

One exception to the general negation of my request for extension deserves to be noted. I have remembered it gratefully for over fifty years. Mr. J. S. Brewer, the druggist, who had furnished a large amount of paints and oils for repairs on the old building, and so far had

not received a dollar from me, cordially granted me "all the time you need." A favor almost as great had been extended by G. Schirmer Co., of New York, on account of music publications supplied for the whole year.

At the close of that hot day in July, "with reluctant feet" I returned to the big building on the treeless prairie, to share with my wife news of my failure.

"It might be worse," she said.

There was not much encouragement in that, but it set me to thinking: "Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? Put thy trust in God." Surely, it might be worse; I had not thought of that. Doubtless it would be worse if we lost faith and courage. "Put thy trust in God!"

I say, it set me to thinking how we had been guided and provided for, how the Lord had been our helper and had "delivered us out of our distress." The work that had been begun in faith, by faith should go on, though we had to "remove mountains." But we were very tired and must get away, for a time.

So I said, "We will start tomorrow. We have a few dollars left. (It might be worse, indeed!) We can go somewhere, anywhere; perhaps to Chicago, where we should get a change of scene and a breath of lake air."

So we bought return tickets and took the train for Chicago.

Having an hour or two to wait in Galesburg, to change cars, I said to my wife that I would go up town for a little walk, while she rested in the station. I had been thinking of a prominent business man in Galesburg, a Churchman whose daughter was at St. Mary's, and to his office I timorously made my way.

"Mr. Phillips," I said, without wasting time to dis-

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cuss the weather, "I want to borrow a hundred dollars on my note, say for three months. I will repay it a month after the reopening of School in September."

Did he make the note? He did! and I paid the note before it was due.

His daughter Jennie was long numbered among our "dearest and best," and later Mr. W. N. Phillips was an honored member of our board of trustees.

On our vacation way we went rejoicing, and carried out the programme as we had planned. At the ancestral home in Massachusetts we had, for the time, four generations under one roof; grandfather, son, grandson, and his infant daughter.

We returned to Knoxville in good health and good time to prepare for the reopening.

Indeed, "It might be worse!"

PERHAPS this account of the pioneer days may not be altogether to my credit; it may seem that the hardships were mostly the result of improvidence and overconfidence on my part; or that I magnify the difficulties in order to gain credit for overcoming them. Be that as it may, and aside from all personal considerations, the true Story of St. Mary's must tell of trials as well as achievements. Of the former, I may claim to have had my share; for the latter, I thank God, by whose kind Providence each crisis was wonderfully provided for. To Him be praise that our discouragements did not end in defeat. *

Institutions do not "just grow." The stones of our temples are cemented with sweat and blood. We ad-

* It should not be inferred that I had undertaken this work without any financial resources. My wife generously devoted to it her inheritance, but the deficits and difficulties were greater than we had reason to expect.

mire the completed structure, proportioned and perfect from foundation to finial, and think not of the travail by which it has been wrought. Reading between the lines of its sculptural stones, we begin to realize something of the hardships and dangers attending its production.

The good things that make life worth living, our homes, schools, civilization, religion, have been founded on sacrifice.

LOOKING back now over half a century, the passing from that first year to the second seems like crossing the line between two periods. The first period is distinct in memory, even to many unimportant details. I have, as it were, a moving picture of it in mind. Crossing the line, the scene is distant and dim. Fortunately, by the aid of correspondence and photographs, and from the files of the school magazine, I may be able to recall some interesting phases of the school life of fifty years ago.

The scenes and events of the first year and the preceding term are more readily recalled, I presume, because the work was new, with less detail and complication than that which followed; my concentration upon it was more intense, my interest and anxiety were more profound, than at any other period. In those few months I lived as many years.

The beginning of the second school year, September 8, 1869, found us with increased number of resident students, and with increased hope and confidence. The first notable event was the arrival of number Thirty-Five, and the School was full! This occurred on the fifteenth of October, and was the occasion of great rejoicing, celebrated by a grand frolic in the evening. The

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student who enjoyed the distinction of "capping the climax" was Miss Howard Lombard, from a town in Illinois that bears the name of the family which she worthily represented.

The first Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by the Rector, on Trinity Sunday, from the text, "Blessed are the Pure in Heart, for They shall See God," the class and school motto.

Of the First Graduates' Day, June 16, 1870, the following account was given in a letter written to the *American Churchman* by the Rev. Dr. Corbett of Quincy, Illinois:

"At half past ten o'clock, the procession, singing the Trinity Hymn, marched into the hall where the exercises were to take place. After the solemn religious services, in which all participated, the band played some inspiring music. Next, a quartette of scholars sang the Greeting Song, which was followed by an essay on Fact, by Miss Hunter. This essay evidenced that the writer had not only read, but had likewise marked, learned, and inwardly digested her readings. She rendered her essay in a manner that commanded attention, whilst the treatment of her theme convinced the assembly that 'facts are stubborn things.' After another instalment of music, Miss Runkle, of Knoxville, read her essay on Fancy, which was very fanciful, and was universally liked. At last came an essay, by Miss Wilson, of Rock Island, with the valedictory. The subject of the essay was Laughter and Tears. The writer proved that life is made up of the twain. Her parting address was beautiful and sad. Her farewell to her Rector and classmates was very affecting, and so, indeed, was every part of the address. The whole of it seemed flavored with the sincerest gratitude.

"Next came a scene that should have been photographed! The three graduates kneeling on the steps of the dais, before the Rector, who hung around each neck the golden Cross of Honor, badge of St. Mary's School; and as, in closing, he laid his hand upon the head of each, adopting the motto of the School, said, Blessed are the pure in heart, the effect was electrical; when he at last stood, and, with uplifted hands and tremulous voice, blessed them, and prayed God

evermore to have them in His care and keeping, then 'all the people said Amen'."

The graduating exercises over, the clergy and other guests dined with us; after dinner toasts were proposed, which elicited short speeches from each. The toast, "Our Absent Bishop", was responded to by the Rev. Dr. Chase, in a most feeling and appropriate manner.

This happy ending of the second year I recall as one of the brightest and best days in the early history of St. Mary's School.

"Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

On the verdant lawn without, the roses were abloom, while the great Study Hall within, more beautiful to our sight than the June landscape, was the "rosebud garden of girls," bright with gay costumes and expectant smiles. Standing room was the limit of the large and sympathetic audience. No wonder that the anxious hearts that had waited long for such a day, for such fruition of hope deferred, were full of thankful joy!

The order of this first Graduates' Day was followed in the graduation of every Class during the half century, even to the design of the Cross of Honor, which I drew with my own hand.

This chapter, which closes the story of the first period of the School, shall have for its peroration the Valedictory of the first Class.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S
THE VALEDICTORY OF 1870

BY CLARA J. WILSON, OF ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS

To the Right Reverend, the Bishop of Illinois, and Visitor of St. Mary's School:

IT is impossible for a school-girl to forget her youth and small attainments, in the presence of the wisdom and culture of the venerable Bishop, whom not her presumption, but her office, calls her to address. You, Right Reverend Father, have listened many times, no doubt, to the quickly forgotten valedictory of a maiden; dare she remember how often to the voice of unforgotten statesmen and illustrious prelates? Yet, she has been taught that true learning is more tolerant of inferiors than pretentious ignorance; and, with this assurance, begins her "Farewell."

To its Bishop a Church School must look for its most powerful aid abroad; in his presence must seek its encouragement and highest reward at home. Not in vain has St. Mary's looked to you for support, and for the kindly words which fall with such weight from great men. Not in vain has she awaited your coming with expectant gladness. Among her dearest treasures, her children count the memory of those days when the benediction of your smile rested on them, when they listened to your words of comfort, when they beheld your hands in blessing on the heads of classmates and sisters.

To its Bishop the infant school, the "Baby," for she loves to be called by the pet name he bestowed upon her, looks up with the love of a child, and for him she offers the prayer that his life may be as high as his calling, his heart as pure as his office, his crown more shining than his mitre, and radiant with the stars of rescued souls. Not least sincere in this prayer are we of the Class of '70, who now must say "Farewell."

To the Rector of St. Mary's:

In Heaven, we know, we have a Friend above all others, one Leader, one Shepherd, one true and loving Guide. But we could not realize it so well had we no true friends on earth, by whose wise and kindly care we, reposing with such confidence on the shadow, might be taught true faith in the heavenly substance. Our pastor, friend, and guide, what shall we say to you, today? How may a school-girl, unskilled in the art of expression, convey to you the united love and

reverence of her companions? That is but shallow feeling that can be told in words, but is it not clearly written in that shade of regret which not all the glad anticipations of home delights can chase from our brows? In the chancel, in the busy school-room, in the quiet home-circle (for St. Mary's has, indeed, been to us a Home), you have ever been the faithful pastor, the delightful teacher, the beloved father. Words of eloquent warning, of wise and witty instruction, of cheerful encouragement, daily have they fallen from your lips; fear not that it was to be lost on stony ground. Many a wild and thoughtless girl will, from the future of a noble womanhood, look back with thankful tears to those reproofs, never given in anger, but with such tender compassion for error, such understanding sympathy for youthful feelings, as could hardly fail to soften. Few are the teachers who have not forgotten their own sensibilities in younger days, and who combine with the clear head and strong will of a man, a woman's delicate tact and sympathy.

Yet, tender as a father's care may be, still there must rise in every young heart a secret longing for something which may represent a mother's presence. TWICE grateful, therefore, are St. Mary's pupils, they who have found in your noble wife, our dear Mrs. Leffingwell, a loving and gentle mother.

Over the two years spent in St. Mary's walls, the trio now before you look with mingled pain and pleasure; pleasure in a host of freshly-awakened aspirations, and in the store of memories which shall enrich the whole of life, pleasure that they have been your pupils; unbounded pleasure and pride in that they are the first to receive from your hands St. Mary's Cross of Honor; but pain for every anxious moment they have caused you; pain that nevermore shall they listen to your words of counsel; pain that they can be your pupils no longer, that they must be the first to say, Adieu! Now, from the depths of hearts too full for utterance, they can only say, Our Heavenly Father have you in His keeping, our priest, our friend, our guide.

To Our Teachers:

Twice ten months have rolled away, each adding some new link to the ties which bound us together, teacher and pupils. Was it only to make more sad the inevitable parting? Different from all others is this relation between teacher and scholar in a "boarding school." A little band of brave and noble women have devoted their lives to

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

the welfare of a thoughtless, too often ungrateful girlhood. Not mothers, but in a mother's place, how often do they make a mother's silent sacrifice, how seldom receive a mother's reward of love? Dear teachers, you who have so unselfishly rejoiced in our joys and sympathized in our griefs, believe us not insensible to your love. Never, as long as life shall last, can the sweet influence of your example die away. Never shall fade the remembrance of those morning hours when time flew unheeded in talk of poetry and history, of knighthood and chivalry, of courtesy and generosity. Nor shall be forgotten the afternoons when a little class, now in silence, now in earnest consultation, grew to love Art as they had already learned to love each other. Stars and flowers shall whisper the name of her who taught us their secrets. In music and song, and the accents of a foreign tongue, and in the "small sweet courtesies of life," there will always be something to call back in memory the dear faces and voices of those that taught us their meaning here.

Brighter and better pupils the coming years may bring to fill the places we now leave forever, but never, in all their round, dear teachers, shall you find hearts more lovingly grateful than those which now would fain refuse to say a last Adieu!

School Mates:

For the last time, my dear school-mates, we meet in the familiar Study Hall which has been the scene of so many brave resolves, so many well-fought conflicts; so many hopes, so many fears, so many smiles, so many tears. How often have we walked and talked, and dreamed and studied, and sung and played together, here! Yet, sad and strange it seems, all these we have done for the last time. For the last time we part, for the last time say "Farewell." On earth we may never all meet again, but happy memories of friendships begun here go with us to our homes, and promise continuance through the days and years to come. Let us pray that, our life-work done, we may all meet in the land where the shadow of parting falleth nevermore.

Class Mates:

In the English language are two words, to which every heart must respond. Yet, very different are these two words, for one falls from the tongue easily, with a note of gladness, and the other is hard to say. The first of these dear words is "Sister," the last "Farewell." The

one is full of smiles, the other overflowing with tears. Yet "Sister" is tender enough for tears; "Farewell" not always too sad for smiles. Girlhood is called by the poets an April day of tears and smiles. But who would wish the April days left out, with their fretful showers, their sudden, radiant smilings, their blithe, mysterious whisperers of a June to come? There is no joy in life so sweet as its half-fulfilled hope; no days so dear as those which only whisper to us of the summer; no time so bright as that of youth, where tears have always the possibility of smiles to follow. How shall we give it up? So quietly, so evenly, flow the days of our school-life. We scarce can realize that two years have smiled and wept and worked and dreamed themselves out of our lives, into our Heaven, since first we entered St. Mary's halls. We are two years older—no sad confession for a woman to make, if only she be two years wiser. Yet, though we may not regret each day as it passes, we cannot but pause at the open grave of an era in life. A completed time is always occasion for solemn thought. One feels a sort of mysterious awe and compassion, even for the poor extinct pterodactyls and mastodons of the dead ages! So we—

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,"

look, with thoughtfulness upon the ending of our school days and the passing of the foolish dreams, which must soon seem to us, if we are not already taught the lesson, but strange impossibilities.

Two years! It is not an age nor a decade. Yet, never again shall we live a century, could come to us two years more potent to affect our future. Certainly, never again can come back to us the school girl's freedom, her even, happy life, where only dancing ripples break the monotonous surface into freshness and laughter. Never again, and this thought, at least, must wake in us some sadness, shall we together tread these halls, endeared to us by so many pleasant associations. The mornings will rise as fair over St. Mary's as ever to our eyes they have risen, but never again shall the early sun behold us together kneeling, together repeating the strong, simple prayers we have learned to love so well. The afternoon may draw on with light and song, but it will not bring us back to the old, accustomed seats. In a great school, with its ever-recurring changes, a school girl can not hope for lasting remembrance. The place that knew her, not only will know her no more, it will welcome another. Yet, though

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we may be forgotten by St. Mary's, she can never be forgotten by us, whatever life has in store. And what has it not in store for a young girl? One "dreams of marble halls," of foreign climes, of glowing pictures, and rare books; one, of the laurel wreath that shall crown the Queen of Song; and one, only that she may do her woman's work, whatever that work may be, only that she may do it purely, nobly, with smiling self-forgetfulness.

We have chosen for our emblem St. Mary's flower, the lily, and for our motto that of St. Mary's School, "Blessed are the Pure in Heart." God bless you, my classmates, with the lily's purity of thought, its golden heart of love!

Pond lilies, floating in a dream of languor
On the dark lake that never ebbs nor swells;
Day lilies, opening chalice lips to heaven,
Breathing out fragrance over quiet dells;
Ah! let your dying, passionate breath to sunset
Say, Love and anguish meet in last Farewells!

Sweet lilies, dwelling in the sheltered valley,
Ring, softly ring, each purest fairy-bell;
Sing to my sisters, when my lips are silent,
All the heart's sadness in the fond Farewell!

To the Trustees:

To the Trustees of St. Mary's School its pupils feel that they owe a debt of gratitude. To your energy and enterprise are we largely indebted for these pleasant halls, this sheltered home. Larger cities, with stately mansions and business palaces, but without other schools than those ordained by law, might well be shamed by the spirit which has awakened the people of Knoxville to higher aims, and the energy which has carried them out in the face of discouragement and threatened failure. May your work be crowned with richer success and a golden harvest each succeeding year! And of all who shall reap the benefits of your noble enterprise, believe none more grateful than they who have taken its first fruits, the little class who now must say Farewell!

To St. Mary's:

Two years ago last Easter-tide, St. Mary's infant School was consecrated to God and the womanhood of America. To her "classic

halls" three teachers welcomed three boarding pupils. One year passed away, and the next Easter was, as our venerable Bishop loved to call it, "Baby's Birthday." The Baby had a Birthday cake, bedecked with streamers and illuminated by one little, lonely wax taper. Great was the rejoicing, but it was destined to be far surpassed by the festivities of her second birthday. The modest cake had grown to a huge pyramid, brave with gay pennants, and resplendent in the light of two tapers, which had the honor of being blown out by two of the wisest and merriest Doctors of the Church. On that ever-memorable occasion seven teachers made a brave and not all vain attempt to out-talk and out-laugh thirty-five girls. We yield to them the palm in talking, for we are quite sure we did little but laugh. And what school could have a better right to laugh than brave, two-year-old St. Mary's? Doubt and danger, discouragement and difficulty past, a glorious future beckons her to its wider skies. Trials may, no doubt, await her, but she has learned to walk alone. Alone? No, there is one who has guided her infant steps, whose strong arm must still be her support.

ALMA MATER! We knew that that sweet Easter-tide was the last that should dawn upon us in thy walls, that never again in the hush of the early Resurrection morning, should we, an unbroken band, walk in reverent silence to that little flower-decked church. Christmas carols had long since died away in gladness, and the last echo of the Lenten *Miserere* had sobbed itself out in penitential tears. Yet still, brightly rose the glorious Whitsunday, when, for the last time, our trembling fingers adorned the little chancel with flowers of purest white. Sweeter than all days save one, it shall be enshrined in memory; solemn with our united prayer at the bedside of age and poverty; beautiful, sublimely beautiful with the glory of our sunset hymn.

ALMA MATER! Nevermore shall thy first-born kneel together in thy presence! There is a day beloved of all thy children, a royal day, robed in the purple and gold of the misty Indian Summer, a day when we sing our much loved hymn, Jerusalem the Golden, and almost fancy we can catch a glimpse of the pearly gates and the twelve-fold radiance. And may we not hope for a Heavenly day, when St. Mary's students and teachers shall learn of their great Master the wonders of that New Jerusalem whereof they have sung on earth? God grant that not alone the little band who now part

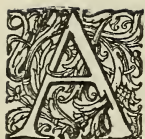
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in sadness, but many thousand loyal hearts, dear Alma Mater, shall wear a brighter crown for thee!

Alma Mater! dearest mother,
Named from Mary, holy mother,
Who can guess, in fondest dreaming,
All thy noon-day's glorious beaming?
Who can all thy treasures tell?

Alma Mater! gentle mother,
Sweetest, fairest, loving mother,
Chide us not, one moment staying
Weeping, 'Tis for thee we're praying,
Blessings on thee, dearest mother,
Alma Mater, Vale! Vale!
Tender mother, Fare thee well!

CHAPTER IV



STUDENT of Browning announces the discovery of the paradox, that life is successful to the extent that it seems a failure. In proof of this, ingenious arguments are suggested; but the converse of the proposition seems to me more easily maintained, namely, that life is a failure to the extent that it seems a success.

At least it may be so with a school. This was impressively apparent soon after the inspiring scene of that first Graduates' Day. Success had been achieved, but what were we going to do with it? The makeshifts and equipments which had served during the day of small things were pitifully inadequate for the maintenance of the work, even as already established. How should we be able to follow up and make good the success achieved?

Standards of living were rapidly changing. People were not satisfied with the conditions of frontier life. Illinois was no longer the "far West." With advance in culture came increase in the cost of living, increase in wages and salaries, so that without increase of income we could not hope to pay expenses, much less to prepare for larger attendance.

As in the day of success the ill-omened witches met Macbeth, so in the brightest hour of our enterprise we were confronted by conditions that seemed to make our

success a failure. This was the more assured, since we could see no way to pay the old debt of the Ewing University, then amounting to about \$4,000.

On the other hand, we had gained a school, already well-known and of good repute, with promise of higher grade and larger growth than at first we had presumed to plan. Our vision was no longer of a little boarding school on the prairie, but of an institution that should take high rank among the Church schools of the country.

The year that followed, 1870-71, was the third full year, not counting the first term of ten weeks in 1868. We had added a few alcoves in the large play room on the second floor, but our accommodations were still inadequate, and our equipment was inferior and insufficient. The situation was depressing. Prosperity, under such conditions, was almost as hard to bear as failure.

BISHOP WHITEHOUSE attended the reopening in September, and addressed the School. His presence was an inspiration, his words of commendation and encouragement gave us new life and hope. St. Mary's owes much to her first Bishop. With all his toil and travel, the care and oversight of his great diocese, he found time to visit this little school in an obscure town, freely giving to it his eloquent counsel, and sharing its social and domestic life. His happy and helpful influence still lives in the high traditions and character of the institution which he fostered. Our first endowed scholarship bears his name.

The Bishop's official commendation we were allowed to publish in the Annual Register:

"St. Mary's School has won and steadily sustained my heartiest confidence in its management and success. This noble work com-

mends itself, at every step, more and more to my love and admiration, in its mission to educate soul as well as mind, and to bring up the daughters of the Church so that 'strength and honor shall be her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.'

HENRY J. WHITEHOUSE."

The Bishop came again for Confirmation, during Easter week, and delighted us with another address at the Anniversary celebration. At the second graduation, June 15, 1871, three students received the Cross of Honor with Diploma: Mary McCracken and Mary Winter, of Knoxville, and Theresa Woodruff, of Quincy. Like the graduates of the preceding class, these were young women of unusual earnestness and ability. Their influence was for good in our little school world; honor and blessing attended their post-graduate career.

This third year was not notable in any way, but it was a year of good work and growing reputation. Though there was no "enlarging of the borders," there was a "strengthening of the stakes." There were frequent visits of clergy and patrons, and their expressions of approval were encouraging. Selections from commendatory letters were published in the School Register of that year, and subsequently from year to year. Most gratifying was the assurance that St. Mary's was known and appreciated "for its physical, social, and spiritual culture"; "for its careful training and kindly discipline"; "not only in academic but in social, religious, and Churchly relations"; "for the development of all that goes to make up cultured, accomplished, and Christian women." It was helpful to know that the best things we had worked for were the things most highly valued by the best people. The assurance that our ideal was so nearly attained and was so generally approved,

helped us to persevere in the work which was still beset by many discouragements.

THE relation of St. Mary's to the Church, its distinctive character as a Church school, was not generally regarded with favor in the Mid West, but, for all that, less than half our students were from Church families. Indeed, so it was with our candidates for Confirmation. In some cases, as we afterwards learned, daughters were sent to St. Mary's under a promise from them that they would not be confirmed.

Sometimes applications were made on condition that the School should not influence the daughter "to become a member of your Church"! I remember the case of a good Methodist mother who offered to send her two daughters to us, on condition that we would not "allow" them to be confirmed. Declining this proposition (though painfully conscious of the financial sacrifice) I asked why she had selected a school which she feared might have a harmful influence. "Because I think your Church system is best adapted to the education of girls," she said, "but I do not want them to become Episcopalians." The daughters came to St. Mary's; one of them, after graduation, was confirmed and has a noble record of helpful service in the Church, during half a century.

The Church "system" of which the Methodist mother approved, was not insidious propaganda for making converts, but a daily habit of devotion, a daily practice of religion without cant or controversy. Our choral Matins and Evensong were very brief (twelve or fifteen minutes); our Sunday sermon was not much longer. Counting the four Bible lessons of the Sunday services and the chapters read at daily Matins, there

were about three hundred Scripture readings during the School year. Hymns were sung at every service; with the exception of a few psalms, the entire Psalter was sung several times a year.

The daily services were a part of the prescribed order of the School, as much as the daily walk and daily classroom duty. Besides these services there were Sunday classes which included all students, requiring but little preparation and only a brief period of time, on Sunday afternoons. The subjects assigned to these classes, beginning with the elementary, were: Bible Stories, The Christian Year, The Prayer Book, The Bible, The Life of Christ, Church History. All learned and recited the Church Catechism; there is nothing in it distinctively "Episcopalian." Definite Church teaching was given to the candidates for Confirmation, and to communicants; the seniors had lectures in Church History. This brief outline of Church life and work at St. Mary's should include an account of the Missionary Society and the Altar Guild. Reference will be made to these in succeeding chapters.

The prejudice against the Church name and Church influence of the School was never a serious disadvantage, I think, and within a few years it almost entirely disappeared. For a long time the majority of our patrons were not Church people, as we understand the word, and I have never been able to explain it. Perhaps it was because, at that time, our Church families in the West were so few in comparison with the whole population. But St. Mary's was the only Church school (with the exception of Bishop Whipple's school at Faribault) west of Ohio, and from Chicago alone there should have been enough patronage to sustain a dozen Church schools.

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With scarcely an exception the Church appointments and exercises at St. Mary's were cheerfully accepted by the students, and in later years were remembered as among the pleasantest experiences of school life. Over and above their importance as devotional habits, they had a distinct educational value, a wholesome influence on the morale and order of the community life. In the daily recital of the noble liturgy, in the choral service, in familiarity with the words and music of the best hymns of the ages, in the reading of the Bible, the world's greatest Book of religion, history, and literature, there was intellectual as well as spiritual culture. Surely, the time given to Church services was well spent, even from a secular point of view.

This paragraph from the Annual Register briefly expresses the ideal, the purpose and plan, of the educational work at St. Mary's:

"The mind is not educated at the expense of the body, nor are mind and body trained without regard to the spiritual nature. The School is a Church school, a Christian family. Its religious exercises and instructions are from the Bible and Prayer Book. It endeavors to teach those things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health, that the children committed to its care may be virtuously brought up to lead a godly and a Christian life."

THE fourth year, beginning September 6, 1871, was a great year for St. Mary's. "Praised be God, who hath not cast out our prayer, nor turned His mercy from us." The Story of St. Mary's has been so far rather doleful; I rejoice in being able now to record a season of great encouragement.

But let me say in passing, that the earlier years were not without blessing and much good cheer. Those who served at St. Mary's were too much in earnest about

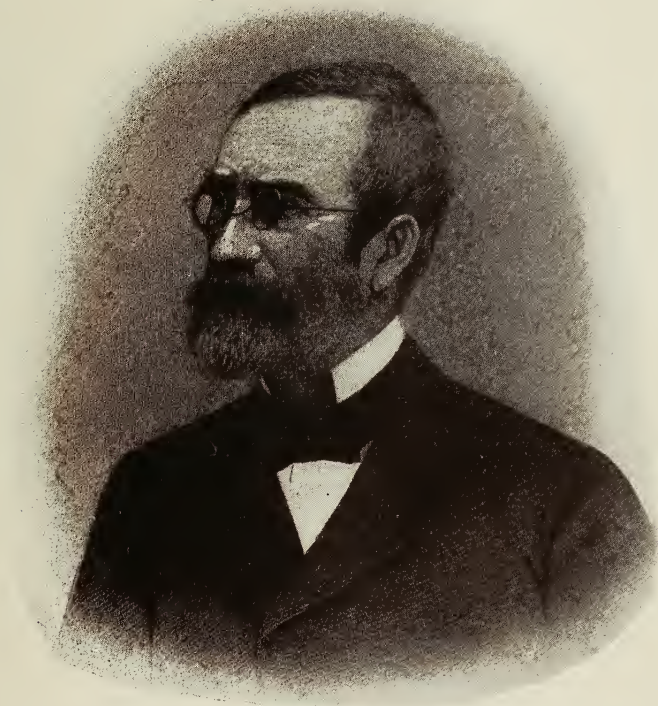
present duty to give place to despondent forecasting. There was reason enough for anxious thought, but little time to indulge it, and we were mercifully spared such great calamities as came upon us later.

About a month after the reopening of school occurred the Chicago fire. It was an appalling conflagration, a shock to the sympathies, a paralysis to the business of the whole western country. It is almost forgotten now, in view of the great city that has risen out of the ruins.

A few days after the fire I visited the "burned district," walking through four miles of ruins, and I was then one mile short of the northern limit of the fire. Washington Park was crowded with refugees who had sought shelter under blankets and bed-quilts that had been snatched from burning homes. Our few Chicago patrons were living in the suburbs, beyond reach of the flames. While all had suffered loss, no student was withdrawn from school.

So was the door of our fourth year opened by calamity, for upon Chicago we had depended for payment of the debt which came to us with the property. Subscriptions for the payment had been made, for the most part, by Chicago Churchmen. These pledges had gone up in a cloud of smoke, but the cloud had a silver lining. After the fire, the good citizens of Knoxville paid the debt in full! This was the first financial aid that the School had received from any source at any time. It was more than temporary relief, as it opened the way to other gifts, to the enlargement of the building, to the increase of attendance and income.

For it was at this crisis that James Knox first came in touch with St. Mary's, and became interested in it as a Knoxville institution. Mr. Knox was one of the



James Knox

Hon. James Knox, LL.D.

pioneers of Knox County, though the County was not named after him. He had been a student at Hamilton College, graduated at Yale, studied law, left his practice to aid his brother in business in Knoxville, and later represented his district in Congress. He was one of Knox County's leading citizens.

The meeting that was called at St. Mary's to arrange for the payment of the debt brought Mr. Knox to the School, and from that hour he was "a friend in need and a friend indeed." Within a few months he pledged ten thousand dollars for the "new building." He appointed the Rector an executor of his will, and made St. Mary's his residuary legatee. From this legacy over fifty thousand dollars came to the School, after the fire in 1883, and assured the rebuilding and continuance of the institution. All honor to this first (and last) large giver, who made it possible to rebuild and enlarge St. Mary's School. The work and workers, so poorly provided in the old building, must soon have sought shelter elsewhere, but for the timely and generous benefactions of the Hon. James Knox.

Early in this fourth year (1871-72) appeared the first issue of *The Sigma Mu Palladium*. This little periodical (which later became *The Quarterly*) had a long and useful career. It is quite unusual that a school paper is maintained with regularity for half a century; yet *The Palladium* (continued as *The Quarterly*) made that record, serving to interest, instruct, and entertain; to keep in touch with the alumnae, and to represent the life and work of the School. It was well worth all that it cost in labor and money. It paid its way, mostly, by small subscriptions. From it the material for this story has been largely gathered; indeed, without it the present writing would not have been undertaken. Portions

of this book appearing in smaller type are taken from *The Palladium*.

THANKSGIVING DAY

WE began Thanksgiving in the best possible manner by attending church. Later, we assembled by invitation in the Reception Room, where we were presented to Mr. and Miss Knox, the guests of honor.

The dining hall awaiting us was so decorated with pictures, statuary, flowers, and vines, that we could hardly believe we were in that familiar room.

Among the "sweets for the sweet" of the dessert, were many original mottoes, which were read aloud by Mr. Leffingwell, causing great merriment. The toast, "The Sixth Thanksgiving Day at St. Mary's," was responded to by Miss Weaver, and "The Founders and Benefactors of St. Mary's School," by Miss Burrows. Mr. Knox was called upon for a speech, but gave instead the following sentiment:

"The mother of the Gracchi presented to her friends her sons as her jewels; may the mothers of America be able to present their daughters, educated at St. Mary's and similar institutions, as their most precious jewels."

In the evening we again assembled in the Withdrawing Room, and after partaking of more refreshments to fortify us for the evening's festivities, the merriment began. We danced, played Blindman's Buff—and by the way, I think that several members of the school especially excel in this interesting game—we shouted proverbs, and lastly played the "Minister's Cat."

But alas! good times will not last forever, and all too soon the retiring bell rang. So, after bidding the teachers "Good Night," we separated, feeling that we had passed a very pleasant day.

THE RECTOR'S BIRTHDAY

THE Rector's birthday was the occasion of a merry making. Early in the evening the family assembled in the Withdrawing Room, and a committee of two (the pupils who had been longest at St. Mary's) waited upon the Rector with a request from the family that he would meet them. As he entered, all arose, and one of the young ladies stepped forward and addressed him as follows:

"DEAR MR. LEFFINGWELL: We meet here tonight to celebrate the birthday of one who has been to us a tender, sympathizing friend, and faithful guide.

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As the years roll by, and your birthdays are remembered by others, do not forget those who tonight offer you their hearty congratulations."

Following the congratulations of teachers and scholars, and of the Rector's little children, including the irrepressible baby, all sang:

THE BIRTHDAY HYMN

GOD bless our Rector dear!
Fondly we'll cherish
Thoughts of his tender care,
Till memory perish.
God grant him happy days,
All good possessing—
Ruling with wisest love,
Youthful hearts blessing.

"God bless our Rector dear!
Protect and guide him;
Peace crown each flying year,
No ill betide him.
And when life's work is o'er,
To him be given
Crowns of rejoicing, bright
As stars in heaven."

The Rector thanked the family in a pleasant and appropriate speech, telling them that their kindness and thoughtfulness made him feel a year younger, rather than a year older. He also spoke of the many causes for congratulation and thankfulness which we had in the present prosperity of the School and in the prospect of the future.

At the close of his speech he was informed that "the study hour had been stolen," so as to leave the evening free. Then followed merry games; some of the new scholars were initiated, with due state and ceremony, into the ancient and honorable order of "Knights of the Whistle." We had nearly forgotten to mention an amusing episode. During the Rector's speech, little Alice, with a reckless disregard of the fitness of things, exclaimed, "Mamma, why don't the pie be brought in?"

So here comes the pie! The lights were suddenly turned down, the door was opened, and lo! a blaze from the birthday cake, the blaze of—we will not say how many candles. The cake being pre-

sented, and duly deposited on the center table, "all joined hands and circled to the right," dancing by the light of the flickering candles. An impromptu torchlight procession followed, and most picturesque it was, the tiny tapers shining like little stars as the procession moved with slow and stately steps down the room. A comical scene followed, each trying to keep her own taper lighted, and at the same time to extinguish those of her neighbors. We never shall tell whose candle burned longest!

The cake was cut and divided with mathematical accuracy, and each one kept a candle-end as a souvenir. At prayers we sang Jerusalem the Golden, that precious hymn which has hallowed many a festival at St. Mary's; and with the benediction the family parted to rest.

PROSPECTUS

THE PALLADIUM, now appearing for the first time in print, was the popular organ of the *Sigma Mu* Society. The interest it excited, and the frequent wish expressed by the friends of the School that it should be put in a form for circulation, have induced the Society to publish it.

As when merely read in manuscript form at the Society's entertainments it will represent the social life of the School, reports being given of the merry-makings which from time to time relieve the weariness of close application to study, and without which the student's work cannot be well done. The Society has ever held that "all work and no play" is as unwholesome for Johanna as for John, and in catering for the limited though highly appreciative public of St. Mary's, has ever acted upon this principle.

The title of our paper has been, we trust, not less aptly than classically chosen. What the Palladium, the image of Pallas, was to ancient Troy, its preservation and its safety, *The Palladium* we hope may be to the School whose interests it represents. It is related in mythology, that when the blue-eyed Pallas-Athene, the Minerva of the Romans, sprang from the head of Zeus, Olympus shook, and the charioteer of the sun stopped his snorting steeds that he might gaze upon the new-born goddess. We are aware that modesty becomes our youth, and will therefore but hint of the possibility of a similar sensation in the modern Olympus, the fair realm of letters, when *The Palladium* appears.

We cannot leave the subject of the title without quoting from

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the minutes of the meeting at which the name was adopted. "Ladies of the Society," said an irrepressible member, "let me urge upon you the adoption of this title, not by a labored speech, but by a brief summing up of its merits. It is sonorous, musical, high-sounding, classical, and easy to spell!" It was unanimously adopted.

LETTERS FROM MR. KNOX

THE Rector has received these very interesting letters from the generous benefactor of St. Mary's School, the Hon. James Knox:

Hotel Arnim, Berlin, July 30, 1872.

Rev. C. W. Leffingwell,
Rector of "St. Mary's."

My dear Sir:

I have yet to acknowledge and thank you for your very kind and interesting favor of June 1st. At the time of its receipt my mind was occupied with preparations for my departure from my native land. Before leaving New York, however, I did not omit giving Mr. Runkle such instructions as I hoped would be satisfactory to you. Sailing from New York on the 13th of June, I arrived here on the 26th, after a pleasant voyage and two days of enjoyment in the free and ancient city of Hamburg. On the morning of the 4th of July, I received a characteristic letter from Mr. Runkle, covering extracts from Knox County papers, with reports of the doings at St. Mary's during the closing ceremonies of the School. These, with later advices, have fully convinced me that everything connected with the laying of the Corner Stone was conducted in good order and with becoming dignity. In short, you made it a "great occasion"! The only exception I could take to the proceedings and newspaper notices, was the too prominent mention of my humble self. But, as I wrote my sister, if my old neighbors and friends are content, I hope, at this respectful distance, to survive the infliction!

Since my arrival here I have been in correspondence with a highly esteemed friend of New York City, at present in Paris. At my instance she has consented to place in your charge her granddaughter and adopted child. If everything results as I hope, it will be an item in the history of St. Mary's that you have added to your wide-spread patrons, one from the Diocese of New York; and the result will be

not the less remarkable that it has been brought about by a diplomatic correspondence between Paris and Berlin!

* * * * *

I send you a leaf from my *Rechnung*, which will show my location and extravagant (?) manner of living, in one of the best hotels in Berlin. This hotel is situated about midway between the Brandenburg Gate and the old Palace, or rather Castle, of Frederick the Great. It is the only hotel on this world-renowned avenue having balconies, and my balcony (exclusively so) commands one of the finest views to be had of Unter den Linden. From it I see on my right the Thor (gate) surmounted with the historic "Car of Victory," and on my left the palaces of the Emperor, his son, and the castle of "Old Fritz," near which, in the center of the avenue, stands the wonderful Equestrian Statue, in bronze, of the old German hero. Before me there is an ever-living and moving panorama, intermixed with daily military parade, enlivened, of course, with the beautiful martial strains of the Vaterland!

I step back into my room, close my glazed doors, and am more retired than I could be in any country tavern in America!

With best wishes and kindest regards, I am

Your friend,

J. KNOX.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MR. KNOX

My dear Mr. Leffingwell:

In October, 1859, with sight impaired, home and business neglected, I left New York for Berlin, Prussia, blind and bankrupt. The loss of sight proved a blessing in disguise. My financial troubles vanished before this greater affliction. Despite painful operations and months of confinement (mostly in a dark room) in Klinik, I may set down my first year in Germany as among the happiest of my life. It had some drawbacks, at first. I was blind, and for a time deaf and dumb; for I was ignorant of German and my companions were guiltless of the English tongue. There are, however, enjoyments among the afflicted which those favored with health and wealth can not know. There is a fund of sympathy and kindness among the suffering, which goes from hand to hand, from heart to heart; most, when eyesight fails, and when words are only understood by the friendly tones in which they are uttered.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

In 1861 I returned seeing, and with strong hope of a financial future. I was welcomed back and was happy. In 1865 my eyes again induced me to cross the ocean, I took a second course in the Klinik, to the high honor of my benefactor, Professor V. G., and saw much of Europe which I never should have seen if I had not been blind.

Again, in 1872, I crossed the ocean, not on account of my sight but just because I wanted to go. I returned in 1873 to Knoxville, where I have remained until the present writing.

I must mention, I was in Berlin in '66, at the opening and close of the war between Prussia and Austria, and witnessed the triumphal return of the Prussians into their great city. Again, last year, I saw from my window in Hotel Arnim, Unter den Linden, the procession in honor of the meeting of the three Kings; to say nothing of a glittering procession on occasion of the betrothal of a princess. Details of these and less important events, I spare you; are they not recorded and illustrated in the newspapers of the civilized world?

J. KNOX.

DR. CORBETT'S VISIT

AMONG the early visitors we are pleased to note the Reverend Dr. Sidney Corbett, Rector of St. John's Church, Quincy, who from his genial manners was ever a welcome guest at St. Mary's. Mrs. Leffingwell gave a tea-party in his honor, and the young ladies were presented to him. Tea was served in the Rector's library. The scene was one of rare brilliance, as the bevy of fair damsels gathered around the small tables. From the walls the Madonna in tender grace, Una in her innocence and purity, Psyche with her mystic casket, the Roman with his Sabine captive, Spring with "her lap crowned with roses," looked down upon the animated groups; while the glittering chandelier shed its luster over crimson hangings, snowy marbles, bright flowers, and the fair heads of the young girls in holiday attire.

Doctor Corbett speaks pleasantly of St. Mary's School, in his parish paper:

"Humanly judging, this institution was never so promising as today. Every room is occupied. It has a staff of teachers second to none; a building (soon to be doubled in size) that concentrates within itself a school and a home. At St. Mary's not only is the mind tutored, but the heart also—nothing brusque can have a habitation there. Culture of manners as well as culture of mind is demanded at St. Mary's. Work, hard work, is demanded of all

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

the pupils, to enable them to accomplish their life mission, and play, hard play, is also enjoined for their physical development. Our Diocese may rejoice in the school she now has at Knoxville. She may rejoice yet more for what there is in store for her."

THE CROSS

BY CLARA J. WILSON, '70

DIM with the mist of penitential tears,
Hallowed by all the pilgrim's hopes and fears,
Stained with the sacred blood, to us appears
The Saviour's Cross.

Shrouded in gloom beneath a darkened heaven,
Trembling with sighs from Christ's own heart-strings riven,
What mighty love and grief on Thee have striven,
O Cruel Cross!

Thus have we knelt on Friday's noon of anguish,
Lowly beneath the Cross where Thou didst languish,
Thus have we learned, with Thee, all woe to vanquish,
And pain, and loss.

Glowing with roses in their sacred thorn,
Silvered with lilies 'neath the Day-Star born,
Purpled with pansies, on the Easter morn,
We see the Cross.

Vision of triumph in the strife for right!
Symbol of victory to the ancient Knight!
Sight by which martyrs won their crowns of light!
Hail, Christian Cross!

To find the gold, we separate the dross;
There is no gain unless there first be loss;
To win the crown, on earth we bear the Cross,
The Saviour's Cross.

CHAPTER V

TEN thousand dollars!"

Mr. Knox was a man of few words, but even with three words he almost took my breath away.

I had no reason to suppose that he cared especially for me or for St. Mary's; like some other public minded citizens he had contributed to payment of the old debt, but I had no expectation of a large gift from him or from any one at any time.

It was in the old bank, in the same little back room where Mr. Runkle had advised me "not to go so far from home when you need help," that Mr. Knox quietly said to me that he was ready to give \$10,000 for the enlargement of St. Mary's. Too good to be true! I thought, and was on the point of asking him to say it again, when he added: "Provided an equal amount is secured from other contributors." But this did not dampen my enthusiasm. Surely, there will be a prompt response throughout the diocese and from beyond. Ten thousand dollars! This was equal to the entire income of the School for a year. The thing is as good as done! The future of St. Mary's is assured!

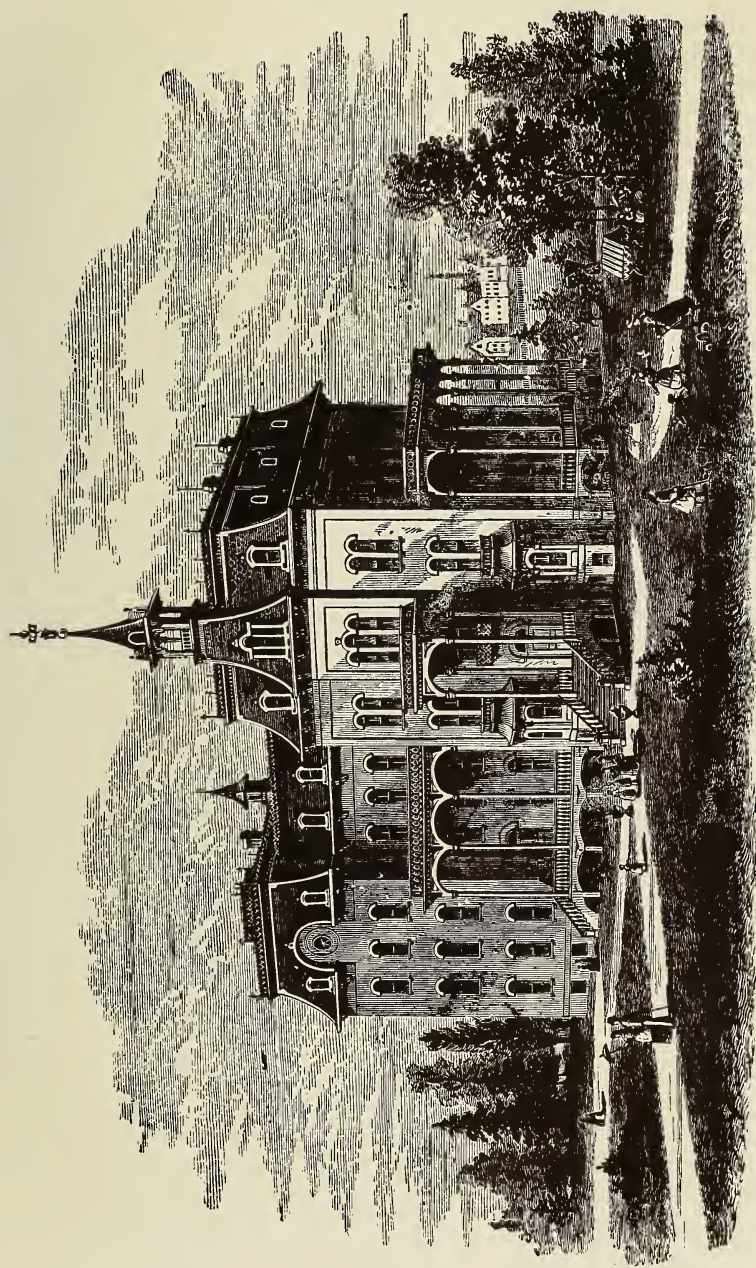
That was a happy hour, and as I hurried home with the great news I walked on air, as the saying is,

"While Hope enchanted smiled
And waved her golden hair."

We had been so long oppressed by debt and depressed by anxiety that the reaction was out of proportion to the amount promised. Indeed as the event proved, with the condition appended it came near to being nothing at all, for we found it impossible to raise all of the \$10,000 required. The best we were able to do was only about \$6,000; from local subscriptions and from the Diocese of Illinois, one-half from each. Confident that Mr. Knox would pay in full, even if we incurred a debt, we began the work in the early spring of 1872, and Mr. Knox did not fail us.

In all our thinking and planning for enlargement we had assumed that the extension should be similar to the old building, to complete the original design. Making a sketch of the whole, as planned, I was impressed with the extreme ugliness of it. The old building was bad enough; to repeat its repellant features would be inexcusable. I cannot recall the origin of the plan finally adopted, namely, to add to the old building a section larger and higher, for the center of a new design, to be completed later by another extension; and to put a mansard roof over all. This, as shown in the engraving, gave us a dignified edifice, well proportioned as it stood, even without another extension on the east, which we hoped would come later.

OTHER interesting events of this eventful year (1871-72) were the visitation of the Bishop for Confirmation, in March; "breaking ground" for the new building; installation of the new organ in the Study Hall, and laying of the corner-stone. For the account of these we turn to *The Palladium*; but the issue containing report of the corner-stone is missing from the file, and we can only recall that Bishop Whitehouse



St. Mary's School
Remodeled and Enlarged, 1873

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

presided and made a most earnest and eloquent address. This service took the place of the graduating ceremony in June. The course of study having been extended in 1872, there was no graduate to receive the Cross of Honor. Fortunately, we are able to give Miss Hitchcock's beautiful hymn that was sung at the laying of the corner-stone.

Lacking also are details of the purchase and placing of a real organ in the Study Hall. I cannot imagine how, in our poverty, we did it. I am sure we had little help from outside the School. It was a complete pipe organ, with several "stops," pedal bass, polychrome front, and (is it possible?) cost only twelve hundred and fifty dollars! It would be cheap now at three or four times the price. Pilcher and Sons, of Louisville, Kentucky, were the builders, and doubtless they made a generous discount. The same firm afterwards built the larger organ for the Chapel, and one of the "Sons" married our first organist, Julia Derby, Class of '81. The beautiful window opposite the organ is a memorial of her, placed there by her bereaved husband. After four years of accompaniments at Matins and Evensong by a rather infirm cabinet organ, it may be imagined that we found the Pilcher organ "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

MENTION of the organ reminds me of "Blind Charles," for many years our faithful organ blower. We found him at the county Alms-House, or rather he found us at the parish church, where on Sundays he made his way unaided from the poorhouse, and guided a blind companion. We arranged for him to spend an hour or two every day at St. Mary's, and the girls "took turns" in reading to him. After the en-

largement of the building I gave him a room, and St. Mary's was his home for nearly half a century. Beside his service at the organ, he helped a little in the laundry, carried the mail in fair weather, and sawed a few sticks of wood now and then. It pleased him to think he was "paying his way," and we were amply rewarded in the opportunity of lightening the darkness of one poor soul. He had a dread of being buried in the "potter's field" with paupers, and was comforted by my promise that his grave should be made in my cemetery lot where my mother and children were buried. There, on his head-stone you may read his name, Charles Fowler. May he rest in peace!

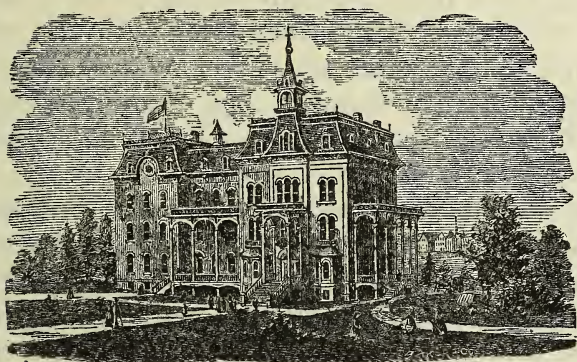
THE fifth year, 1872-73, was a year of glorious record. During the summer vacation the work on the new building, with its high mansard roof and its higher belfry tower, went on merrily and mightily, "while the lamp held out to burn," that is, while there was money in the building fund. About midsummer the crisis came, as I expected. Local and diocesan contributions came slowly, and payments from the Knox fund were available only to the amount of other contributions. Mr. Knox was in Europe, and Mr. Runkle held the purse. By frequent letters I kept Mr. Knox interested, informing him of the fine progress of the building and the poor progress of the collections. He expressed disappointment in the lack of generous response to the appeals of our Bishop and Convention. "Instead of single bricks," he said, "your people ought to send you wagon loads."

From time to time I sent him photographs of the rising edifice, and sketches showing its stately proportions, as completed. I told him frankly that suspension

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

of building operations in the near future seemed inevitable, unless I could go out and make a personal canvas for funds among our Church people. I carefully refrained from asking him to change the terms of his own subscription. I was confident that he would, and he did! He wrote to Mr. Runkle to let me have the entire amount as soon as needed.

With this and other contributions we had the building enclosed by the re-opening of School in September,



THE BUILDING REMODELED AND ENLARGED (1873)
The Home of the School for ten years.

and soon thereafter the gilded cross was raised on the pinnacle of the high bell tower, while the school and guests, assembled on the lawn, sang the *Gloria in Excelsis*. There was room for only two to stand and work on the small platform in mid-air, and I was allowed to share with the foreman the honor (and the danger) of crowning the new St. Mary's and "signing it with the sign of the Cross."

The building was finished and opened in January, and several rooms were occupied by new students. The cost exceeded the estimate, and we had to meet a large deficit, borrowing the money. With a large and beauti-

ful school property and an adequate income, a few thousand dollars of debt did not appal us. The debt was afterwards paid from the legacy of Mr. Knox.

The fifth Anniversary, in Easter week, 1873, was the climax of rejoicing, as the year had been the acme of achievement. At last, after five years of anxious work and waiting, of hope deferred and eager expectation baffled, St. Mary's School was established. *Te Deum laudamus!* "This shall be my rest forever; here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." Of course, this could not be "my rest," but it was a blessed relief. In comparison with what we had done and endured, the work of the future would be easy, its burdens would be light. It is well that we do not know what the future will bring forth.

The Anniversary service was held in the parish church; Bishop Whitehouse made the address, comforting and cheering all hearts. Luncheon was served at mid-day in the Study Hall, and responses to the toasts were received with enthusiasm. "The Fifth Anniversary, the Bishop's Holiday," called out a felicitous response from Bishop Whitehouse; "Education in the Church," response by Dr. Chase; "St. Mary's School," response by the Rev. Mr. Allen, rector of Grace Church, Galesburg; "The New Building," by Dr. Cushman of Chicago.

The school building was illuminated in the evening. From basement to tower gleamed rows of lights, revealing the fair proportions of the building, and furnishing a delightful surprise to the school, returning from the anniversary exercises in the parish church. It was indeed a fit occasion for such an expression of joy; for in looking back over the past, none could fail to realize what five years had done for St. Mary's, toward

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

the establishment of a school for the Church that shall shine out in a troubled world, as cheerily as gleamed the lights from the many windows through the rain-drops of that anniversary night.

The year closed with the graduation of a class of one, Alice Winter. Though there was no competition for valedictory honors, Miss Winter quite deserved them. Of the four daughters of her family who were students at St. Mary's, three graduated in the full course.

OUR FOURTH ANNIVERSARY DAY

Breaking Ground for the New Building

ST. MARY'S fourth Anniversary (1872) was one of those bright and beautiful days, when "awakening nature gives her glad salute," and birds come from their winter homes, to woo the spring. Never had the sun shone fairer for a holiday.

Our first round of merriment over, we assembled in the spacious hall to welcome our revered and beloved guest, the Bishop of the Diocese. As he passed down between the lines of smiling faces, he compared them to Easter flowers, "bright, loving flowers, with no pale callas among them."

After pleasant words of recognition we were summoned to the important ceremony of the day, the breaking of ground for the foundation of the new building. As we marched to the place of action, the air resounded with the hearty song of the choristers. After appropriate prayers, and the saying of the Creed, Bishop Whitehouse turned the first sod. A vigorous attempt was then made by our Rector, and then followed a trial from Miss Hitchcock. Not, perhaps, so skillfully did she handle the spade as she does the pen, but the result was a success. Ground breaking was continued by our guests, Dr. Cushman of Princeton, and one of the founders of the old building, Rev. Mr. Vail of Knoxville. Then came the elder scholars to have a part in the work, and after them, the younger ones. The hearty cheers that announced the final spadeful will echo for many a year in the memories of that merry throng.

Soon another important ceremony was announced, and we repaired to the dining hall to partake of a bounteous feast, provided

by our kind hostess. A pleasant feature of this was the birthday cake, adorned with flowers, and lighted with four tapers. It was brought into the room by the two youngest scholars.

In the evening we gathered for the anniversary service at the church. The address was delivered by the Bishop. His subject was Christian Education, the training of girls so that they might become kind, loving, and helpful women.

Let us hope that the Bishop's words, so full of beauty and truth, may be re-echoed in the lives of us, the world's future women.

FLORENCE EUSTACE.

IN CHICAGO AFTER THE FIRE

Correspondence of The Palladium

SO much building has been done, and there is so much life and activity, that there was not the utter desolation I had expected; and I have wondered less at the ruin wrought by the flames, than at the amazing energy which even the bitter cold of winter cannot repress.

Far up Wabash Avenue extends the tide of traffic. In many a handsome residence, the lace curtains of the drawing room appear on one side of the entrance, and on the other all the insignia of trade and business. At Griggs' I found as superb books as ever, though they were piled on the marble mantels of a private residence; and on the newly whitewashed walls of the railroad warehouse, now occupied by Field & Leiter, as elegant silks are festooned as they formerly displayed in their magnificent emporium on State Street.

It is an odd sight to see the names of firms, once familiar on stately blocks, now adorning the fronts of shanties. I was much interested in the ruins of the great wholesale Iron warehouses, from the cellars of which workmen were removing the metal. Great masses of nails and tacks fused together were piled on the sidewalks; huge iron chains, coiled as the fire found them, but now immobile masses; implements of all kinds fused together, and almost shapeless, were brought out, and packed for transportation to the foundry. The relic stands are the oddest of all Old Curiosity Shops, and I lingered long over the strange medley there presented. I purchased a few relics, and ere long they will adorn the cabinet of St. Mary's.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

PYR(E)OTECHNICS!

THE family at St. Mary's had assembled, when at a signal from some wily conspirators, the lights were turned down, and a small but extraordinary torch-light procession appeared in view. The figures were masked, and came forward with solemn and stately mien. Upon the forehead of one was written the mystic word "Passed!" another was ornamented with "One Hundred Per Cent!" still another mask bore upon one of its amiable cheeks the word, "Fractions," and upon the other, "Analysis." Each masker carried a slate and a book; upon the latter was fastened a lighted taper. Slowly they passed through the hall, library, and drawing-room, singing to the tune of Auld Lang Syne a chorus, of which we caught only the last lines;

"We know that Analysis came behind,
And Fractions went before."

Then and there, did it dawn upon us that this was a funeral solemnity, that these maskers were the very fortunate students who had that day passed a successful examination and had finished arithmetic.

The procession, followed by the eager and amused spectators, descended the stairs leading to the furnaces; and still, as they went, arose the weird strain,

"We know that Analysis came behind,
And Fractions went before."

Arrived at the furnace-room, they halted, and one of their number stepped forth from the ranks, and read the following poem, evidently written for the occasion:

AFTER EXAMINATION

THE dreaded day has come and gone
Of our examination.
A day we've passed with trembling hearts,
And unco' perturbation.
And as we sat the table round,
Our fears and hesitation
Did make each face look sad indeed,
At our examination.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

"Oh shall we ever, ever pass?"

We thought in tribulation.

"Or shall we naught but sadness draw,
From this examination?"

At length 'twas o'er, but not yet o'er

Our nervous agitation:

While all the girls would smile and ask
"How goes examination?"

Our fate was known at close of school,

And to our great elation,

We heard the welcome, welcome words,
"You've passed examination!"

Oh happy moments! happy girls!

Freed from our tribulation,

We knew Arithmetic was o'er,
And our examination.

This evening we at once resolved

To have a celebration;

For we were glad as glad could be,
At our examination.

The furnace door stands open wide,

And now, with exultation,

We'll burn the book that led us on
To that examination!

Our slates we'll break, our pencils too.

'Mid girlish approbation,

We'll cry aloud, Hurrah! Hurrah!
We've passed examination!

The poem was received with a burst of applause that was quickly checked, as not being in accordance with the solemnity of the occasion! And the speaker of the evening then stepped forth with her manuscript and began an eloquent oration. The impassioned energy of voice and gesture were in absurd contrast with the utter lack of expression in the features of her mask; and her articulation, impeded by the exceedingly small aperture that served for a mouth, made us think of Demosthenes practising with his pebbles. Some other parallels might be drawn between these two orators; but we forbear.

Suiting the action to the word, and the word to the action, the

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

orator seized her Arithmetic, and was the first to consign her property to the flames. Others pressed forward to follow her example; and again arose the refrain,

"We know that Analysis came behind,
And Fractions went before."

Slates were broken into fragments, and became themselves most bewilderingly complicated examples of fractured fractions.

We turned from the scene, lost in admiration of the talents of these youthful aspirants after knowledge. What may we not expect in their future career when they thus ingeniously celebrate the passage of their first milestone in the thorny road of Mathematics? When they shall finish Trigonometry, may we be there to see!

HOW MR. KNOX STUDIED FRENCH

To the Editor of The Palladium:

YOU do me honor over much in supposing that I am an adept in German and French. Well, as to French, permit me to explain to you under what difficulties I pursued the study of the court language of Europe.

In the last six weeks of the senior class at Yale, the students had the choice of several branches outside the regular course. The result was, that the class of seventy-five members was broken into fragments; the largest section, say thirty-five, of which I was one, preferred French, while the smallest was made up entirely of a waggish fellow, by no means biblically inclined, but who, just for the fun of the thing, selected Hebrew.

At the first meeting of the French class, the teacher greeted his pupils with a genuine French bow, took out of his pocket a paper box containing, upon separate bits of paper, the names of his scholars. Shaking up the tickets, he commenced to draw them out singly. Fortune favored my thirst for French. My name was the third drawn. After looking at it for a time he called out, "Ke-nox"! A titter ran around the room, to the evident annoyance of the Professor. On the following day the terrible name again made its appearance. Setting his teeth fast together, the poor Frenchman with great effort brought out "Ke-ken-nokes." This was too much for the risibilities of my fellow students, and they laughed right out in school. For several successive days I was punctual in my attendance

but I was not again called upon to recite, although now and then a ticket was slyly shoved under the box, because, as I suspected, the name Knox was written upon it.

During the remaining five weeks, I turned my attention to the reading of Blackstone and other more interesting authors. What I know of French was learned in the lessons above described. But for the consonant K, I might have been an apt scholar, and would now be writing to you in French.

Please permit me to propose as a proper present to the alliterative author of the "Peculiar Pan of Peas," in a previous paper, a pair of pea-pods as pendants for her ears. I presume she is a relative of the writer of that savoury couplet:

"Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold,
Peas porridge in the pot, nine days old."

If the young lady minds her Q's as well as she does her P's, she deserves a third pendant, to-wit, that in which the heathen Chinese rejoiceth. What think you of these P-Q-liar ornaments?

J. KNOX.

WINTER

FAR to the southern prairies
Summer has passed away,
Spring in her youthful beauty,
And the glorious Autumn day;
And now from the polar regions,
The regions of ice and cold,
Over the hills and valleys
Cometh the Winter bold.

Spanning with ice the rivers,
Dressing the trees with white,
Filling with snow the valleys,
Treading with footsteps light;
Down from the northern mountains,
Over the plains below,
Cometh the merry Winter
In mantle of spotless snow.

In glittering pomp attended
By goblins and elves and fays
Who cover the trees with jewels
That gleam in the sun's bright rays;

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Bringing us fun and frolic,
And glee for the young and old,
Bright from his home in the Northland,
Cometh the Winter bold.

Bringing us holy Advent,
And joyous Christmas-tide,
And many a time of gladness
As the bright days onward glide;
Bringing us Happy New Year,
Bringing us mirth and glee,—
Brightest and best of the seasons,
And fairest, is Winter to me.

—FLORENCE DUKES.

THE new pipe organ just placed in the school-room at St. Mary's furnished the occasion of a very agreeable musical entertainment. Professor Pfeiffer of Quincy presided at the organ, and by his skillful playing brought out the capabilities of the sweet-toned instrument. The organ (from the manufactory of Pilcher Brothers) is of a power and size well adapted to the spacious room in which it is placed. The exterior is of walnut and ash, the front finished in polychrome. Besides its especial use in discoursing sweet music, the instrument serves as an ornament to the already attractive Study Hall.

—*Galesburg Republican.*

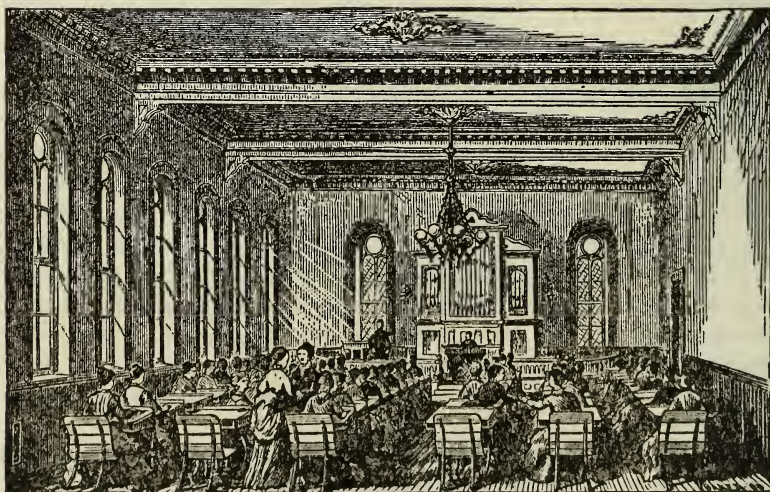
THE long-looked-for Holidays are over. We, who have spent this Christmas Tide and watched the coming of the New Year with so much happiness, are gathered once more into St. Mary's sheltering fold. Again we join in the beautiful morning service of the Church, and the strains of the grand *Te Deum* rise from the many voices. Again we sing our Evensong, and kneeling together, with bowed heads, say those beautiful words, "Lighten our darkness;" and once more all are working with renewed efforts, and glad hearts, strengthened by the holy influences of this blessed season. The delightful Friday evening readings are resumed, and as we listen to the voice of our Rector, we are entranced by the wondrous beauties of English literature, thus unfolded to us.

As this last Christmas has brought us so much happiness, and the year just begun has ushered in so many joyous things, let us hope that ere it shall have passed, we may see St. Mary's doubled

in size, and many more happy faces watching the growth of our beloved School, no longer in its infancy, but fulfilling the dearest hopes of all who are concerned for its welfare.

MR. LOWBER BURROWS, of Decatur, visited St. Mary's this spring, bringing with him a number of ivy plants, which he set out with his own hands, for the adornment of the building. The act was a very graceful one, and is thoroughly appreciated. He made some jocular remarks about the pleasure he should take in seeing St. Mary's covered with his ivies when he should come to bring his grandchildren. It is to be hoped he will visit St. Mary's many times before that very distant day, not only to see how his ivies grow, but to talk over with the other members of the Octagon Club, their adventures last summer among the ivy-crowned castles of the Old World.

MR. KNOX has been doing again what he always does so well every time he does it (and that is very often), viz., he has been giving St. Mary's School something. This time it is a fine collection of books for its library, whereat the St. Mary's girls went into a very justifiable ecstasy, and gave him "three cheers." Verily he is a cheer-full man.



STUDY HALL (1873)

CHAPTER VI

DURING the several strenuous years that followed the almost desperate vacation adventure in the summer of 1869, my wife and I had only brief snatches of summer rest. We were again (June, 1873) at the point of exhaustion from overwork and excitement which the great enterprise of the year had brought. So, early in July, with big and bold courage, on a thousand dollars allowance for the two of us, we started for Europe.

An account of our wanderings "abroad" might be interesting, but would not belong to the "Story." We went too far and worked too hard to find it very restful. But the complete change, on sea and land, and the healthful activity of body and mind in sight seeing, were more restful than idleness; a better preparation for the new campaign than a summer of amusement at some "resort." A sea voyage, undisturbed by storms, is the best "balm of hurt minds" and tired nature. But we had more than enough of it. Owing to a crippled engine, on our return we were two full weeks at sea: this made us a week late in resuming our work at St. Mary's, and Miss Francis, who was "holding the fort," was almost in a state of collapse from anxiety. Students were arriving by the same train that brought us to Knoxville. What a blessing would have been a wireless message, when we were a week late at sea, to inform our friends that we were safe and comfortable!

In our party, that summer, were Miss Hitchcock and Mr. Lowber Burrows and his daughter Ida, of Decatur, Illinois. Their companionship brightened and cheered the whole summer. Even in the "rolling forties" we were all jolly, and hungry four or five times a day. Mr. Burrows was rare good company, at home or abroad, wherever found; and he is remembered as one of the most helpful patrons of St. Mary's. For twelve years he held one and the same room in the school, occupied continuously by his three daughters, in turn, each graduating in the full course. It was Mr. Burrows who brought from his home and planted at St. Mary's the ivies that still decorate her outer walls and keep his memory green.

About a month after the reopening of school, our honored friend and benefactor, Mr. Knox, returned from Europe, and we contrived that he should have a surprise in his first night view of the fine building his gift had enabled us to raise in his absence. After dark, in every window of the wide extended south front (which included both the old and the new building) lighted candles were placed. The view was wonderful, the building being greatly magnified in appearance by the myriad points of light, set like stars in the background of the night.



Rt. Rev. Henry John Whitehouse, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.
Second Bishop of Illinois

LAST VISIT OF BISHOP WHITEHOUSE

THIS event took place on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1874. The Bishop was present at Morning Prayer, and afterwards catechised the school. Now it is a grand thing to hear St. Mary's School say the Catechism; and each scholar, from the smallest Primary to the tallest Senior, takes pride in its being said well, in the clear ringing out of its noble, rhythmic English. There was much delight, therefore, and we detected many a little nod of satisfaction, when the Bishop said he did not see how it could be done better.

The teachings of the Church on the Annunciation suggested to the Bishop the subject of a short address, good and delightful as were all his talks to his girls at St. Mary's; and he made a most happy and telling conclusion, by turning to the Rector and asking a half holiday for the School. Ah! if girls cannot "throw up their hats," they can clap their hands!

At evening service, Confirmation was administered to eighteen of the beloved children. It was a sight beautiful in its simplicity, as these young girls, dressed in white, "beckoned by pastoral hands," stood at the chancel. God keep their hearts as pure as the lilies of the Annunciation, that hereafter they may dwell with the white-robed throng!

THE reopening in September, 1874, the beginning of the seventh year, was sad with symbols of mourning. In the study hall the lectern, desk, and organ were draped with black and violet, decorated with white flowers.

The report of the death of Bishop Whitehouse had gone out over the world, the month before. We all knew

of it, and these signs of bereavement, in our school home, when we met there after the long separation, were very impressive. We did not need to read published accounts and tributes and estimates of our great Bishop, to realize our loss. For us his goodness and greatness were measured by his loving service to St. Mary's. To his sympathetic ministrations and encouragement she owed much of the joy and health of her childhood. It was during her years of greatest need that he was spared to us.

Looking back to that period we realize how helpful was his approval and coöperation. It was far more than a formal sanction and recognition of our work. Of course his official endorsement was indispensable. But his relation to St. Mary's was more than official. It was personal and affectionate, and he gave to us lavishly of his time and influence. On the honor roll of the founders and benefactors of St. Mary's School is inscribed the name of Henry John Whitehouse, Bishop of Illinois. May the Lord recompense him with the riches of His everlasting Kingdom!

Of the many published tributes to the personal qualities and official career of Bishop Whitehouse, only two can be given here.

By the Clergy and Laity of Illinois:

"The Bishop's long career was distinguished by ceaseless activities in the Church, which he served earnestly for half a century. As a man, his purity of life was unsullied. His piety was sincere, and his character, naturally dignified, was chastened and enriched by Christian discipline. Firm in the performance of what he deemed the high duties of his office, nothing daunted him. Benevolent in spirit, simple in his habits, and cordial in his friendships, only they who were nearest him could appreciate the fine flow of his sensibilities and affection. His intellectual gifts were brilliant and attractive. The elegan-

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cies of a liberal culture adorned the treasures of his learning. Few men had at command the resources of a more comprehensive scholarship, or a presence and an address more impressive. As a preacher he was eloquent; as a theologian profound and discriminating; as a pastor sympathetic; and as a Bishop laborious, conscientious, and self-sacrificing. His enduring portraiture is in the record of his ministry and his episcopate, to whose interests his tireless energies and great abilities were supremely consecrated. But his zeal consumed him. He fell literally at his post with his armor on. Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching."

From the Memorial Sermon by Dr. Locke:

"We know the record of Henry John Whitehouse, his purity, his constancy, his life in Christ. Christians of all denominations, and the secular press of the country, as well as all religious papers, were unqualified in their expressions of admiration. His wonderful learning, his insight into Holy Scripture, his fervid eloquence, his acuteness of perception, his beautiful humility, his untiring industry, his dignified courtesy, his vast comprehension, his unbounded self-sacrifice, his spotless life, his simple faith in Christ Jesus as the Saviour of his soul, these were known to all."

DURING the summer of 1874 I followed what seemed to be a call of duty to edit and publish the monthly diocesan paper of Illinois, *The Diocese*, which for some years had been conducted in Chicago. The financial risk was not great, and the advantage to St. Mary's was considerable, but for all that, I was hardly justified in adding this to my burdens. A few years later, however, *The Diocese* served as a basis for the establishment of *The Living Church*, a national Church weekly, which continued under my management for over twenty years.

In June, 1880, after *The Diocese* became *The Living Church*, the school paper came to light again; "merged, submerged, and emerged!" as the editor remarked. To this little school paper and its successor,

The Quarterly, we are indebted for the greater part of this Story. I find already an "embarrassment of riches." There is so much of interest, it is difficult to decide what to leave out; on the other hand, events from year to year are so similar it is difficult to avoid repetition.

In those days of our orphanage we were comforted by the visits of good Bishop Talbot of Indiana. He was with us all of Easter Day, 1875, and confirmed a large class. Never before had a Bishop spent Easter with us. This and other visitations of Bishop Talbot, his genial presence and eloquent discourse, were greatly enjoyed. He had work enough, in his great diocese, but he came over to St. Mary's, he said, to rest. While we had no episcopal father he would be our step-father, because he "stepped over from Indiana."

Our seventh Anniversary (1875) was a day ever to be remembered for the distinguished guests who participated in the celebration. Dr. DeKoven gave the address, beautiful and inspiring. The after-dinner speeches by Drs. DeKoven, Locke, and Cushman were unique and entertaining. Dr. Chase gave an affectionate tribute to the memory of Bishop Whitehouse. The birthday cake was cut by Miss Wilson, valedictorian of the first class (1870).

NEAR the close of this school year occurred the serious illness of the Rector, which called forth many messages of sympathy and appreciation. *The Diocese*, in its issue of June, 1875, most kindly referred to the illness of the editor, with a too generous estimate of the value of his work, as follows:

"Since our last issue, the Rev. Mr. Leffingwell, the rector of St. Mary's, and editor of this paper, has been alarmingly ill. He has had, all his life, good health, and was never seriously ill before,

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but for a long time, he has been worked up to the full limit of his strength, and often far beyond, so that he had but little reserve force to fall back upon; and when he was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill, there was the gravest apprehension among his friends, as to the result. It is impossible to describe the concern and sympathy that pervaded the entire community; one could not go a block without meeting anxious inquiries, and letters came from all quarters to the same intent. It was everyone's thought, how can he be spared? The fact of his illness has brought out what indeed existed before, but was not so fully expressed, the strong hold that he has upon all who know the man and his work. The great importance and wide reach of that work was never so appreciated as when there was danger that it might be forever suspended."

In the School Department of the same issue, thankful reference was made to the Rector's recovery:

"To the Old Scholars:

"We said last month that Anniversary Week of this year was the best time we had ever had at St. Mary's. We are inclined now to think that Tuesday in Whitsun week was even better; for then the Lord turned our sorrow into joy. The Thanksgiving for the beginning of recovery from sickness was read, the first intimation to most of those assembled together, that they might really hope that the beloved Rector of St. Mary's School was out of danger. You may imagine how glad were the voices that responded Amen.

"Dr. Chase (and there is no one at St. Mary's who will not always love him for it) had hastened hither upon seeing in a Peoria paper the distressing news of Mr. Leffingwell's illness. So he was present to conduct Morning Prayer in the Rector's stead; and we had on Whitsun Tuesday the rejoicings of which we had had only a part on the great day of the feast."

The sermon on Baccalaureate Sunday was preached by the Rev. Dr. Stocking, rector of the Epiphany, Chicago. The text was the motto of the class, "The Truth shall make you free." Every other Baccalaureate during the half century was preached by the Rector, taking the class motto for his text.

ON our return from church, an exciting incident occurred, which was reported in *The Diocese*, as follows:

"Just as the household of St. Mary's were returning from Evening Prayer on Baccalaureate Sunday, an alarm of fire was heard, and smoke was seen issuing from one of the rooms in the basement. The fire had already made alarming progress; and had not the most vigorous efforts been at once made, or had not the rector in time of peace prepared for war, the beautiful building must have fallen prey to the devouring element. An axe whose place of concealment none knew but the rector and one trusted assistant, the two under mutual agreement not to take it out unless for fire, was in use at once, hacking away floors and partitions; and by the time the hose could be extended from the tank, there was a place ready through which the stream of water could be brought to bear on the fire which was already creeping up under the beams of the library floor. Fifteen minutes more, and the beautiful room would have been ruined, if indeed the house itself could have been saved."

At the graduation of the seven, the Bishop of Indiana presided, addressing the class and delivering the diplomas. The Rector was devoutly thankful for renewed health and strength to participate in the exercises, bestowing the Cross of Honor, as was his privilege during his entire administration.

As soon as arrangements could be made, after the close of the school term, the Rector began his convalescent rest by a voyage to Europe, returning in a few weeks with health and hope restored. It was a selfish vacation, for he went alone, leaving his good wife, by her own insistence, to "carry on" at home. In this, as in the whole course of our strenuous career, by her unselfish devotion, remarkable executive ability, and patient endurance, she deserved all the praise that King Lemuel's mother taught him to prophesy of the woman "whose price was far above rubies." "Her children



Elizabeth Francis Leffingwell

At the age of eighty-six, on November sixth, 1926, this beloved mother of seven children entered peacefully into rest. She had served forty years as domestic manager of St. Mary's School.

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arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

APPRECIATIONS BY THE TRUSTEES

THE Rector, with the approbation of the Bishop, has renewed his engagement for a term of ten years.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees, recently held in Knoxville, the following resolution was offered by Mr. Cephas Arms, and unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That in granting the request of Rev. C. W. Leffingwell for the renewal of his engagement as Rector of St. Mary's School, the Trustees would take this occasion to express to him their appreciation of his eminent success in bringing St. Mary's to its high position as a young ladies' seminary; and that while the school grounds have been growing in beauty, and the building in symmetry and grandeur, under his energetic management, the institution itself has been growing in our hearts and affections. We most heartily and earnestly commend it to our own people, and to all others who have daughters to educate, as an institution worthy of their continued confidence and support.

"CEPHAS ARMS,

"WM. HESTER,

"S. H. TOMPKINS,

Committee."

The Rev. C. W. Leffingwell offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted, and a copy ordered to be sent to Mr. Knox:

"Whereas, The recent improvements in St. Mary's School, and its increased facilities for education, have been largely the result of the generosity of our fellow-citizen, the Hon. James Knox, who has lately contributed ten thousand dollars to the institution,

"Resolved, That we hereby put upon the records of the Board of Trustees this expression of gratitude for his noble benefaction, and also convey to him, by this resolution, the thanks of the Board, and of the large constituency for whom we speak, and to whom his gift has been and shall be a blessing.

"JOHN BABINGTON, *Secretary.*"

SNOW! SLEIGHRIDE!! GALESBURG!!!

HAVE I told the whole story in those significant words, or shall I, nothing loath, begin at the beginning and give particulars? The beginning was an invitation to the members of the family, given at the dinner table by the Rector, to take a sleighride to Galesburg that evening.

Go with me, dear reader, in sleigh "number one," with a dozen happy school-girls, laughing, singing, and talking, and see what you shall see. Exult with us in the discomfiture of sleigh "number two," which presumptuously tries to be "number one," and meets with a most humiliating defeat. Enjoy with us the drive around Galesburg, the debarkment at the hotel, and the merry taking off of "things"; and then, ascending to the parlor, let us find a comfortable seat and view the pleasant scene. Would you think that the mischievous-looking girl, laughing so merrily there, a few hours since was writhing and groaning and mentally anathematizing the memory of Euclid; or that her companion was mentally striving to "invert her mind" after the most psychological style? Now, however, they look as if there were no such thing in the world as hard lessons; and when some one, with an unmistakable chuckle, observes that study-hour is just half over, they only laugh at "what might have been."

Suddenly there is a clapping of hands, which appears to be in honor of the appearance of the Knoxville Cornet Band. This is, to all save the Rector and his wife, a most unexpected feature in the programme, but none the less pleasant "for a' that."

Merrily passes the time, till the Rector, with a teacher on each arm, leads the way to the dining room, where a delightful oyster supper is awaiting us.

Soon after supper it was announced that we must prepare for the best part of the programme, the sleighride home by moonlight. No, I should not say the best; for that was undoubtedly the later announcement that the rising-bell would ring a whole hour later than usual.

Thanking Mr. and Mrs. Leffingwell for the thoughtful and generous kindness that had provided the delightful entertainment, we retired, glad to know that the rising-bell would not rudely awaken us from dreams of sleighrides and sleighbells.

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ANNIVERSARY WEEK

IT was a good time, the best we had ever had at St. Mary's, everybody said; but then that worthy makes the same remark every year, so that goes for nothing. We shall tell the tale, however, and leave you to judge for yourselves about our Seventh Anniversary.

To begin at the beginning. There was an improvement in the method of getting the family awakened, all early in the Easter morning, to be ready for the six o'clock service. It happily occurred to a member of the faculty that "The wrangling and the jangling of the dismal rising bell" was not in accordance with the fitness of things on that holy morning. An Easter carol was prepared, and was sung in the halls to awaken the inmates of the house. You can imagine how thrilling and touching was the effect as the sweet music was heard, now so near that one could hear distinctly the refrain:

"Lift your glad voices in triumph on high;
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die."

And now so far off as to be softened to an Easter echo, sweet and low.

Of most things we need only tell you they were as of old. You may picture to yourselves the interior of St. John's, bright in festal array, fragrant with flowers and gay with scrolls and banners bearing such gladdening words as "The Lord is Risen"; "O Death where is thy Sting"; "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth"; "Worthy is the Lamb that was Slain;" and you may see, too, the rising sun, touching as with fingers of light one and another of these mottoes, making them indeed illuminated texts, eloquent of the story of the risen Sun of Righteousness.

Ah! but here is something you could not have known, that St. Mary's was honored by the presence of a Bishop on Easter Day! You will say with us that it was right good in Bishop Talbot of Indiana to take a long and fatiguing journey, and to forego the pleasure of being at home on that day, that the Easter joy of St. Mary's might be crowned by the laying on of apostolic hands. We wondered at his goodness; but he had not been here long before we discovered that the Bishop had in his heart a very tender place for the children of the Church, and that to keep the feast at a Church school, suited him right well.

Leaving you to picture to yourselves the white-robed group that

stood at the chancel rail to renew the vows of their Baptism, and the scene at the Eucharistic Feast, that highest expression of the Easter joy, we must tell how earnest and good were the words of the Bishop to those he had confirmed, and how, in his address to the congregation that filled pews, aisles, and vestry-room, he set forth powerfully, yet lovingly, the truth and reasonableness of "those things which are most surely believed among us."

In the evening the Rev. Mr. Percival read a poem to an interested audience in the study hall, and then the family and guests spent an hour in social intercourse in the drawing room, library, and studio. These rooms, always lovely as you know, were made more than usually attractive by the great number of blooming plants, mostly callas, that were tastefully arranged.

ON Wednesday (Anniversary) morning, after Matins, the Catechism was repeated by the school, and, well, you know what our dear Bishop said last year of the Catechism at St. Mary's; we will only tell that the School lost none of its laurels on this occasion.

A lecture on Naples, by Dr. Cross, was followed by a short exercise in calisthenics, by the pupils. Dinner was the next great event of the day. The dining room looked very pleasant with blooming plants, statuary, and bright dresses and faces.

After full justice had been done to the dinner, there followed a rich feast of wit in the after-dinner speeches. The Rector began, with a courteous expression of pleasure in receiving at St. Mary's so many of its friends; and after a touching allusion to him whose presence had so often been the attraction of our anniversaries, he called on Dr. Chase, as the oldest priest of the diocese, for a tribute to the memory of our lamented bishop. Dr. Chase responded, with much emotion, and then Dr. De Koven was called upon. Now, between ourselves, you and us, and the top of the page, we had had dire misgivings lest the Warden of Racine, used to his big, hearty boys, with their big, hearty voices, should think St. Mary's School but a feeble folk. Listen then to his graceful compliment! He said that it had seemed to him since he had been at St. Mary's as if he had been listening to the music of the nightingales. Now wasn't that nice!

The Reverend Doctor said some good and earnest words of appreciation of our Rector's work here. He was not a funny man

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himself, he said, but he could at least show his good will in that direction by calling out the funniest man among the clergy.

Dr. Locke thus called for was naturally a little embarrassed, but responded in a speech of much humor and which was received with many bursts of applause. Dr. Cushman followed, sustaining his reputation as a maker of after-dinner speeches. You will be grieved, however, to learn that he still mistakes for cupids the cherubs over the door! Why this is thus, we may not say; nor shall we repeat the ill-natured suggestion of one of his reverend brethren, who attributed the doctor's confusion of ideas to his being in a state of misery instead of in a state of matrimony.

LET us hasten to the last speech, the one from the lips of St. Mary's benefactor, the Hon. James Knox. He began with some humorous allusions to his attempts at speech making in his early life; and after some pleasant words about St. Mary's and its rector, he told of his return from Europe two years ago, when the beautiful building that had been erected during his absence was illuminated to welcome him home. He said that as he received its bright welcome and the smiles and greetings of St. Mary's girls, he was "reminded of a little story: An Irishman at a fair in Boston, gazing in respectful admiration at the belle who presided, refused to take an equivalent for the five dollar bill he had laid on the table, for he had had his 'money's worth'! Thus," said Mr. Knox, "I gazed that night upon the bright loveliness of St. Mary's School and had my money's worth."*

The speaker took his seat amid hearty applause; and the Rector proposed a rising vote in token of appreciation of what Mr. Knox had done for St. Mary's.

We leave the dinner room where several hours have been passed most pleasantly, and go on to the close of Anniversary day in St. John's Church. The combined attractions of the Anniversary exercises and of the fame of the "silver-tongued orator" who was to deliver the address had drawn together a great crowd who listened with rapt attention to Dr. De Koven's eloquent discourse.

On the return from church, the brilliantly illuminated school building smiled, through the rain, a new welcome to the guests.

* This article may possibly meet the eye of some who do not know that Mr. Knox's "money's worth" was the worth of ten thousand dollars. Previous speakers at dinner had made allusions to the Church's indebtedness to Mr. Knox. His telling of his little story was a most graceful way of crying "quits."

AN impressive scene, the baptism of the baby Ernest, closed the evening of this eventful day. Dr. De Koven officiated, and Dr. and Mrs. Locke and Dr. Cushman were sponsors. We appreciate the playfully expressed wish of him whose namesake the child is, "May the name of De Koven not injure him in the estimation of future standing committees!"

The "young soldier" has since been "fully armed and equipped," his sponsors having duly provided knife, fork, spoon, and cup. Of the latter, we will only say that much the wonder grew how a clerical god-father could have come honestly by so costly a christening gift; but the suspicious circumstance became in some way interwoven with a statement Dr. Cushman himself made at the Anniversary dinner, that Hon. E. H. Sheldon was Paymaster General of the forces that came from Chicago to take possession of St. Mary's. Was the cup for a god-child put down in the contingent expenses? Or was—but we never tell tales out of school.

But lights are fled and garlands dead, and all the guests departed; and we put it to you if it be not quite true—the statement with which we started, that as everyone said, and as now you have read, we humbly trust, without levity, there was never a time more thoroughly "prime," than this, told of now, as you'll surely allow with at least some attempt at brevity. —Y. Y. K. (Miss Hitchcock.)

ST. MARY'S was illuminated on the occasion of the return from Europe of Hon. James Knox. The following note was handed to him early in the evening:

"We, the officers, teachers, and pupils of St. Mary's, desire to offer you our congratulations on your safe return to your native land. Will you accept, as an expression of hearty good-will, the welcome that shines forth tonight from the building that, through your benefactions, has risen in stately beauty during your absence? —"(Signed)"

In every window, from basement to attic, bright lights shone forth, an index of the warmth and cheerfulness within. The effect was very fine. A sight so beautiful and unusual attracted many of the citizens to behold it.

The thoroughness of the work at St. Mary's was never better set forth than in the following remark of one of the scholars: "I tell you what it is, girls, any one that gets through St. Mary's School without learning something must be a smarter girl than I think she is"! We scarcely need add, that the young lady making the remark is of Hibernian extraction!

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THE EPIPHANY

BY MISS HITCHCOCK

THE Christmas carols die away,
The strains of holy mirth,
With which that blessed natal day
Is hymned by heaven and earth.
The Church in triumph now doth sing
That Bethlehem's babe is Christ the King,
And while the Magi bend the knee
She hails His glad Epiphany.

Once, over trackless realms of night,
The voice of God was heard,
The voice that said, "Let there be light!"
And light sprang at the word.
The morning stars then sang for joy;
A nobler theme is our employ
When, Light of Lights, we bow to Thee,
Hailing Thy blest Epiphany.

Streaming with dazzling beams from heaven,
Shineth the light of day,
White with prismatic colors seven,
Mingling in one pure ray;
Thus with the "seven-fold gifts" divine,
The Sun of Righteousness doth shine;
And as His glorious beams we see,
We hail His bright Epiphany!

And kneeling at his feet implore
Our path may be the way
That shineth ever more and more
Unto the perfect day;
Till in the heavenly city bright
That needs of sun nor moon the light,
We, in His likeness clothed, may be
Blest in that great Epiphany!

AFTER the last Lenten service on Easter Even (1874) the household of St. Mary's betook themselves to rest, with many fears that the cold east wind then blowing boded ill for Easter. Our fears were indeed realized; for upon rising on Easter morning, we beheld the snowflakes falling fast, while already the snow was lying thick upon the ground and piled up in great drifts over the walks. It was a bitter disappointment to those who had looked forward to the early service in the church, and some even proposed to wade through the snow rather than give it up. Our more prudent Rector, however, declared it impossible, saying that it would be wiser to hold the service at home; and we enjoyed it there much more than we had thought possible, in the first moment of disappointment. Our grief entirely disappeared when at ten o'clock we were summoned to go to church in sleighs! Truly, that sleighride on Easter day will be long remembered.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT

ON THE 18th and 19th of February, our Right Reverend Father visited the School. Confirmation was administered on Monday evening, in the parish church. This visit of Bishop Whitehouse was especially enjoyed by all, for he was able to devote more time to the inspection of the School and its workings than at any previous visit; and his loving encouragement and hearty commendation gave unmixed pleasure to teachers and scholars. After Matins, the Bishop addressed the School, commending the heartiness of the service and showing how close and important was the connection between the Church life and the personal life, and how mighty and far-reaching a power for good was given to those who, as at St. Mary's, were able to unite daily in common prayer, with heart and life, to "make supplication for all men."

During the morning, the Bishop visited the classes. After witnessing the spirited calisthenics drill, the Bishop was the center of a group who were eager listeners to a fairy story! all about a gracious princess, with a mystic girdle, that made the wearer wondrous wise. The group grew larger and larger, until it included nearly the whole school; and all were ready to give the verdict that the Bishop is as good at a fairy story, as at a sermon.

CHAPTER VII

T THE opening of the eighth year (1875-76) Bishop Talbot again favored us with his genial presence; and in December he came with Bishop McLaren, the new Bishop of Illinois. It was an impressive occasion, the visit of two bishops, and our first meeting with the successor of Bishop Whitehouse.

The study hall was draped with blue and white, the school colors. Bishop Talbot made one of his happy speeches, reviewing pleasantly his relations with the school. The new Bishop was welcomed on the part of the school by Miss Laning, of the Class of '76. Bishop McLaren's address combined deep feeling with humor, and, like Bishop Talbot's, was frequently interrupted by applause. That rare favor, the presence of Mr. Knox, the honored benefactor of St. Mary's School, added greatly to the pleasure of the reception, which was held in the drawing room in the evening.

By the division of the Diocese of Illinois in 1877, St. Mary's came within the limits of the Diocese of Quincy. Bishop McLaren, therefore, was for only two years our "very own" bishop, but even in that short time he rendered an inestimable service to the School in securing for it, by his advice and influence, the beautiful stone chapel. One of his former parishioners, Mrs. Bradford, of Cleveland, started the subscription with

\$1,000, and from that the good work went on to completion.

Though Bishop McLaren was not long with us as our bishop, he continued his interest in the School as trustee, and to me personally was a life-long friend and adviser. It was by his encouragement that I coöperated with Drs. Fulton and Harris in establishing *The Living Church*, upon the foundation of my diocesan paper. In a few months I became the owner of the weekly paper, and continued its publication in Chicago for over twenty years.

Bishop McLaren was an experienced journalist, a brilliant writer, and was greatly helpful to me in those days by his editorial counsel and contributions. In company with him and his archdeacon I had a wonderful vacation in Europe, one summer. We discovered that it is not always true that "no man is a hero to his valet"; the more intimately we knew Bishop McLaren, the more we admired and respected him. *Vir praeclarissimus!*

IN a long-time record of an institution, of course it is impossible to give account of every one who has rendered valuable service. Comparatively few, the few who have held responsible positions, receive the credit which should be shared by many. One of these whom I recall as deserving of more than mention in the school catalogue was Louise Nichols, bookkeeper and assistant matron. She came to us in 1876, and remained with us over forty years.

If you should ask one of the "old girls" whom she would miss most on revisiting St. Mary's, I think she would say "Nickie," and none of us would feel hurt to take second place. That is not to say that Miss Nichols

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was the most important factor of our school life, or the most impressive personality in our goodly company of officers and teachers; but I think it is no disparagement to the rest of us to say that she was the dearest. She was small and shy and reticent, and not at all given to demonstrative affection; at the same time she was kind and conscientious, utterly unselfish and devoted. As assistant matron she was most intimately related to the pupils, especially in their troubles and illness, while she had no disagreeable duty of discipline to lessen her popularity. Among my papers I find this copy of a letter I gave her when I reluctantly accepted her resignation:

"THE RESIGNATION OF MISS NICHOLS

"After forty-two years of service and residence at St. Mary's Miss Louise S. Nichols relinquished her work at St. Mary's in June, 1918. The following extract of a letter to her by the Rector, was adopted as an expression of appreciation by the California Chapter:

"Mrs. Leffingwell and I have often reminded each other of the long and happy relations of our family with you, and of the precious memories of our life in which you shared at St. Mary's. Our children have grown up in your kindly presence, and thousands of St. Mary's girls remember you as the friend of their youth and good example for their later years.

"You have indeed left a record at St. Mary's, of which you and your family should be proud. It is remarkable, not only for its length of years, but also for the unqualified respect and affection that have gone out to you.

"Though the tie of the School no longer binds us, we shall still hold you as one of our dearest and best friends, and hope to meet again, if not here, then in the Land that is "not very far off." May your life be crowned with blessing as it is with honor."

There have been many long terms of service among the officers, teachers, and employees at St. Mary's, though perhaps none, except my own term of fifty-one

years, so long as that of Miss Nichols. Mrs. Leffingwell, I think, comes next, with a record of forty years; Mrs. Rudd, thirty-five years; Miss Howard, twenty-seven years; Miss Hitchcock, twenty-six years; Dr. Rudd, twenty-five years; Miss Campbell, as a student, six years, as a teacher, twenty years; Miss Seamans, as student, four years, as teacher, twenty-four years; Mr. Somes, twenty-five years.

Among the employees I remember Kurtz Sanders, foreman, over thirty years; James and Mary Farrell, about the same. During most of the half century we had only two attending physicians, one succeeding the other; Dr. McClelland and Dr. Becker. They are gratefully remembered. Among the Knoxville trustees, Judge Sanford and Zelotes Cooley should have grateful mention for long and helpful service.

Whether long terms of service in any institution are for better or worse, on the whole, has been questioned. Each case must be judged on its merits. In one case, at St. Mary's, it was remarked by some one that a certain capable teacher "had been there too long"! In her extreme loyalty to St. Mary's she had spoken disparagingly of another school in which her critic was interested. It seems to me that it should be counted to the credit of a school that its principal officers and teachers should accept its service as a life work. On the other hand a too long service may stand in the way of progress and tend to insubordination.

The advantage of long service in the administrative and executive departments of any business is apparent, but it has also its peril. The same old way is the easiest way, the worn track is the smoothest, the wheels run with least guidance in the ruts. I have known a school which was forty years "behind the times," as could be

plainly seen even from its annual catalogue. Under the same management for two-score years, there had been no progress.

Bishop McLaren, I remember, gave his approval of my work on *The Living Church* in Chicago, because it would keep me in touch with the outside world, and so be an advantage to St. Mary's. I am glad to believe that my divided service during the twenty years of work on the Church paper was not without some compensation to the School.

BUT far more helpful in the way of progress, than any influence or inspiration gained by me in my journalistic career, was the splendid coöperation of officers and teachers who had the interests of the School at heart and were, as a rule, devoted to its improvement and success. Of course among so many and during so long a time, there were a few who do not deserve honorable mention; incompetent, indifferent, even disloyal. The most difficult thing a school manager has to do is to secure good teachers who at the same time are adaptable to the school life. In these later days, however, when teachers are more often selected from college graduates, this combination is seldom required. The officers who teach have little to do with the care of the students and do not largely influence the community life; whether for better or worse, I say not, but even so, the finding of capable teachers is as difficult as it is important. Happy the school manager who has his quiver full!

For the teacher, like the poet, is born, not made. He can be helped a little by the experience and advice of others, but he can not be taught how to teach. In the studio where I was permitted to work for a time, an old farmer paused to watch with wide-eyed wonder the

growth of the sketch under the master's hand. "Say, Mr. Rondel," he exclaimed, "what would you charge to teach me to paint like that?" To which the artist pleasantly replied: "My friend, I have been painting for over thirty years, but I couldn't teach anyone how to paint." I might say the same about teaching anyone how to teach. The thing that I have been doing most of my life I seem to know little about, theoretically. With all my experience, I could not teach one to teach.

Recommendations are of little value, for they are generally given by amiable people, pastors and others, who wish to help the applicant to a position. I remember one extreme case of an incompetent and incompatible teacher who came to us highly commended, whose resignation, after fair trial, I had to insist upon. She was not disposed to go, took to her bed, and feigned illness. We were finally compelled to carry her out to the ambulance and send her to the hospital in Galesburg.

In later years, with added experience, I was able to secure teachers upon their record, or from personal acquaintance, who seldom failed to meet the reasonable requirements of their position. It is a great privilege to bear witness to the high character, competence, and helpfulness of nearly all who were officially related to the School during the half century of my administration. To the two in highest rank and with heaviest responsibility, Miss Hitchcock and Miss Howard, each serving a quarter of a century as Principal, the School is largely indebted not only for its high standing, but also for its continued existence.

AFTER years of broken health and the long prostration of his last illness, James Knox, the benefactor of St. Mary's and the patron of education in

several colleges, in October, 1876, was called from the scene of his earthly labors and charities. His memory deserves more than a passing tribute. The city that he beautified, the school that he enlarged, the college that he founded, the great institutions of the East that he aided, the personal friends and relations that have shared his fame and fortune, are all in mourning, and there is needed no synopsis of his noble life to tell them what they have lost.

We had hoped that he would yet be spared many years, at least until he had seen how his labor of love had provoked the Church to jealousy and good works. But being dead he yet speaks, and in St. Mary's School, generation after generation shall rise up to call him blessed. He was a large-hearted, liberal-minded man; the friend of religion and of learning, and sympathy can but drop a tear of sorrow, when it hears that the godly are minished from among the children of men. His life was long and useful. As a public and as a private man, in every position, he reflected, as well as received, honor. His memory shall be preserved fragrant in many hearts. His will be one of the names which the world will not willingly let die. He sought no name, yet the name of Knox shall be garnered forever in the archives of the Church, and in the hearts of her children.

At a meeting of the teachers and pupils of St. Mary's School, Oct. 10, 1876, the following expression of respect and gratitude was adopted by a rising vote:

"St. Mary's School mourns today the loss of a noble benefactor, one to whose generous gifts the school has been greatly indebted for the usefulness and success that now attend it.

"Not only we who are now here will revere his memory, but future generations of those who shall have tasted the fruits of his beneficence will honor his name.

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"Many of us are privileged to think of him as the loving friend as well as the benefactor of St. Mary's School. His have been not only the gifts which bespeak the munificent patron, but also the little tokens that indicate the thoughtful giver; the book, the picture, the paper, the kindly message, the welcome letter from over the sea, coming to assure the busy workers of St. Mary's that Mr. Knox had for them all a deep personal interest and regard.

"One hope his lifetime has not seen fulfilled, the completion of the building for which he has done so much. Let us honor his memory in the faithful endeavor to carry out his plans, and to finish, in all its noble proportions, the building whose corner stone bears the name of James Knox."

THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY

(From the Chicago Tribune)

THE evening before, Bishop McLaren had preached and confirmed thirteen in St. John's Church, Knoxville, of whom twelve were pupils of St. Mary's. As the long line of girls, fresh and rosy as the dawn, filed up the aisle of the village church, dressed with simplicity and taste, it was a sight to gladden the eyes and quicken the pulse. The Bishop preached to them upon the necessity of exemplifying in their lives the great principles of the Gospel, so that men should take knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.

The next morning early, all who were in the seminary were recalled to sublunary scenes by the sweetly sung carols of the rising "belles," which, sounding through the spacious corridors, might well have reminded one of the melodies of Heaven and the songs of angels. There are some people, though, who are nothing if they are not cynical, and a bachelor, who has never had the grace to "dye" for anybody, when reminded that by coming on the late train he had lost a treat, said that doubtless he should hear their clappers all day long!

At 11 A.M. there was service in Study Hall, in which the Rev. Drs. Chase and Cushman and the Rev. Mr. Dresser took part, and the Bishop addressed the young ladies from the words, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows," and spoke of God's estimate of us, and the importance of our having a right estimate of ourselves and of our making a right use of our opportunities and responsibilities.

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After a recess, the pupils went through their daily drill in calisthenics. To the uninitiated it is wonderful to see its myriad forms and poses, and it argues well for the future of woman's rights, the skill and precision with which these graceful girls "struck out from the shoulder." It went far to convince one that the stories we see in the papers about pinbacks and glove fitting corsets are myths, at any rate at St. Mary's. They would be utterly inconsistent with the freedom, ease, and poetry of motion that our own eyes saw.

During the morning a petition, signed by all the girls (it is wonderful the unanimity among them) for a holiday, was presented to the Bishop. It is not in human nature, certainly not in Bishop McLaren's nature, to say No to a request from such a bevy of beauty, and when, with a few words of pleasantry, he granted it, there was such a clapping of hands as showed how much their hearts were in it.

St. Mary's School has been in operation nine years. In that time it has made itself a reputation as wide as the land. It draws its scholars from as far east as Washington, from as far west as Utah and Colorado. Bishops of other dioceses than Illinois say it has no superior, if any equal, among the girls' schools of the country. Its Principal, the Rev. Dr. Leffingwell, is "a ripe scholar and a good one," and admirably fitted for the position he occupies. His success proves it. His school is almost full; it is a credit not only to the diocese, but to the State of Illinois. It must soon be enlarged or shut its doors to pupils who are wishing to enter. It is said that better times are ahead, and it is to be hoped that ere long the Episcopalians of Illinois will learn to have a still higher appreciation of what, in my judgment, is the brightest jewel in their crown. I am glad to have had an opportunity to attend St. Mary's anniversary. I had already heard much of its fame, and now, like the Queen of Sheba, can say the half was not told. St. Mary's is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

(From the Knox Republican)

IN the evening the ladies gave their guests a reception. The elegant suite of rooms was thrown open, decorated with statuary and pictures, and richly ornamented with flowers. The fair faces of the girls; their picturesque costumes; the brilliant lights; the flowers; the statuary; the pictures, all combined to form a scene bright and beautiful in the extreme. After enjoying a most pleasant evening, the party broke up; but not before St. Mary's Birthday Cake had been sampled.

It is the opinion of all who were privileged to be present at this anniversary occasion, that it was one of the most pleasant reunions that has ever taken place at St. Mary's. We need hardly add that Dr. and Mrs. Leffingwell exerted themselves to the utmost to minister to the comfort and pleasure of their guests, and we are sure that all went away carrying with them the pleasantest recollections of St. Mary's, and of the kind and unremitting attention received there.

THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER SPEECHES

THE good old custom was not allowed to fail this year. As usual it proved to be the spiciest and most enjoyable part of the day. Our brief notes do not give, of course, a tithe of the good points made, to say nothing of the spirit of the occasion, which could be felt only by those who participated.

Bishop McLaren said he would address the young ladies in the same way they had addressed him in the morning, and say: Dear girls, the Bishop respectfully requests a holiday! and so he would be excused from any further work for the day; to which they agreed with hearty applause.

Dr. Cushman, of Chicago, being called upon by the Rector, said that the best speech he could make would be in the six words used by a member of Parliament who followed Burke, on one occasion: "I say ditto to Mr. Burke." He said he was very sorry not to be here last night; with other reasons for the delay, it was his bashfulness that held him back. The last time he came with the Bishop all the girls were drawn up in the hall, and he had to run the gauntlet; so this time he had waited till he could come in more quietly. He was resolved, however, to come, for he did not want them to find out that they could have an anniversary without him! When he saw the room full of girls this morning, all looking as young and pretty as they did years ago, he wondered what it was that kept them so, while everybody else was growing older. But there was an influence at St. Mary's that did folks good, even when they came only for a day. A layman had said to him since he came, "Why, Dr. C., how you have improved"! but he added, "in a lateral direction." The Doctor said he was sorry to miss the "rising belles" this morning (the young ladies that sing the Easter carol at dawn), but he supposed their clappers would keep going all day. He thought they used



A Holiday in Gilbert's Park

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them well when the Bishop promised them a holiday. (Applause.) He was sorry to be the only representative from Chicago, but as he was an old bachelor they sent him. The rest were afraid to come because it was so hard to get away, but he didn't want to get away. (Applause.) He was sorry to see the study hall so full this morning, for before long there will not be any room for visitors at Anniversary, unless the school should be improved in a lateral direction, as he had been! He hoped the diocese would take it in hand. He knew some were thinking of it. And that when the "hard times" were over, he hoped it would be done. He said that he had concluded this year he ought not to make a speech, and would give the same reason that Bishop Potter did for not speaking in Boston. A friend of his had made a speech there, and on his return, mentioned it to some one, who replied, "I'm glad of it; I always did hate those Bostonians"! St. Mary's was dearer to him every year, and he had come to love it too much to inflict a speech upon it.

Dr. Chase remarked that he had made some speeches after dinner, but never had made a real after-dinner speech; and still the wonder grew, how some could do it so handsomely.

Rev. S. T. Allen, of Galesburg, said that he had been present at six anniversaries, and always with increased interest. He had no reputation to sustain as an after-dinner speaker, and thought it wise to follow the example of his ecclesiastical superiors, the Bishop and the Dean, in brevity. Some one had said, "Make your home happy, even if you have to stay away from it." He would follow that suggestion in making his speech good. He wanted the Bishop to know that some others had been honored with petitions as well as he, that one had been presented to him, to the effect that as the Bishop had granted the girls a holiday, he should stay, himself, and keep them straight. (Applause.)

The Rector said that there was no other way. The Bishop had let down the fence and now he must look after the flock. The Rector had for nine years reigned supreme; but now petitions were passed over his head, and his occupation was gone. He could not be responsible for anything that might happen.

Rev. Mr. Dresser, of Carlinville, said that he belonged to a family that could laugh at good jokes, but never were known to make any. It was his first visit, and he ought to be let off easy. His visit had deepened the appreciation that he had long felt, and his interest would be greater than ever.

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Mr. Candee, of Cairo, thought that not the half had been told him of St. Mary's. The school looked last night like a garden full of beautiful flowers; and all day it had seemed to him like a magnificent volume of pictures, something new and beautiful coming to light with the turning of every page. He was glad to hear that there was a possibility of an extension. The diocese owed it to the School, and somebody should move in it. He hoped the diocese would respond.

Hon. R. P. Johnston, of Springfield, said it made a difference in talking to the girls, whether one is at home, or in a strange place surrounded by grave and reverend seniors. These Bishops and Deans and Rectors were formidable persons, and a layman felt embarrassed under such circumstances. He would, however, volunteer to stay and help the Bishop look after them during that holiday he had given. (Applause.)

The Bishop wished to explain that Dr. Cushman was not so much "engaged" as had been charged, or might be inferred from the printed statement in the last *Diocese*. The Doctor had confessed that he was engaged to one. His hearers did not probably understand his remarks, but the Bishop did. He was engaged to—Miss Annie Versary! (Applause.)

RESOLUTIONS BY THE DIOCESAN CONVENTION

ST. MARY'S, KNOXVILLE

THIS Convention has often expressed its confidence in this grand school for girls. Would that we had done more than speak good words for it! The amount given by the diocese has been but a mere fraction compared with the benefactions of those not of our communion and the personal sacrifices of the reverend rector. To his judicious management, to his untiring perseverance, we owe the flourishing condition of St. Mary's, Knoxville. He is the right man in the right place.

The committee would recommend the passage of the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That the Chancellor of the Diocese, with the advice and consent of the Bishop, be requested to proceed, under the statutes of the State of Illinois, to organize a new corporation for St. Mary's School, and to complete the transfer of the property at as early a day as convenient.

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"Resolved, That the Bishop, the Chancellor, and the Rector of the School be requested to select from the male communicants in the diocese a number of persons to act as corporators, and to procure the acknowledgment of the requisite papers.

"Resolved, That the present committee be continued with authority to procure any further legal or legislative action that may be needed for the foregoing purposes, and, with the Bishop, to prepare a suitable code of by-laws and statutes for the government of the new corporation.

"Resolved, That this Convention recognizes with deep gratitude the continued interest which the Hon. James Knox has shown in our diocesan school, by the conditional offer of another \$10,000 for the completion of the building and expresses the earnest hope that he will allow the offer to stand for a time, trusting that ere long the condition of the Diocese will warrant us in an earnest and united effort to raise the balance required."

REPORT OF ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

To the Right Reverend the Bishop of Illinois:

THE Rector of St. Mary's School, Knoxville, the Diocesan School for Girls, respectfully offers the following report for the school year ending June 14th, 1877:

Whole number of boarding pupils.....	63
Whole number of day scholars.....	38
Total of pupils.....	101
Average attendance	90
Officers and teachers employed.....	10
Persons in domestic service.....	10
Total number employed	20

Number confirmed, 12; baptized, 5; these are included in the report of St. John's Parish.

The School has contributed during the year: To Church School in China, \$40; to Bishop Tuttle's School, Salt Lake City, \$40; to Diocesan Missions, \$45.46; to furnishing Altar, \$8.30; to Aged and Infirm Clergy Fund, \$10; to Foreign Missions, \$10; to Nashotah, \$10; to Domestic Missions, \$10; to Sunday School, La Salle, \$5; for silver Communion Service, \$30.45, and silver and gold ornaments valued at \$20; to Society for Increase of the Ministry, \$10; to Mr.

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Kenney's Mission in Cuba, \$20; to St. Mark's Hospital, Salt Lake City, \$10; to St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, \$74.78. Total offerings, \$329.

The income of the School is derived entirely from current charges, out of which all expenses are paid—repairs, insurance, improvements, and furnishings, together with the interest on \$13,500, present debt. Something is done every year to aid daughters of clergymen in defraying the expenses of their education.

The school has opened its tenth year with a larger number of pupils than ever before. Its pupils are from Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Kansas, Utah Territory, and the District of Columbia. Should prosperity return to the business of our country, there is no doubt that another extension would be needed. This is partially provided for by the conditional bequest of the Hon. James Knox, of \$10,000, requiring a like sum to be contributed by others. In a certain contingency, however, of a law-suit in which the Knox estate is involved, the above amount and something more would revert to the school as residuary legatee, without condition. The extension could then be made without appealing to the liberality of the Church.

Respectfully submitted, by the Rector,

C. W. LEFFINGWELL.

A BEAUTIFUL picture has lately been added to the treasures of St. Mary's School, a fine copy of Murillo's Madonna (in the Pitti Palace, Florence) of the size of the original, and in a magnificent carved gilt frame. The artist, from whom it was purchased by the Rector last summer, is Mrs. Hart, widow of our American sculptor, who has not, perhaps, her superior as a copyist. We hope that this is not the last of her pictures that we shall see here.

MISS FRANCIS has returned from Europe. Her reception was a most enthusiastic one. The whole front of the house was white with fluttering handkerchiefs while the flutterers cheered till they were hoarse. Upon her nearer approach, forth issued from the doors St. Mary's girls, and—but we draw a veil over the scene. Suffice it to say that we helped pick up the pieces.

ON Thursday, November 11, St. Mary's School was honored by a visit from a number of the clergy who had been in attendance at the Convocation held in Galesburg. They were present at

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Morning Prayer, on which occasion Dr. Chase made a short address to the School. The guests made a tour of the house under the escort of the Rector; and then, with appetites sharpened by the vigorous exercise of going up stairs, down stairs, and in my ladies' chambers, they sat down to lunch. The bill of fare we may not give; but we are told that a distinguished layman from Chicago, who was present, remarked, "Oh, 'tis worth coming all the way here to taste such good brown bread."

IT will be seen from the following statement that more than one-half the pupils in St. Mary's School are not from our Church families. The families represented this year are: Episcopal, 43; Presbyterian, 23; Congregational, 7; Methodist, 6; Universalist, 4; Roman Catholic, 3; Baptist, 2; Lutheran, 1; not stated, 5; making in all, at the present writing, 94.

ONE evening the Sigma Mu Society entertained very pleasantly its small audience, the household of St. Mary's School. With but little delay the curtain rose, that is to say the folding doors that separate the drawing room from the library flew open; and lo! a rosebud garden, the whole society pleasingly grouped in a leafy bower, which a few hours' work had wrought from boughs of bright autumnal foliage.

Then followed a very pretty little drama, or operetta, Longfellow's translation of *The Blind Girl of Castel Cuille*, dramatized for the occasion by Miss Hitchcock. The "verdurous valleys and leafy alleys" of the poem were well represented by arches entwined with green boughs, among which a rustic procession, "with garlands for the bridal laden,"

"Wound aslant

With merry sallies singing their chant;
The roads shall bloom, the roads shall bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home,
Shall blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass today."

In striking contrast to this "band of maidens, gaily frolicking" was the blind girl in her cottage, "alone, benighted," sadly repeating,

"Day for the others, ever, but for me
Forever night! forever night!"

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CHARITY

By MISS HITCHCOCK

THE Church doth many lessons teach
Of faith and hope and love,
She bids us learn their blessedness
And all their sweetness prove,
As through the Christian Zodiac
The hallowed seasons move.

And now the Lenten warning sounds,
As she calls to fast and prayer,
That all our works are nothing worth
Unless that love we share—
The love that led the Sinless One
For man the cross to bear.

She bids us learn the charity
That seeketh not its own;
She telleth us how mighty love
Did for our sins atone,
And how our Elder Brother bore
For us the cross alone.

Her voice we heed, and pray Thee, Lord,
For the perfect charity,
Without which whosoever lives
Is counted dead by Thee;
That gift of gifts, which greater is
Than to know all mystery.

Knowledge shall fail and pass away,
The gift of tongues shall cease;
But charity remains for aye,
The very bond of peace.
Oh! send Thy Holy Spirit, Lord;
Our charity increase!

So shall we keep the Feast of feasts,
With hearts from self set free;
So shall we dwell in perfect love,
Thy children's liberty;
So shall we hear the Master say,
"Ye blessed, come to Me!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE tenth year (1877-78) had the distinction of being our Decennial; its close was marked by an interesting Celebration, an account of which we take from *The Province of Illinois*. At that time, in our western country, ten years seemed an age to be proud of. From the small beginning and almost impossible conditions of 1868, St. Mary's had taken high rank among the institutions of the Church; full grown and well known, her Decennial surely deserved a high celebration. Above all, profound gratitude was due to the Divine Guidance and blessing which had attended the work.

THE DECENNIAL ANNIVERSARY, 1868-1878

Correspondence of "The Province"

FROM the 9th to the 12th of June, 1878, St. Mary's celebrated its decennial anniversary. It was a glorious occasion, and will be long remembered. Friends of the School were gathered from far, and were well rewarded for their pains, with what they saw and heard. It was a continual feast of good things.

Sunday, the 9th, was Baccalaureate Sunday. St. John's Church, which had been newly freshened up, was beautifully decorated with flowers. The long line of students, with visitors and citizens, filled it; and as they came marching into church, singing their processional hymn, it was a foretaste of the good things to come. After a choral service, Dr. Leffingwell preached the Baccalaureate Sermon, taking for his text the class motto, "Walk as Children of Light." It was very able and scholarly, and was delivered with unusual animation and power.

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Bishop Talbot, who, though he has a school of his own, always wears St. Mary's colors, came on the Monday morning train, with many visitors, and with his genial ways and pleasant words the afternoon passed quickly away. By half past five Bishop Burgess arrived, with an avalanche of friends accompanying him. It was his first visit to St. Mary's, and he was received with quite an ovation, and was soon at home with both pupils and guests. He has a fine presence, and the manners of a Christian gentleman, and made a most agreeable impression upon all with whom he came in contact.

In the evening, there was service, sermon, and confirmation at St. John's. Bishop Burgess, without any notes, preached an eloquent sermon upon "The Cloud of Witnesses." He is a ready speaker, and held the undivided attention of the congregation from first to last. Most of them heard him for the first time, and his words seemed to them as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Five of the pupils of the school were confirmed by Bishop Burgess, his first confirmation in the diocese. It was a most impressive service, and the Bishop made an admirable address to the candidates.

REUNION DAY, 1878

TUESDAY, the 11th, was Reunion Day. Holy Communion was administered at St. John's Church at 7 A.M. by Dr. Leffingwell, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Rudd. At ten o'clock Study Hall was well filled, and an interesting programme was carried out. The Poem, by Miss Dukes, which was warmly received, had for its subject, Reunion Day, and was in the nature of a salutatory. The Record of the First Year, by Miss Hitchcock, was written eight years ago, and was especially interesting on the tenth anniversary. We could thus see, not only whereunto, but from what, St. Mary's had grown. "Our Bells" was arranged for a trio of voices, and the reading of it was much applauded. Indeed, we may say here that in all the exercises we were particularly struck with the elocution. "The Days of the *Palladium*," by Miss Ida Burrows, of '74, went home to all hearts. The *Palladium* was St. Mary's newspaper, a map and chronicle of school life, now, alas, "submerged" in *The Province*. It was full of fun and incident, such as, despite "mathematics and rising bells," belong to a girls' school, and as the resumé of Miss Burrows brought out one remembrance after another, and gave the names of some of the notable girls of other days, it seemed to possess a fascination for all, and Bishops and Doctors could not but smile

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at some of the school pranks. The Poem, by Miss Wilson, of '70, the first valedictorian of St. Mary's, was a reverie of the past and future, and was greatly admired. It was followed by In Memoriam, a tribute by Miss Hitchcock to the dead of the year. As soon as the title was announced, the whole audience arose, and remained standing while it was read by Miss Williamson, of Quincy.

We ought not to forget, as a part of the exercises of Reunion day, the baptism, by Bishop Talbot, of Hortense Nesbit, the infant daughter of Dr. Leffingwell. We need not say she, being one of St. Mary's girls, "behaved beautiful." We could not get any proper description of her costume for this issue, and can only say it was embroidered and white, and somewhat longer than ladies now wear them in the metropolis.

At one o'clock lunch, hunger being satisfied, the Rector proceeded to make the visitors pay for it by a speech. Bishop Talbot responded to the sentiment, "Bishop Talbot, our beloved step-father; may he long continue to step over to the music of St. Mary's Belles." He was most happy in his remarks. Bishop Burgess was called up by the sentiment, "Bishop Burgess, the nearest, and may he be the dearest of our three fathers in the province of Illinois." His remarks were appropriate, and he was warmly applauded. Dr. Cushman was called up to respond to "The Day we Celebrate; the Tenth Anniversary." Speeches were also made by Rev. Messrs. Holcomb, Benedict, Morrow, and Dr. Lloyd. They were "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and though the lunch continued long, there was evidently great reluctance to break up. During the intervals the Knoxville cornet band discoursed music upon the lawn.

In the evening a reception was given in the beautiful and spacious parlors of St. Mary's. They were filled with the school and citizens of Knoxville and guests from abroad. The studio and study were thrown open; an opportunity was given to examine the many articles of what Mrs. Malaprop calls "bigotry and virtue," there collected. Some of the works of art, statuary and paintings, are very beautiful. An impromptu addition to the programme was a High Art Supper. The service was china, mostly decorated by the young ladies. It was a late hour when the last of the guests had departed. The evening had been unusually enjoyable, and not the least of its attractions was the music, vocal and instrumental. We think its echoes must still be heard beneath those lofty walls. The voices were as sweet as the ringing of bells.

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GRADUATES' DAY

THE morning trains brought still more friends of St. Mary's, and it must have been quite a problem to know what to do with them. There were fifty guests at least at St. Mary's, and we think every house in town must have opened its hospitable doors. Long before ten o'clock, Study Hall was well filled with citizens and visitors, who had come to witness the interesting exercises.

When the procession reached the stage it opened right and left, and the two files extended the entire distance from the stage to the door. The procession entered in reverse order; first, the Bishops and dignitaries, and then the school. When the Bishops, clergy, and faculty had taken their seats upon the platform, and the students the places reserved for them, every inch of space was filled, and many could not get in at all; many stood in the hall, and many went away.

Appended to the last essay of the interesting programme were the valedictory addresses, in which Miss Williamson bade farewell to the Bishops, to Dr. Leffingwell and the teachers, to her class, and to St. Mary's. They were very touching and beautiful, and were delivered with a pathos that brought tears to many eyes not only in the school, but in the audience. She spoke of her school-mates as Argonauts, searching for the Golden Fleece in the staunch good ship *St. Mary's*, with Dr. Leffingwell for the leader and captain; the bond that united them would never be severed; they were St. Mary's children still, though now constrained to say, Alma Mater, Fare thee well. When she closed, there was a moment's pause, a hushed stillness, for she had touched the heart, and then came loud applause and flowers that spoke their own language.

The class of '78 then knelt upon the dais before the Rector, who placed upon their necks the Golden Cross of St. Mary's, and putting his hand upon the head of each, he said, with deep solemnity and feeling, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" this is the motto of the school. They were three, as the first class was three, and in their innocence and youth might well remind all who saw them of the graces of classic story, or rather of Faith, Hope, and Charity, the Christian triad, the graces of St. Paul.

The Bishop of Quincy then presented diplomas to the graduates: Mary C. May, Maude I. Burrows, Helen M. Williamson. He addressed the class, speaking extemporaneously and with remarkable beauty of thought and diction, substantially as follows:

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

My dear young friends, this is graduation, a step, *gradus*, from St. Mary's out into the world, into a greater degree of independence in life, but it should be a change of plane, a step, not downward, but upward. The past is past, and will be in memory, but it will live, and the treasures it has gathered. Of the future none can prophesy, except that you can make it successful and blessed. Your well-chosen class motto, "Walk as children of the light," will lead you safely. You are to walk, not after any light from beneath earth or from any evil source, but after light from the Lord. This light you have found in science, and history, and experience. It is in a hundred places of earth. But the source and blessedness are where it dwells, as "seven lamps of fire before the throne," descending thence to us as the "seven-fold Spirit of God."

I have said I cannot prophesy, but I will wish to Helen the very opposite of that vain, light, treacherous, changing spirit of the beautiful Helen of the ancients. May our Helen bring peace, purity, and union wherever her lot may be cast. To Maude, the fuller name is Margaret, the pearl or daisy, I wish all that the title signifies; may she be a treasure and lovely flower all through her future. Your name, Mary, at first presents thoughts of the bitter and trying, as its derivation declares, but for the sake of St. Mary—

"Blessed she of all creation,
Who brought forth the world's salvation,"

this name is a favorite, and prophecies of humility, peace, and grace.

Go out, dear friends, and be true to the teachings and high influence of St. Mary's School. I would not say a word of discouragement, would not cut off one ray of the hope which makes happy even partings at your age of life. Yet be not disappointed if you meet not the returns you really deserve. A visitor at Strasburg will look wonderingly upon the cathedral, that monument of true religious devotion of some centuries past. He will see, as he walks about it, many beautiful carvings and gracefully cut stones, but when he has climbed up into the high towers, and yet up into the open spire, he will see, nearly hidden even then, the finest carving in the cathedral. It cannot be detected from the ground below. It was made by a woman, and its carving consumed years of her life. When men said some stone should be taken away from a lower, conspicuous place, and this should be set where all eyes could see and admire, she replied, "It is in the sight of the Lord and His holy angels; for their eyes it was carved." Do what you do with such a spirit, and you will not be disappointed. "Whatever you do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," for His cause and glory.

Pergite puellae dilectae et fideles; vita brevis, proemia coeli sempiterna.

Again the class knelt upon the dais, and Bishop Talbot blessed them with The Peace of God; the procession was re-formed, and filed out to the music of the recessional hymn; and St. Mary's tenth year was ended. Dinner followed, and that it might be enjoyed the more, Dr. Leffingwell, during the course of it, read a congratulatory poem,

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addressed to the Class of '78, by Miss Laning, of '76, who is at Hot Springs, Arkansas. By acclamation, it was voted to send congratulations to the Bishop of Springfield, at whose consecration Bishop McLaren was present in New York and so could not be at St. Mary's decennial celebration.

IN MEMORIAM

BY MISS HITCHCOCK

Read on Reunion Day at St. Mary's, June 1878

THAT were an imperfect record of the past ten years that gave no words of tender memory to those associated with our school life, whom God hath taken. Let us then, in the midst of happy retrospect, recall the names of the honored and beloved dead; not to mar the joy of reunion by sorrowful thoughts, but rather to renew the thanksgiving of our Mother the Church, for those departed hence in the Lord, and for whom she teaches us "not to be sorry as those without hope."

It is nearly four years since our first and well beloved Bishop exchanged the staff for the palm; the mitre for the star-studded crown. St. Mary's girls of earlier days will ever remember him, not only as the great prelate whose praise is in all the churches, but as the father-in-God, beloved, as well as revered.

St. Mary's School remembers, today, him whose presence is for the first time wanting upon one of her high days, Dr. Chase, St. Mary's true and early friend. Few would have rejoiced more unfeignedly in this reunion; few would have been greeted more warmly by those who have come back to renew the associations of the happy past. But the Lord has called him to higher joys in the home of God's elect.

Mr. Knox, too, has passed away; he to whose benefactions St. Mary's School owes so much. A liberal man, he devised for St. Mary's School liberal things; and it is fitting that, upon this day, we bring a grateful tribute to his memory.

Mr. Allen, St. Mary's genial neighbor and friend; he was wont to say that St. Mary's School was to him a second home. Here, indeed, was his presence a valued one, and we grieve to miss him today.

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From the Alumnae one is gone, a member of the first graduating class, "St. Mary's much loved three." Ada Runkle was tenderly beloved, her memory is as tenderly cherished by her teachers and school-mates. Dear Ada! Pure wert thou in heart, and to thee has come the beatitude promised to such, "They shall see God."

Mr. and Mrs. Hester; we miss them from the little church where their fragrant flowers were wont to breathe on festal days sweet incense from chalice lips. They sleep beneath the English violets in God's Acre.

Bessie Cowell, Annie Lockwood, Winifred Murphy, Lizzie Pulsifer, Ella Young, little Katie Lewis, Belle Culbertson, Lizzie Wheeler, Virginia Davis, and Maggie McCracken. Concerning some of these beloved ones, the sad message came to St. Mary's that they were no more. For others, their teachers and school-mates had the sad privilege of paying the last hallowed rites at the open grave.

Once, and once only, has the death-angel entered these doors; and it was then to take a tenderly beloved lamb of the flock, Bertha, the Rector's gentle little daughter.

Old men and maidens! Those, in the dew of the morning, the early lost the early saved; those at shut of even, bringing their sheaves with them. The noble prelate, the faithful priest, the large-hearted benefactor, the gentle wearer of St. Mary's Cross, the pure-hearted girls, St. Mary's early gathered lilies, the darling child, the lamb of the flock; these St. Mary's School remembers today with a sadness that is not all pain. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," was St. Mary's early motto.

The sweetest canticle, saith Lord Bacon, is *Nunc Dimittis*, "when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations." Such well-earned dismissal from life's toilsome harvest field has been the evensong of St. Mary's honored and now departed friends.

"For all thy saints who from their labors rest,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blest."

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A "CITIZENS' RECEPTION"

WHEN the cat's away the mice may play." This time, however, it was the mice that were away, and it was the cat that—but we must drop this figure, for we clearly see it cannot be sustained without leading to awkward complications. In plain prose, one evening during the holidays, the school not being in session, there was held at St. Mary's what the *Knox Republican* in a full and lively account thereof, calls a "Citizens' Reception," the object of which was to give the people of Knoxville an opportunity to inspect the interior of the building, under the pleasant conditions of bright lights, Christmas decorations, inspiring music from Palmer's Cornet Band, goodly company in the drawing room, wise and witty speech-making in the study hall, while in the dining room, oysters and coffee appealed to the inner man.

We hope the citizens enjoyed themselves; the *Knox Republican* says they did, and that there were several hundred of them to do it. To the archives of that paper, then, we refer the curious, this Citizens' Reception (and herein we feel ourselves aggrieved) having taken place when we were absent for the holidays.

To be sure we ought to have been here, and here we should have been, had this reception taken place in term time. By what fell machination it was appointed to be held in the holidays, we leave others to inquire.

Yet while laying aside all consideration of personal grievance, we submit that there is abundant occasion for two distinct and well sustained indignation meetings, one on the part of the "citizens" who, confiding souls that they were, were treated to the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, to a peep at St. Mary's School without its scholars, to inspect the "garden" without the "rosebuds"; to accept notes from brazen instruments instead of "silver-trebled laughter" from scores of merry girls. Were there no "citizens" whose youthful blood rebelled against such "reception"?

Another indignation meeting might find a place at St. Mary's itself, among the injured innocents returned after the holidays. "The house thrown open to the gay world," "a band of music in the study hall," "citizens in drawing room, study, and library," "oysters and coffee in the dining room," with more citizens, and all this in the absence of the school! Why could not all this festivity have been reserved until it might have relieved the tedium of student life? How agreeable a change from study hour were a "Citizens' Reception"!

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

BY NANCY MENEELY HITCHCOCK

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)

HARK! the clangour of the bell, **THE RISING BELL!**
What a world of woe, its first tone doth foretell!
How it jangles, jangles, jangles,
On the drowsy ear of morn,
When the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens have ceased to twinkle,
And its clangour is forlorn;
While up and down the halls
With brazen tongue it calls:
"Time to rise;
Ope your eyes!"
And by some early bird, words like these are gaily said:
"Maude, 'tis time for waking;
Can't you get up without shaking?"
"Are you dreaming, Bessie, dreaming?
Or is it only seeming?"
"Time it is that all but lazy folk
Were getting out of bed."
"Do not, Mary, be foolhardy;
Why risk your being tardy?"
"Rouse up! Flora, Winnie, Fannie,
Julia, Lizzie, Helen, Annie;"
While a tintinabulation, most unmusical doth well,
Like a howl of tribulation
From the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell;
The harsh pealing, the unfeeling **RISING BELL.**

HARK! the mellow **BREAKFAST BELL!**
The aroma of good coffee, from the kitchen now doth
well.
Hark, the echo through the halls!
How its cheerful jingle calls
To the maidens who come skipping,
From the upper stories tripping;

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

And the bell, unto their seeming,
Is in tune.
They have wakened from their dreaming
None too soon.
But harsh clangour is each note
To the tardy, the fool-hardy,
Who have tarried; how it tells
Of the hurry that compels
All to hasten at the ringing of the bells.
Hear one speak
In a shriek,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of her mates:
"Carrie, will you hook my dress?"
"I'll be late myself, I guess,
Would you have me linger till I hear ascending, the clatter
of the plates?"
"I should like to know
Who has got my bow!"
"Good! the bell keeps ringing.
Hasten while it yet is swinging,
(You can fasten on that ribbon as down the stairs you go)."
"We are yet in time, yet in time,
And our merry voices chime
With the ringing and the swinging of the bell,"
Of the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell,"
To the swinging and the ringing of the **BREAKFAST BELL.**

HEAR the bells so frequent jingling—
RECITATION BELLS!

Much of good and ill commingling,
Their sharp, oft repeated tingling
Ever tells:
Perturbation, irritation,
For a lesson poorly learned;
Animation,
Exultation,
With the tables turned.
See the damsels in a flurry!
How they hurry, hurry, hurry!
Now to grammar class they go
In a row,
Quaking,
Shaking,
If perchance the lesson they are sure they do not know.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Oh! the worry! Oh! the worry!
For Miss H. will not be gentle
If we show no fibre mental;
And there is tribulation
In each French conjugation,
And in Latin, agitation
If we cannot say *Amo*.
Oh! 'tis best to know each lesson,
And in learning's path to press on,
Then 'twill never be a hardship
That compels us to hasten at the jingling of the bells.
Of the bells,
Of the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bells,
At the jingling and the tingling
Of the RECITATION BELLS.

HARK! the cheerful DINNER BELL!
Welcome bell!
That studying is hungry work, we all do know full well.
From the school room come they skipping,
Down the basement stairs they're tripping;
Hungry come they now from History,
And indeed it is no mystery
That only heathen Arabs can live on naught but dates.
"Tell me now, I pray,
Have we soup today?"
"Pies-and-things, I reckon; for there are dessert plates."
Oh! 'tis well
It is noon!
And the bell
Is in tune;
For the pot-pies' savory smell
Doth impel
All to hasten at the ringing
Of the bell,
Of the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell;
At the swinging and the ringing
Of the mellifluous DINNER BELL.

HARK! the VESPER BELL that calleth
Us to prayer.
On the ear it gently falleth;
Haste we where

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Youthful voices raise
Songs of praise;
List each dear familiar strain:
"For the blessings of the light,
Glory be to Thee this night;"
"Lord, with us abide
At the even-tide;
For we need Thy presence both in joy and pain."
"While the light of day
Fades from us away,
Jesus from the sky,
Look with pitying eye."
See the shadows deep
In the room;
Evening near doth creep,
Without gloom;
While on bended knees we say,
"Lighten, Lord, our darkness;" and we pray
"Angels to us send:
Lord from ill defend."
Hallowed is the place of prayer.
And we gladly gather there.
Memory oft shall weave a spell,
And shall tell
Of the blessed moments loved so well,
When no more we gather at the ringing of the bell,
Of the bell that called to prayer
When the twilight shadows fell.

HEAR at last the tingling
Of the RETIRING BELL!
What a putting out of lights its jingling
Doth compel!
How it tingles, tingles, tingles,
On the drowsy ear of night;
While with each tone there mingles
Many a fond good-night;
Soft the dews of sleep
Weary eyelids steep.
Let deep silence peaceful brood o'er all,
When the tingle of the bell upon the ear doth fall.
Sweet repose we'll take
'Neath the moon;
And at morn awake
All in tune;

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Even though a jangling
Each golden dream dispels,
And we hear again the wrangling
Of the bells,
Of the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bells,
The wrangling and the jangling of the bells.

O H! ye people, ye good people,
Ye will find in many a steeple
Larger bells.
Bells that toll, toll, toll,
While they roll
Echoes on the listening ear of night;
But if you delight
In a tintinabulation that from morn till evening swells,
You may find it at St. Mary's in the bells.
In the bells,
In the jingling, tinkling bells,
In the clanging, twanging bells;
You may find it at St. Mary's
In the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells;
In the wrangle, jangle, jingle,
In the tinkle, tangle, tinkle,
Of the bells,
Of the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bells,
You may find it at St. Mary's in the bells.

S OON we'll utter our farewells
To the bells.
For we live in expectation
Of the coming of vacation,
Which we'll hail with exultation;
And we'll shout,
"School is out!"
Then farewell to tribulation!
No more with perturbation
We shall listen to the jingling of the bells,—
Feel no more agitation
At the call to recitation,
When summoned by the tingling of the bells;
By the jingle, jangle, jingle,
And the ringle, rangle, ringle,
And the tingle, tangle, tingle,

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Of the bells,
Yes, we'll utter our farewells
To the bells;
To the clanging and the twanging
Of the bells,
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bell, bell, bells;
To the wrangling and the jangling
To the jingling and the tingling
Of the bells.
Yes, we'll hail with animation,
We will hail with much elation,
The last reverberation,
Of the bells,
Of the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bells.
The very last vibration
Of the bells.

"BE STRONG IN THE LORD"

THE Baccalaureate sermon of 1880 was preached by the Rector, taking for his text the class motto, "Be Strong in the Lord."

The address was an exposition of what true strength consists in. One feature pleased us: The class were directed to the strength which they needed as human beings. As such they were exhorted to seek the fullest development of their powers, "the loftiest personality and the noblest character that is possible to humanity in this world." The Rector of St. Mary's has too thorough a respect for those he is training, to fall into platitudes concerning "Woman's Sphere," to which we have often listened on such occasions elsewhere. We cannot give as we would like to do, the whole sermon; but must find room for a few paragraphs:

Be strong in the Lord. This is the strength you have chosen, well-beloved of the Class of '80! God help you to trust in it more and more. In this strength you have been nurtured at home and at school; but you must not expect to find it so honored and sought by the world-at-large. You will see around you the struggle for earthly place and power; men and women boasting themselves strong by reason of worldly goods, social position, beauty of person, excellence of speech, readiness of wit, profundity of learning. Be not dismayed by all this. Be not distracted from your purpose, proclaimed by the unfurling of your banner today, to stand in the strength of the Lord, to win your victories by the sword of the Spirit, and under the shield of Faith.

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You will be sorely tempted sometimes to use the weapons of the world, and to trust in human qualities that seem to bring gain and popularity. Beware! such popularity is a snare; such gain is a delusion. It is easily won; but what is it worth? It does not bring self-respect; it does not command the esteem of the high-minded and honorable among men; it is not acceptable to God. Seek not to dazzle as a meteor, but seek to shine as a star in the firmament of faithful souls. What if the vain and empty-minded pass you by, and seek the companionship of those as hollow-hearted as themselves? Their praise or blame is as the whistling of the wind to one who sits enthroned in the embattled tower of the Lord's righteousness.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the Lord's work, dear daughters of St. Mary's; and may He sustain you in all your ministrations, and give you an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of His dear Son. We may not all meet again in the Lord's house on earth, but when our school of life is ended, and we are called home to the vacation rest of Paradise, may there be missing no one of the precious souls that have composed the happy circle of our School.

THE MILLER'S CHILD

THERE'S a dear little maid, living down by the mill,
Her eyes, like the violets sweet, are of blue,
Her hair is as golden as the wheat on the hill,
And her face is loving, tender, and true.

She talks to the brooklet that flows by her home,
And she sails little chips down its eddying tide;
How she laughs as she looks at the froth and the foam
That the wheel in impatience is pushing aside!

She loves all the flowers that grow on the hill,
As she sees with delight every beautiful hue;
Of the birds in the trees is this maid fonder still,
Of the red-breast and all the glad, bright feathered crew.

In her quiet old home she is happy and gay,
And she lives such an innocent, artless life,
With her prattle and song, and her sweet girlish way,
That she brightens the lot of the miller and wife.

—ALICE CHANDLER.

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MR. SAXE AND MR. WRAXE

MR. JOHN G. SAXE, on the occasion of his reading before the Literary Society of Knoxville, was the guest of the Rector of St. Mary's. Considerable curiosity was aroused in anticipation of his arrival, as many had never seen a "live poet," saving the native specimens that flourish in the genial soil of this "rosebud garden." Some of them, we suspect, had formed their idea of a poet from pictures of troubadours and minne-singers, and were disappointed when Mr. Saxe appeared in a great coat instead of a flowing mantle, carrying a carpet-bag in his hand instead of a harp slung gracefully at his back.

At an amusing entertainment given by one of the classes, a few weeks after, came a clever burlesque on Mr. Saxe's poem on Love, delivered here the week previous. Nothing was forgotten. Mr. Leffingwell had introduced Mr. Saxe, and had assisted him in removing his overcoat; all this was faithfully represented; even the coming up the aisle with the umbrella was remembered. There was prolonged applause at every happy hit, as Mr. Wraxe proceeded with "What I know about Love," stopping occasionally for a draught of water, the invariable custom of lecturers. We think that by this time all who have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Saxe and Mr. Wraxe will need no further information on the subject of Love.

CHAPTER IX

WE HAVE HAD our Decennial! Let us bless the Lord, who brought us to great honor and comforted us on every side. From the glorious celebration with which the tenth year closed we take new hope and firmer faith. God helping us, the future shall see even greater things than we rejoiced over yesterday. Well it was for us then, that we did not know and could not imagine what the second decennial would bring forth. To have known it all in advance, our hearts would have failed us, our hands would have been paralyzed.

The story of the first decade of St. Mary's has been given with more detail than can be allowed for the period which follows. We have watched the growth and have rejoiced in the maturity of the work, and now for a time we shall attend more to the interior life of the School, and glimpses of this we shall get from the school magazine; sketches and reports written "on the spot"; descriptions of the school life as seen by those who lived it. I hope it will not seem trite or tiresome.

Of course there is nothing very picturesque or exciting in the "daily round, the common task" of school girls, but it seems to me most people would enjoy going behind the scenes a little, to get an inside view of their interesting community life. Mark Twain, referring to

the inclusion of trifling details, in his autobiography, says:

"That is what human life consists of—little incidents and big incidents, and they are all of the same size if we let them alone. An autobiography that leaves out the little things and enumerates only the big ones is no proper picture of the man's life at all; his life consists of his feelings and his interests, with here and there an incident apparently big or little to hang the feelings on."

WITH the reopening in September, 1878, our faculty was greatly strengthened by the engagement of the Rev. Edward H. Rudd, as chaplain and instructor. His talents as teacher and preacher soon won for him the degree of Doctor of Divinity from his college, and the appreciation of his colleagues both in Church and School. During his quarter of a century service at St. Mary's, he held the highest place of honor and trust in our diocese of Quincy. He is still, at this writing (1926), with energy and devotion serving in a neighboring diocese. In 1924 he celebrated his jubilee in the priesthood.

It was indeed fortunate for me that in those crowded years of my newspaper and school work I had such a coadjutor and companion as Dr. Rudd. To our official relations in the School and the interests of personal friendship was added the tie of family relation by his marriage with Miss Francis, sister to my wife. At our summer home in Michigan and cruising on the Lakes we spent several vacations together, of which his numerous camera studies are interesting records. Many of the illustrations in this volume are reproductions of his sun-pictures. Thousands of his photographs are treasured in the memory books of the "old girls." Several of the popular school songs and hymns were written by Dr. Rudd.

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WE were also fortunate in securing for the Music Department, at this time, Carl Laux, a teacher of large experience, trained in the best schools of Germany, enthusiastic in his work, interested in his pupils, and beloved by all. He had served in the Union Army during the whole Civil War.

With his small family, Professor Laux lived in a cottage on the school grounds, and for ten years conducted his department with great efficiency, making for St. Mary's a name and reputation for musical advantages. Only a few days before his death he was giving lessons and planning recitals. A brass tablet on the credence table in the Chapel, giving dates of birth, death, and service in the School, bears this inscription: "Erected by his Pupils." One of his old pupils, on hearing of his decease, wrote: "I have just heard of the death of Professor Laux, and am sure all St. Mary's girls feel as I do; that they have lost a personal friend. Dear Professor! he is associated so closely in my mind with St. Mary's that I never can think of them apart."

WHILE we were celebrating our Decennial, as has been noted, Bishop Alexander Burgess came to us. On this visit he confirmed his first class in our new Diocese of Quincy. During his long episcopate of over twenty years he was frequently a guest, a most welcome guest, at St. Mary's, and in both official and social relations was to St. Mary's a true father in God. To me, personally, he was most sympathetic and helpful, a tactful adviser and gentle critic. It was no secret that in his advancing age and failing health he favored my election as his coadjutor. Fortunately his preference was not shared by a majority of both orders in the Convention. I visited the Bishop in his last illness, at his

old home in the East. Though very weak, physically, his mind was alert and clear. To my salutation in Latin he made a prompt and apt reply in the same tongue.

The first Bishop of Quincy was a large man, both in physical and mental stature, as were many of his contemporaries among the clergy. The story is told of two (Dr. McVickar and Dr. Phillips Brooks, I think) who were together on a vacation in England and attended an advertised lecture on America and Americans. With other disparaging remarks about the people, the lecturer stated that while very active and energetic, American men were rather small, physically inferior to the average Englishman. This brought to their feet our six-foot-four, broad-shouldered Churchmen. Begging pardon of the speaker for the interruption, they informed the audience that they were Americans, "perhaps a trifle undersize"!

THE second Bishop of Quincy, Dr. Frederick William Taylor, was consecrated in 1901 and died in 1903. It seemed very sad to us who had known him long and looked for so great blessing upon his episcopate, that it should be so brief. His sudden death was unaccountable. I was on the way to visit him in the sanitarium at Kenosha, where he had gone for a rest, when a friend whom I met on the train told me the Bishop was dead. Bishop Taylor was my very dear friend, known and loved by many in the Diocese, as his work had been in Springfield, near us. He had long been a helpful trustee of St. Mary's School.

BISHOP SEYMOUR of Springfield was, for many years, a trustee of the School and presided at the graduation of several classes. His genial presence was

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a blessing, and his wise discourse made deep and lasting impression upon all who were privileged to hear him. Bishop Hale, his coadjutor, was with us seldom, and had little opportunity to be known and appreciated at St. Mary's. He presided at the graduation of one class. All the bishops of the three dioceses of Illinois were officially related to the School, being members of the Board of Trustees, but from the Bishop of our own diocese (Quincy) of course, we received more frequent official and personal service. We naturally speak of the Bishop of Quincy as "our Bishop," and are more intimately acquainted with him than with others of the Board. Bishop Seymour, Bishop Anderson, and his suffragan, Bishop Griswold, have always heartily sustained and personally served the School though it is located far beyond the boundaries of their own dioceses. Their generous coöperation is gratefully recorded.

THOUGH these "Early Days" relate only to the first quarter century, I can not fail to make grateful acknowledgment of the helpful service that Bishop Fawcett of Quincy has rendered to St. Mary's. Since his consecration in 1904, during all these years, he has spared no effort to honor the good name and to promote the good work and the welfare of the School. Above all do we owe to Bishop Fawcett the selection of Dr. Carrington to succeed the first Rector of St. Mary's. The importance of the issue cannot be overestimated, the wisdom of the choice cannot be questioned. It was most fortunate, it was providential, that at a time of great depression, at the culmination of the World War, when many schools were closed, the right man was found to take up and carry on the work at St. Mary's. *Laus Deo!*

TO one Bishop not officially related to the School, but always interested in its welfare, even from the Early Days to its Semi-Centennial and beyond, to our late Presiding Bishop, I may be allowed to offer a tribute of grateful remembrance and profound respect.

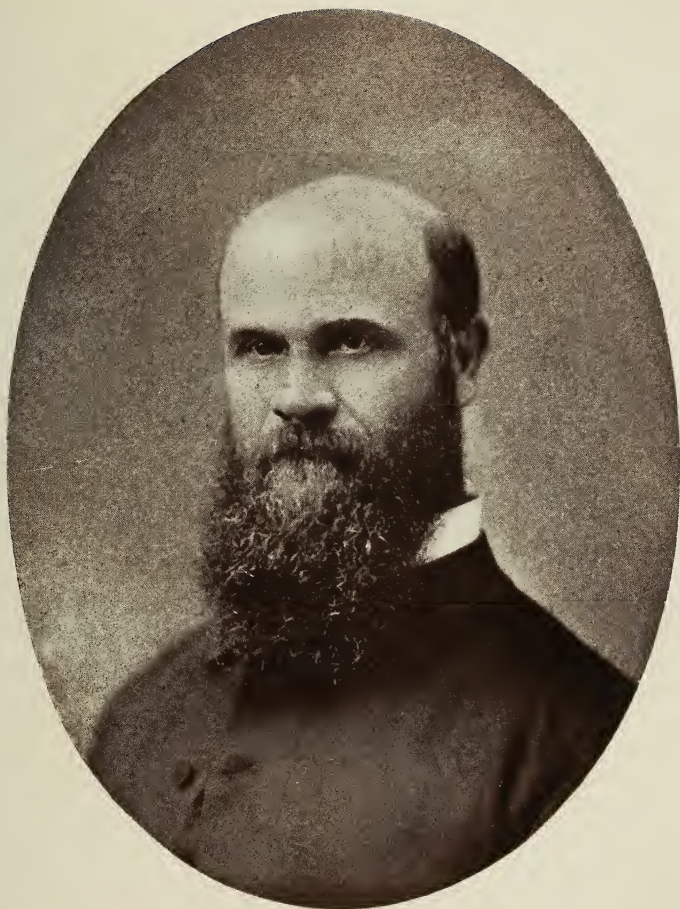
Bishop Tuttle belonged to us all, and in his great heart there was room for all. He went to his vast missionary field in the far West, one year before St. Mary's began her missionary work on the prairies of Illinois. Before the School was known even in Chicago, students began to come to us from Salt Lake City, and for many years Bishop Tuttle was represented at St. Mary's. Two of his girls were graduated in 1875. His occasional visits were a blessing and inspiration to us all.

The following commendation the Bishop allowed me to include in our School Register:

"I have been at St. Mary's School and through its rooms, and have watched the work done. In fidelity of attention to the girls committed to its care, in observance of the laws of health, in quiet, persistent thoroughness of studies and recitations, and in the refined home tone, out of which grow the peace and power of true Christian womanliness, it is not, I believe, surpassed by any school.

"DANIEL S. TUTTLE."

I have valued this Testimonial very highly. Bishop Tuttle speaks not only as an appreciative friend of St. Mary's, but also as an experienced educator, a teacher from his youth, a founder and manager of schools. At St. Mary's he was quite at home, observing the School at work and at play, on the stage and behind the scenes. His words of approval are among the crown jewels of our Early Days. This paragraph from his *Reminiscences* shows his practical knowledge of the difficul-



The Rt. Rev. Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, D.D., Primus

Bishop of Missouri

Formerly Missionary Bishop of Utah, Montana, and Idaho

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ties attending the maintenance of Church schools:

"Bishops and other clergymen may well go slow and be careful in launching their schools. If it were a question of launching only, warning might not be called for. But the responsibility entailed is no small matter. Not seldom it grows to be a sore and grievous burden. It is not easy to select, secure, and retain the right principal and efficient teachers. It is no more easy to make and keep parents and guardians judicious, reasonable, and just. If rates of tuition are placed low, the income will not suffice for engaging a good supply of well-qualified teachers. If rates are high, the constituency of patrons will be disastrously diminished. Loss may be counted on from pupils who have promised to come, failing to do so; from pupils withdrawing before the end of the school year, and disregarding the school rule that payment in any case must be made to the end; from pupils who cannot pay, from others who will not pay until they are forced to; and from sickness and panics resulting therefrom. The competition of Roman Catholic schools and the public schools, graded and high, is strenuous and unceasing. Save in the case of endowed schools and a few highly favored ones of conspicuous reputation, a deficiency of income to meet current expenses may be counted upon as a thing to be faced at the end of each school year. If the bishop or clergyman be the promoter of the school, back upon him comes the burden of such deficiency."

During the entire half century of my administration, Bishop Tuttle's friendship and favor failed not. At the celebration of our Semi-centennial (1918) came from him this message of confidence and good cheer:

"Almost side by side with me for fifty years, the Rev. Dr. Leffingwell and St. Mary's School, Knoxville, have worked.

"I know, intimately, of the good work done in and by that school. Spiritual health and spiritual wealth have come to many a home and many a community from that work.

"My heart goes out in gratefulness to the dear Doctor for the good work of the past; and my heart goes out in hopefulness of success for the needed endowment which St. Mary's School pleads for, to crown her joy in the Jubilee Year of 1918.

(Signed) "DANIEL S. TUTTLE,
Presiding Bishop."

ONE summer, in the Early Days, Bishop Tuttle took me as chaplain on a visitation of his Missions. Of course we did not go over the whole vast field of Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming, but we had a most interesting and strenuous campaign. Our travel was mostly by stage, over hills and plains where sometimes there was no road or trace of trail. Nothing but a "Concord" stage would have held together, under the terrific bouncing; yet the Bishop, when fatigued, would sleep between the bumps. He had a wonderful facility of recuperating by "snatching" sleep under all conditions. Even on the spring seat of a lumber wagon, to which we often had to resort, he would have his "naps," while I sat terrified, keeping hold of him lest he should fall out over the wheels.

I remember one night, however, when "tired nature's sweet restorer" failed the Bishop, even in bed. Near the close of a weary day we had found food and shelter in a little log house, the home of two old people, "parishioners" of the Bishop, who gave us hearty welcome. As the hour for retiring drew near I was wondering what we were to do for sleeping quarters, there being in the cabin only two rooms, the kitchen and the living room where stood the only bed. After the evening hymn and prayers, the wife remarked, "Of course, Bishop, you will take our bed, but I'm afraid you will find them rather bad tonight." We soon discovered "them" by the cutaneous irritations which murdered sleep. The Bishop endured "them" for an hour or two, then taking one of the blankets, he wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and camped out on the floor. Our kind host and hostess, by the aid of a ladder, had disappeared through a hole in the ceiling.

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IN January, 1878, died Dr. Samuel Chase, of blessed memory. By the death of this venerable and well-beloved pioneer, St. Mary's School lost a valued friend, one who had been closely associated with all the important events of its history. At the opening of school in autumn, at the Anniversary in Easter week, in the exercises of Commencement, and on many other occasions of interest, he had been with us, year after year, encouraging us in our work, and rejoicing in the prosperity of the School. We shall long miss him, and mourn that we shall see his face no more. *Lux perpetua luceat ei.*

FROM THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE DIOCESE OF ILLINOIS

"The Rev. Samuel Chase, D.D., was one of the pioneer missionaries of the Church. Nearly forty-four years he had been a faithful herald of the Cross, on the prairies of Illinois; for thirty-six years he had represented the Church in her General Convention. He had seen the six clergymen of Illinois multiplied to a hundred, and the one diocese become three, and all of them bearing the impress of his own character. He had founded parishes, he had devoted his life to the cause of Christian education, he was expert in all questions that concern the weal of the Church. He was wise and prudent in council, profound in learning, ripe in judgment; united in him was the wisdom which comes from thought and study and from long experience. He was a 'good man and full of the Holy Ghost'; the simplicity and purity of his character endeared him to all hearts. He was a Prince in our Israel."

THE death of another dear friend and helper, the Rev. Stephen T. Allen, for several years rector of our nearest parish in Galesburg, and a frequent visitor at St. Mary's, calls for appreciative words beyond the limits of our space. His life and death were as beautiful as they were blessed. There was no thought for self; all was for others and for God and His Church. He was

a Christian gentleman, a scholar and a ripe and good one; a faithful priest in the Church of God. All that he wrote and spoke witnessed to his clearness of thought and candor of judgment; all that he did gave evidence of a heart unselfish and a soul devoted to duty. He was one whom all trusted, and in whom none was disappointed, for he was too modest for any pretension. He will be missed by the Church press for which his facile pen has been given in generous and unpaid labor. He will be missed in parish, in counsel, and correspondence.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

THE reading from Hamlet, by the Seniors and the Second Middle Class, was the event of the session just closed. It were, perhaps, scarcely fitting to chronicle it among the merry makings; for delightful as it was, enjoyment was not its destined end. It was undertaken as genuine class work, with a view of acquiring familiarity with the masterpiece of the master poet. The two classes were required to be present at all rehearsals.

The final reading was held in the drawing room, the audience, St. Mary's household, being seated in the library. The youthful performers spoke their speeches "trippingly on the tongue," and "in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of their passion used a temperance that gave it smoothness"; and while suiting the action to the word, and the word to the action, "held the mirror up to nature" alike to their own satisfaction and that of the lookers-on.

Without "o'erstepping the modesty of nature," one young girl personated the smiling villain that ruled in Denmark; and another, the self-sufficient and over-cunning Polonius. The "beauteous majesty of Denmark" wore her ermine with grace and dignity; Ophelia was charming even when "divided from herself and her fair judgment," while Hamlet, in customary suit of solemn black, soliloquized satisfactorily upon the question of, "To be or not to be." The ghost, in complete steel, made night so hideous that an infant looker-on fled for protection to the maternal arms. A more delicate compliment was never paid to actor, and the gentle apparition was considered the great triumph of the evening.

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We should fear to be accused of exaggeration were we to attempt a description of the beauty of the scenes presented that evening in the lovely drawing room. High art curtains separated that apartment from the studio, making a rich back-ground, and affording a convenient arras behind which Polonius conveyed himself once too often.

The evening was one of unalloyed enjoyment, and we are sure that none who took part in the reading will ever regret the hours given up to preparation for it. They have been well spent; and we congratulate '78 and '79, not only upon their having had a good time, but also upon the solid treasure they have secured in thus gaining familiarity with the work of the great Bard of Avon.

—Y. Y. K. (NANCY MENEELY HITCHCOCK)

A HIGH-ART TEA PARTY

A FEW weeks ago a large quantity of decorated ware, having been returned from Chicago whither it had been sent for firing, permission was obtained for an artists' reunion in the form of a high-art tea party. Accordingly the French table was furnished forth with the dainty dishes; and when all was ready, we were permitted to gaze upon its loveliness.

To describe all the designs, the beautiful, the classic, and the quaint, of cups and saucers, tiles and plates, would take us outside of the two pent up pages to which the *Palladium* editor "contracts our powers." There were gay tiles with conventionalized figures, copies of Walter Crane's admirable designs; Little Bo-Peep had found her sheep, or she might have done so had she looked up at the border of the tile where they were all in a row; Cinderella bewailed her fate in a chimney corner duly set forth with tiles, tiles within a tile, while the half-open dresser of her stepmother's kitchen revealed quite a correct set of "flowing blue." There were flowers, lilies and roses, apple and cherry blossoms marvelously natural and painted on porcelain so delicate that their shape and color were visible through the dainty ware. There were other blossoms, the like of which are not to be found in any book of botany, being the matchless flowers which flourished in the golden age and exist no longer, unless it be in the imaginations of ingenious carvers of wood, discolorers of canvas, and painters of pottery.

There were water-pitchers of antique shapes and classic designs; and the tiles, though designed for fireplaces, were contrived a double

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debt to pay, serving at the tea party to set flower-pots upon. Eggs were not on the bill of fare; but the newly painted egg cups must appear, and the decorated china eggs—a painted egg within a painted egg cup. It would, perhaps, be an interesting inquiry for Darwin, what kind of chickens will be evolved if nest eggs of decorated china are to be used by the *gallinaceae* of the future; or to formulate it more poetically, what will be the lay of the last cackling minstrel?

But to return to our tea party. Flowers and blooming plants lent their beauty to the scene. One smiling damsel, dressed in Swiss costume, with pretty cap and snowy apron, played the part of table waiter. The table was lighted with candles in old-fashioned candlesticks.

A grave and reverend Senior made a supper of bread and milk that she might use the bowl which she had decorated, pale pink within, pale blue without, with roses, lilies, and grasses, and gleaming gilding. That the art might be of the higher, the milk was served from the top of the pan.

The company were merry over the novel entertainment. Tea and bread and butter, partaken of from such dainty dishes, were better than nectar and ambrosia.

After the feast was over, the youthful artists proceeded to wash up my ladies' dishes, since wares so delicate might not be entrusted to less careful hands than their own. Whether they would have reached Pope's ideal of womanly self-control, and have been mistresses of themselves had china fallen, does not appear. Neither their integrity nor that of their dishes was put to the test.

HOW WE SPENT THANKSGIVING DAY

WE had all wished for a "white" Thanksgiving Day; and early on that morning (November, 1878) many eager faces might have been seen at the windows, watching the snow-flakes as they fell gently and softly to the ground. For several hours the air was filled with those white-winged messengers; but the rest of the day was clear and bright.

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase." What can be more beautiful than an offering of praise and thanksgiving to the Giver of all good things for the fruits of the earth! Although the church was not decorated, we had, this year, a full Harvest-Home service. The singing was especially good,

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and the little church was filled with melody. There was a ring of joy and gladness throughout the entire service.

If great events are those which occupy the longest time, surely the dinner was the greatest event of the day. Skillful hands had been busy all the morning. Upon entering the dining room we were astonished and delighted with the transformation that had taken place.

The room was soon awakened from its silence and the scene became gay and animated. The rich crimson drapery of the portiere formed a brilliant contrast to the arch of golden grain which was turned around it. The columns were wreathed with maize and wheat; and here and there peeped out a yellow ear of corn or a deep-red apple. The stars and stripes were gracefully draped on one side of the room. The tables had been arranged in the form of a hollow square. In the center of the square our white marble, "Spring," was enthroned among blooming plants and singing birds, a striking contrast to the rest of the decorations, a memorial of the seed time of our bounteous harvest.

The bright young faces of the girls, smiling gaily under their fantastic caps of orange, red, and blue, gave an additional variety to the scene. Some of the caps this year were very quaint and pretty; noticeably the old-fashioned bonnets, and a crimson hollyhock. Miss Dewy, having received some flowers from her New England home, soon after grace had been sung sent a little bouquet to each member of the class of '81.

As usual, "ye quips and ye cranks" were read at the close of dessert. There were not as many original rhymes as usual on Thanksgiving Day at St. Mary's; genius did not seem to burn. The Class of '81, however, was honored by an entire poem written in its praise.

Skating was in order for the afternoon, and as Jack Frost had spread a substantial coating of ice over the blue waters of Mirror Lake, there was good opportunity for such exercise; even a looker-on was able to find plenty of amusement.

It is well known that Miss Hitchcock makes delicious coffee; and a smile of contentment stole over the face of each senior, when told that the Class was to take coffee with her at six. It was the first time we had been in her new room together, and we fully appreciated the many beauties of the room, and the coffee.

After Evensong, we had lunch in the Study Hall. While there, a petition was handed to the Rector. This document contained a reminder of the promise he made some years ago, to give us a holiday

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when he should reach the age of—but perhaps we shall be telling tales out of school, if we say what age. The petition went on to state that the fifth of December would come on Sunday, this year, and to signify our willingness to take the Friday after Thanksgiving as a substitute. The request was granted, the more willingly, the Doctor said, because it had been written and signed by the Class of '81. A proud moment, for the Eighty-oners!

Then to the drawing-room, where we spent the rest of the evening in fun and frolic, playing many games which, no doubt, the "old girls" well remember, such as "Fox and Geese," "Blind Man's Buff," "Stagecoach," and the "Knights of the Whistle."

But one may tire even of pleasure; and few cared to stay up long after the last bell; and, as we wandered upstairs, snatches of conversations might be heard, all related to one theme, a holiday tomorrow!

MARGARET BOYD, '81.

OUR THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER

CHARGE OF YE LIGHT BRIGADE!

Order of Ye Attack

YE SKIRMISH

Macaroni Soup, ye favorite vitaille of ye sunny Italy.

Ye grand charge

Ye universal Yankee Fowle, ye noble Turkey, served with ye delectable Cranberry, and sauce of ye favorite bivalve, ye gentle Oyster. Ye smalle Fowle, Chanticleer, with ye toothsome Crust, yelept Chicken Pie, delit of ye youngsters. Ye esculent Tuber of ye Emerald Isle. Ye pathetic Onion. Ye Aboriginal Succotash.

YE FLANK MOVEMENT

Ye goodlye Capon, Cold. Ham. Tongue. Celery. Chow-Chow.
Ye diverse Relishes

RALLY OF YE LIGHT INFANTRY

Pies, ye mild-mannered Mince, and ye persuasive Pumpkin.
Wine-Jelly with ye top of ye pan. Apples. Nuts. Raisins.
Explosive Bon Bons. Original Mottoes,
with ye Quips and Cranks.
"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

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THE BIRD OF THE FEAST

From the Thanksgiving Day Bill of Fare.

BIRD of Thanksgiving Day!
Blithesome should be the lay,
Singing thy praise over mountain and lea.
Emblem of plenteousness!
Blest is the dwelling place
Where thy bronzed form on the table we see.
Flavor incredible!
Thou art most edible
When all with onions and sage thou art drest.
Bird of America!
What were Thanksgiving Day,
Did not thy charms to its pleasures give zest?
When served with cranberry,
Not e'en the Danbury
Man that makes jokes could begin to beguile
Us with such merry thought;
Of thee the very thought
Calls to the face of each youngster a smile.
Joy, thy drumsticks to see,
Joy, there are tricks to be
Played with the "wish-bone!" Ah! children, what fun!
But I must cease my lay,
Bird of the festal day!
Turkey should never be much overdone.

—Y. Y. K.

THE RECTOR'S BIRTHDAY

THE thought occurred to us that perhaps the Rector would not care to have his advanced age announced in print. Accordingly we waited upon him to enquire if we should suppress that particular in recording the return of his birthday. To this, he replied: "Oh, I shall not mind now; forty is quite respectable; I did feel a little ashamed of the thirties!"

To the "old girls," some of whom will remember the celebration of his twenty-eighth birthday, be it known, then,—but we will let Julia Derby tell about it in the congratulatory address of which we have begged a copy:

"Dr. Leffingwell, our very dear Rector: This year your birthday has fallen on a Sunday, thus preventing the usual sportive celebration of the

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event; but congratulations are in order at any time; and I am much pleased to have the honor of offering them in behalf of your family.

"You have said that you feel very old, having reached the venerable age of two score, but to us, you look not a day older than when some of us, "grave and reverend seniors," entered the preparatory class; and we learn, too, from good authority, that thirteen years have scarcely changed your appearance.

"In your noble work at St. Mary's, Providence has greatly prospered you; and may the same beneficent Hand that has led you heretofore, continue to guide you; so that when your years shall number twice two score, your face may be as free from traces of care as now, e'en though on your head rest the snows of many winters.

"May the girls who attend St. Mary's then, love and honor you, as do we who are here now; and may the wishes and congratulations of those children be as heart-felt as those tendered by us, who to-night wish you many happy returns of the day."

FEBRUARY, 1881.

From Lettie Cleveland, '80, to whose mission-school in Utah St. Mary's School sent a Christmas box, comes the following:

"You have my heartfelt thanks for the kind tribute of interest, of remembrance, and of good-will, which you paid to me in sending my scholars such a beautiful Christmas box. I enclose an acknowledgment from the school. This they have done of themselves, without even a suggestion from me, thus showing that they are truly grateful for your kindness to them. With sincere thanks, and with the kindest regards for all at St. Mary's, I am

"Yours affectionately,

"LETTIE CLEVELAND."

From St. John's Sunday School, Logan, Utah.

"Early in the month of December, our hearts were made glad by the news that we should receive a Christmas box from St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Illinois. We had been told that our teacher had been in school all her life at St. Mary's, and the fact of receiving a Christmas box from her schoolmates added a new interest to an already interesting subject. I heartily thank you, in behalf of my schoolmates, for the beautiful presents which, with your own hands, you have made and kindly sent us; and I am sure, could you have seen how merry we were on Christmas Eve, you would have thought that your tokens of good will were appreciated.

"AGNES MILLER."

CHAPTER X

UR Annie Versary entered her teens on April 20th, 1881; and that day was a day of rejoicing. Three Bishops honored us with their presence; the Bishops of Illinois, Quincy, and Springfield. Another honored guest was the Hon. S. Corning Judd, Chancellor of the Diocese of Illinois, an old friend of "Annie's."

From the Palladium

On our return from Matins, we assembled in the Study Hall, and Dr. Leffingwell introduced Bishop McLaren. The Bishop told us he was incapable of speech-making; but that he found three things which he did not like here; first, he did not like the late hours (by the way, that is something we did not know about); secondly, he did not like the speech-making; and thirdly, well, he guessed he must leave the third one in the other two, for he could not find it; and then, he begged leave to introduce Bishop Seymour, who arose and remarked that he could make a speech, and proved it immediately. He gave us some good advice, as he always does, and I think we remember it the more for its being mixed with drollery. He then begged leave to introduce Mr. Judd.

This gentleman's remarks were to the point. He said he had been taught when young, "When the nightingale sings, let all other birds keep silence." How much more true then was it where there were three nightingales! So, laughing, we adjourned to the dining room.

After dinner the birthday cake was brought in, with thirteen candles on it, to be lighted by our distinguished visitors and by members of the household longest at St. Mary's. The cake having been duly lighted, Bishop Seymour proposed a procession; and the thirteen,

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each with a lighted taper, followed his lead around the room. Then he presented his candle to the youngest schoolgirl, Imogene Seamans. The others disposed of theirs in different ways, and we wended our way to the school-room, where the cake was cut and eaten.

The rest of the day was spent as we pleased, and in the happy expectation of a holiday on the next day; but alas for the delusions of youth! We were allowed but a half holiday, and that on Friday afternoon. Although we went to rest that night with our hopes crushed, we still felt as if we should long remember with pleasure the day "Annie Versary" entered her teens.

JOSEPHINE PAIGE, '82.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY

THE Baccalaureate Sermon of 1881 was preached in St. John's Church, by the Rector. The class was seated together; and over them hung their banner bearing their motto: "Redeeming the Time." This motto was the Rector's text, and from it he drew many beautiful and instructive lessons of life. His introduction was a very happy one, the coincidence of Trinity and Baccalaureate Sundays; the teachings of the Christian Year in the last of its memorial days; Baccalaureate Sunday holding a similar relation to their school course.

The last Sunday evening! The last of the school year to all; to many, the last of school life! A time for serious thought, surely, though hearts were beating high with thoughts of coming pleasure. The evening proved to be an eventful one. The groups on the lawn, and those who were lingering where the chapel ought to be, noticed clouds of strange shape and color. The whole sky soon wore a most portentous aspect, and orders to close windows sent many to the house, whither all were soon driven by a storm of violence so terrible that it was feared that even the strong walls of St. Mary's School might have to yield, or at least be unroofed. But nothing worse occurred than the fall of one chimney and the metallic top of another, and the drowning out of Alice's poor little chicklings. Sounds of lamentations over this last misfortune arose from the nursery, mingled with clamorous peepings from the "smallee fowles"; and Hortense slipped from her crib to enquire, "What a' matter? What for Alice c'y?" The little balls, alas! no longer downy, were deposited in a bed of cotton batting, and conveyed to the guest chamber where they gradually became quiet. The storm abated, the last bell rang, and Baccalaureate Sunday was over.

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P. S. The chickens are doing well, and the public will probably hear no more of them until Thanksgiving Day.

ALMA MATER

BY STELLA H. PACKARD

Closing lines of the Valedictory of 1881

ALMA MATER, dear St. Mary's!
Last of all to thee we turn,
While within the heart's recesses
Thoughts of joy and sadness burn.

Joy in thy swift-growing honor,
In thy well-deserved praise;
Sadness that for us are ended
All thy calm and happy days.

Joy, too, in the glorious future,
Which upon thy pathway shines,
For the blessings which we gladly
Read for thee between the lines.

Over now is our abiding
In the shadow of Thy Cross;
Glorious symbol, from whose halo
Vanishes all earthly dross.

But though we from thee must sever,
Living still within the heart,
Happy memories will forever
Link us to thee, though apart.

When the Cross before us rises,
Wheresoe'er we chance to be,
We shall find, 'neath deeper meaning,
Sweet remembrances of thee;

While the fair, white-gleaming lilies,
Growing from the weeds apart,
Lift their chalices and whisper,
"Blessed are the pure in heart."

Thus may motto, sign, and symbol
With us still forever dwell,
Till to life, its joys, its duties,
We shall say our last Farewell.

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Praying, too, for thee the blessing
That within the word doth lie,
Alma Mater, now we bid thee,
From our hearts, a fond Good-bye.

THE BIRTHDAY CAKE

(Read during the lighting of the Cake on Anniversary Day)

A CAKE with tapers all unlit!
You'll wonder if 'twas meant for wit,
When glowing lights were sure more fit
For such occasion.
List! and I'll tell what meaneth it,
Without persuasion.

These tapers all shall lighted be;
A bit of ritual, you see,
Quite suiting Anniversary.
The lighting means
We're welcoming, most cheerily,
St. Mary's 'teens.

Now to the Bishops bear the cake,
And ask that each a taper take
To light for 'auld acquaintance' sake;
Each candle's shining
Shall pleasant thoughts within us wake,
Much good divining.

And now who but our Rector dear
Shall light the next? From year to year
His word of love, and not of fear,
Has been the rule
That guided has, with brightest cheer,
St. Mary's School.

Now Mrs. Leffingwell shall light
The next; and then 'twere surely right
Miss Hitchcock should help make more bright,
With taper gleaming,
The birthday cake; a goodly sight,
Its cheerful beaming.



Anniversary Dinner, 1907

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Now Mrs. Rudd, for "Auld Lang Syne,"
Shall bid another taper shine.
And who the next? You'll quick divine
Without much showing,
Remembering Ida for eight years
Has here been growing.

And now Hortense and Margaret
Julia and Sophie; see, there yet
Is one for Stella; and now let
Us all be merry,
And never, nevermore forget
ANNIE VERSARY!

THE SURRENDER OF YORKTOWN

THE centennial celebration of the glorious Nineteenth of October was a pleasant thing in itself, and a valuable means of giving expression to a patriotic sentiment. From a proposed merry-making in the dining room, with perhaps the "Fan-Drill," the plan grew to an entertainment in the Study Hall.

PROGRAM

Chorus—"Hail Columbia." St. Cecilia Society.
Essay—"The Siege of Yorktown." Miss Roberts, '84.
Recitation—"Carmen Bellicosum." The Misses Burrows, Lewis, and Scott, '83.
Solo and Chorus—"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." Solo—Miss Van Bergen, '83.
Recitation—"Britannia's Shoe." Miss Paige, '82.
Chorus—"Yankee Doodle." St. Cecilia Society.
Essay—"The Revolutionary Struggle." Miss Liscomb, '83.
Solo and Chorus—"The Marseillaise." Solo—Miss Oglesby, '82.
Essay—"Then and Now." Miss Benedict, '82.
Chorus—"God Save the Queen." St. Cecilia Society.
Recitation—"The American Flag." Miss Goldberg, '84.
Solo and Chorus—"The Star Spangled Banner." Solo—Miss Packard, '81.
"The Fan Drill"—The Misses Paige, Babcock, Cahill, Derby, Ayer, Price, Julia Seamans, May Perley.
Tableau—"Lady Washington Receiving her Distinguished Contemporaries." Lady Washington, Miss Oglesby, '82.

Each class decided which essay of its own number should be read; and these essays were an interesting feature of the entertainment. The

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

essay entitled "The Revolutionary Struggle" closed with a tribute to the French allies of our ancestors; and at once the St. Cecilia Society arose and sang, in French, the "Marseillaise." The essay "Then and Now," closing with an allusion to the happy relations now existing between America and the Mother country, how "from Queen to peasant, England had shared with us in the sorrow of a great national calamity," was then read; and at its close the Society sang "God save the Queen," the audience standing, according to the English usage. It was a graceful tribute, and one which we hope Her Majesty may appreciate.

And now the bell rings, and from my ladies' chambers issue a bewildering array, ladies of the olden time, and peruked and be-ruffed figures in short dresses, and cocked hats. As we shall learn anon, these latter personages represent the heroes of the Revolution.

The procession is formed; and the quaintly-clad party, preceded by the American flag, enters the Study Hall, singing Hail Columbia, while the drummers of Yorktown, the one in Continental and the other in British uniform, mark the time, and add decidedly to the liveliness of the march. The stage is gaily decorated with flags, the Star-Spangled Banner is draped above the background that once served for *Pinafore*; the French tri-color is at the sides. With the background and the gay streamers it needed but a little help from the imagination to conceive the scene as representing the deck of a man-of-war, in the harbor of Yorktown.

The stage was occupied by those who were to have a part in the entertainment, the St. Cecilia Society, the essayists, and the readers. As all were in costume the effect was quite brilliant and not a little amusing. In the front, Washington's Body-guard and Dr. Witherspoon, of Congressional fame, sang out of the same book; while behind and above was the majestic presence of the Goddess of Liberty. Columbia sang the solo, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"; Lady Washington gave the solo of the "Marseillaise."

The musical and literary part of the entertainment being over, the stage was cleared for the "Fan Drill," the eight who were to take part needing all the room for their evolutions and their trains. The "Drill" won the enthusiastic admiration of the beholders. The combination of military precision with such movements as "Flutter your fans" was most charming; and then there was the added effect of the pretty Queen Anne costumes in bright and varied colors. The admirable drill is the more to the credit of those taking part in it,

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as the drilling was practised without any help from outside their own number.

Mrs. Washington's reception was the brilliant close of the delightful entertainment, that part of it at least that was in the Study Hall. "Washington's Body Guard" announced the guests, distinguished officers, lords, and ladies, Colonial and French.

As foreign guests were announced, either French or English, Mrs. Washington descended from her dais to receive them with especial honor and courtesy. When all the guests had assembled, the Star-Spangled Banner was sung again, by request, and the audience joined in the chorus.

Lady Washington then gave her hand to the French king, and to the music of Hail Columbia the party marched to the dining-room, from which the tables had been removed in preparation for a merry-making. Two long double lines formed for the Virginia Reel. It was as pretty a sight as one could wish to see.

But I have not space or time to describe all the pleasant pictures that were hung up that night in memory's halls. Delightful it will be to recall them. I can fancy some lovely old lady, sixty years hence, bringing out her yellowed programme, and telling her grandchildren of how she and her schoolmates celebrated the centennial of the Surrender at Yorktown.

—*The Palladium*.

FROM HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN

OUR readers will perhaps remember that in our report on the celebration of the Surrender of Yorktown, we noted the singing of the British National Anthem, and the standing of the audience as is the custom in England. Mention was also made of the kind sympathy which the Queen showed toward our country in its late bereavement.

It was suggested that a copy of *The Palladium* be sent to Her Majesty; therefore, an address was written and beautifully illuminated with a border of bright flowers, and the seals of America and England in two corners, with the crossed flags of the countries in the opposite corners. This was signed by the teachers and scholars, and duly sent to the Queen. The following answer was received:

"From Gen., the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, Privy Councillor and Private Secretary to the Queen:

"Osborne, January 29, 1882.

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22nd of December, and the accompanying address from the teachers and pupils

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of Saint Mary's School, in Knoxville, State of Illinois, which I have duly laid before the Queen.

"I am commanded by Her Majesty to request that her thanks may be returned to the signers of this address which the Queen has received with much gratification.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"HENRY F. PONSONBY."

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES

THE Board of Trustees having in charge St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Illinois, has learned with satisfaction that during the past year an extension to the building has been erected, in what is known as the north wing, by the Rector, the Rev. C. W. Leffingwell, at an expense of \$4,000, which he has donated to the institution; and hereby puts on record its recognition and appreciation of his liberal donation, as well as of his successful management which has brought the School to a high state of efficiency, and secured for it a wide and honorable reputation.

Also, having learned from the Report of the Rector that the School has been eminently successful during the past year, the building being occupied to its utmost capacity, and the number of boarding pupils having increased from sixty to eighty, within the year; and having good reason to believe that increased accommodation will be required to meet the increasing demands of the School; this Board deems it desirable, if the requisite funds can be secured, that the addition contemplated in the plans, and known as the east-wing, should be erected during the coming year. This will involve an outlay of about \$20,000. For this purpose a legacy of \$10,000 from the late James Knox will be available, whenever a like sum is subscribed by responsible persons for the same purpose. It is the opinion of the Board that \$5,000 can be raised in Knox County. With a view of securing the coöperation of the Episcopal Church throughout the whole State of Illinois, under the auspices of which the School has been conducted, the Rector is requested to represent its present condition and needs to the Federate Council of Illinois, which assembles in Springfield on the 26th of January, 1881, and to solicit its action and aid in extending the usefulness of the School and securing the needed enlargement."

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY

THE evening comes at last. The scene changes; the halls are filling rapidly with guests, antequely habited, wending their way to the dining room. Let us take a peep at them as they enter.

First, that lady with powdered hair, full robe, is Lady Washington. That tall figure at her side is the General, a good deal "conventionalized." The Lady following, who carries over her arm her court-train (more properly speaking—curtain) personates Lady Hamilton; the maiden near, her niece. Next come John Quincy Adams and wife, with the three Misses Adams. There is Nathaniel Wayne and his young wife, Mrs. Wayne, dressed becomingly; those figured trains, piano covers, are the very latest. That young couple under the chandelier are the young Marquis de Lafayette and his bride. How charming she looks in her scarlet court train! Within, they are met by the hostesses.

Every one seems glad to see every one else. The ball is opened with the never-to-be-omitted Mountain Bell Schottische, "Y. Y. K." presiding at the instrument. During the evening, General Washington is thanked for his distinguished services performed for the benefit of his country.

I must not fail to mention a certain Quaker couple who were present. A favorite poodle which followed them, a dog of straw, was an object of no little amusement. I noticed also a George Washington of the hatchet age accompanied by a Lady Washington of like immature years. He carried a hatchet, and she whisked about in a close-fitting baby cap, and—the incongruity of it!—a dress with long flowing train.

The evening was passed in dancing. Towards the end, refreshments were brought in; the guests showed that they were human, not ghosts of other days. The dancing was resumed until a bell was struck in the upper hall, when all the guests began to depart, like so many Cinderellas. However, I can say for them, that unlike that fabled maiden, they were polite enough to say, "Good-night."

FILIA.

THE WHOLE HOLIDAY

HOW did we get a whole holiday? Well, it was a special occasion. St. Mary's had just been received into official relation with the newly-organized Province of Illinois. Moreover, the cornerstone of the Chapel of St. Mary's School had just been laid. Truly this was an occasion that required the kind of recognition dear to the school-girl; and accordingly a petition for a holiday was drawn up and was signed by the whole School.

When Bishop Burgess announced that the petition was granted, great was the rejoicing. At the Bishop's suggestion, we all said "Special Occasion," to remind us that we must not expect a holiday every time the bishops came. As if bishops' visits were not always "special occasions!"

Various were the devices for spending the precious hours. There were at least two candy pulls, and a favored party had a drive to Galesburg. Then Miss Dewey invited a party to go to Gilbert's Grove; we thought it would be a delightful way of spending part of the day, and gladly accepted the invitation.

It was a lovely bright day, and all the party were in good spirits. The first thing to do on arriving at the grove was to have a boat ride, and soon all were out on the lake. After a half hour of rowing, the party broke up into small groups, some to read, some to sketch, and some to—well, whatever they intended to do, it ended in taking a nap.

The appearance of the dinner baskets brought us together again, with the best of appetites; and the nice lunch was fully enjoyed. Then followed a lazy hour of "nooning"; a second boat ride, and it was time to start for home.

A sketch of the rustic bridge across the ravine; a "composition" finished, a subject for another found; several books begun or ended; these were the results of our trip. So if Dr. Leffingwell had seen us, had even caught some of us napping, I do not think that he would have regarded the holiday (for us at least) as a lost day.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD

THE Lesser Litany, preceded by the 90th Psalm, was substituted for the usual Matins. After the prayer for those in affliction, the prayer for the President was read, for him upon whom had just fallen so heavy a burden. The chaplain read the sad story of the President's last hours. Tears fell from many eyes during the reading. The organ and lectern in the study hall were draped in black and white; members of the school are to wear on the left shoulder for thirty days, badges of black and white.

On the day of the burial, services were held in St. John's Church. The altar was vested in white, a cross of evergreens upon it. The dossal was black, with soft folds of white lawn draped over. The chancel and the body of the church were draped. At either side of the church were large flags crossed and furled, and then veiled. Flags were crossed over the outside door. These were also furled, and tied with black, with black streamers on the flagstuffs.

The address was by our Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Rudd. From the solemn occasion, and from the sad weeks of the President's suffering and the people's anxiety, he drew lessons of God's dealings, and showed how He had answered prayer, though not in our way, in a way which His wise Providence had seen best for the nation. "From the sick bed of the President, a web had been woven which had drawn the people together, and made them one."

After the address, the Minor Litany was sung, and never had its lofty and touching language seemed more appropriate. The *De Profundis* was then chanted, and the people departed with the blessing of peace.

As we walked home, we could not but think that, years from now, the young people who took part in the service would tell to another generation the story of how, as school girls, they kept the day of President Garfield's funeral, and how they were taught to admire and to imitate the simplicity, the honesty, the courage, and the Christian patience of the twentieth President of the United States.

THE *Living Church* announces the death of Miss S. P. Darlington, Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Faribault. Nearly from the foundation of the school (1867) she has been, under the Bishop, its head. Her faithful and efficient labors have been crowned with success, in the prosperity of the institution and the influence that has

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gone out from thence to bless hundreds of homes in the Northwest. We deeply sympathize with the household over which she presided, and with the Bishop who, seeking health at the South, lost one of his most trusty helpers, at a time when it would seem he could least spare her.

EVENINGS for music and conversation have been inaugurated by a pleasant gathering in the Reception Room. Two of the Seniors, assisted by a Junior, performed the duties of hostesses. The large bay window had been fitted up as a conservatory, and with snowy callas and blushing roses, was fair to behold. Small groups gathered around tables in cosy corners where books, engravings, and photographic views had been placed to provoke easy conversation on subjects above the routine of the work-a-day life. The rector threw open his study; and around his center-table we saw an animated group, to whom he was showing sketches he had made when abroad, and answering questions the pictures suggested. Another group had gathered around our special artist, who was exhibiting and explaining her "log," by which nautical title she designates her illustrated notebook of foreign travel. There was music of both the voice and the piano; for one especial object of such evenings is the encouragement of our young musicians, by giving them opportunities to be heard.

CHAPTER XI

THE Trustee Meeting of April, 1882, was one of the most important that the Trustees have held since the founding of St. Mary's School; it was largely attended, nearly all the twenty-four Trustees being present. Among these were the three Bishops of Illinois. The new Trustees elected were the Rev. R. A. Holland, Rector of Trinity Church, Chicago; the Rev. F. W. Taylor, of Danville; Mr. R. F. Newcomb, of Quincy; and Mr. H. H. Candee, of Cairo.

The Rector made a verbal report of the condition of the School. There are now, he said, ninety boarding pupils, and thirty-seven who reside in Knoxville and vicinity. The Music Department, under Prof. Laux, is attaining a reputation second to none in the West, and the school is widely known as offering unusual advantages in French, under the instruction of Madame Bouvet. The Art Department, under Miss Dewey, has become very popular, and is as large as can be managed in the present Studio. Several hundred dollars have been expended this year for oil and water-color studies and plaster casts. All the pupils, in drawing, work from models. The decoration of china is one of the most interesting branches of this department.

The Rector also reported extensive improvements nearly completed. These have been carried even further than reported, including the reform of the old drainage system, and the replacing it by one more safe and efficient. This is a vital point in so extensive an establishment, and justifies large expenditure.

The main business of the meeting was the reorganization of the Board under the general law. The conditions of the old Charter have

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

been from the opening of St. Mary's School an embarrassment, but for various reasons action has been delayed. The proposed change will secure all that is desired, and reconstitute the Board so that it will be truly representative of all the Dioceses of the Province, as well as of the local interests at Knoxville.

The papers for the new corporation have been drawn, and will soon be ready to file with the Secretary of the State. St. Mary's will then be in a position of assured and permanent success, as an Institution of the Church throughout Illinois with a patronage extending far beyond.

FRIDAY EVENING LETTERS

(During the Rector's absence as deputy to the General Convention, he wrote, each week, a letter to be read on Friday evening, at the hour when, had he been at home, he himself would have been reading to the family assembled in the Library with their sewing.)

New York, October 5, 1880.

MY DEAR SCHOOL FAMILY:

PERHAPS you will like to hear from me, now and then, during the long month of absence which must separate us. So the first thing I do, after getting settled in mine inn, shall be to write you of the haps and mishaps of the journey, though I have nothing very interesting or exciting to tell you. A journey to New York nowadays is a monotonous affair, not much like the journeys that your fathers took forty years ago, when Illinois was the "far West." I came by the B. & O. road, which is surely "the longest way around," if it be not "the shortest way there." It is a very crooked road. It passes through a picturesque region over the mountains of Western Virginia, and many a twist and turn it has to make in climbing the hills.

Early in the morning, after a night of shaking and jolting, I went forward to make the acquaintance of the engineer and succeeded in getting a place on the engine. It is a rare treat to ride on the engine, for an hour or two; but after awhile it is very tiresome, for the jolting. It was a beautiful October morning, and the splendor of autumn rested on the hills. It seemed as though the glory of the Lord had covered them. From the valleys, where the sun had not yet penetrated, the colors rippled along the hillsides, till they rose, wave upon wave of gold and crimson and purple and green, to the summit.

For a long way we toiled up hill; the iron horse worked with

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

all his might, and the fireman kept feeding him with coal, and oiling his joints, and poking him in the ribs, and giving him water. It was a hard pull. He snorted and screamed and kicked and shook himself angrily; and when he came to go down on the other side, he had his revenge. It did seem as though he would tear everything to pieces. At every curve he made a spring, and tried to jump off the track; but the steel reins held him to the course and saved us from dashing down every precipice, and smashing against every cliff. Now he is tearing along, at terrific speed, towards a high hill, as if determined to plough right through it. So far as I can see, there is no escape to right or left. I look at the engineer to see if he has gone mad. But he is perfectly calm. He couldn't be more composed if he were driving Mrs. Leffingwell's yellow horse. The engineer, as I said, seemed disposed to take things coolly. I just held on, and waited to see what would become of that hill. Just as I thought we were going to smash it all to pieces, the engine leaned over and curved around gracefully at the foot of the hill, and made a dash for another hill. And how do you suppose we got to the other side of that hill? Why, we went right through it! Luckily, before we came along, somebody had cut a hole through, just where we struck it!

THERE are lessons in Locomotives, as well as "sermons in stones." We are going on through life along a track which God's Providence has laid for us. If we are true to our calling, as the locomotive is to its calling, we shall have a safe and successful journey. If we jump the track, we shall get badly injured, perhaps be ruined. There may be some up grades, but we must work the harder, for the time. You can't always go down hill; you must toil up if you would slide down. And you must not be afraid of hills. Go right on, and don't worry till you come to them. You will always find that some one has made a tunnel for you to go through. Even if you have to stop to tunnel your own way, don't be afraid. The Golden River and its valley of abundance lie beyond the mountains, and thither you must work your way. "There remaineth a rest," but it is not yet.

Affectionately,

YOUR RECTOR.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

A POP CORN FROLIC

FLAMING advertisements, dealing largely in capitals and exclamation points, met the gaze of St. Mary's girls, from every conspicuous place in the halls.

A POP-CORN PARTY ! !

Will be given,

In the Dining Room

of St. Mary's ! !

By the Class of '84 ! !

Saturday eve, Jan. 28, 1882.

MUSIC AND DANCING ! !

Admission 10 cents.

The callow poet whose lament over vanished "popping days" was so pathetic, on Thanksgiving day must have felt her heart rejoice in the prospect of the coming feast. Judging from the treasury box, next day several other hearts must have throbbed in unison.

Early Saturday morning, the class of '84, armed with spoons, pans, aprons, and corn, descended to Madame's room, and began preparations. Bursts of laughter, busy talk, the delightful sound of "popping," and the savory odor thereof, ascended as high to heaven as the third story, and strongly recommended good things to come. Several crafty "runners" evinced great talent in the commercial agency line, and pervaded the house, eating pop-corn balls which they did not offer to share, but devoured with tantalizing relish.

Mrs. Leffingwell kindly gave up the dining room, early in the afternoon, and by seven o'clock everything was ready. The school bell was rung, and the impatient guests came crowding down, two and two. The "Hall" was well lighted, and looked very pretty.

Four tables stood in corners of the room, covered with white, and festooned with aesthetic looking pink drapery. The girls in charge wore little muslin aprons and fancy lace caps. The tables were loaded with pop-corn, in all shapes and fashions, and looked tempting enough to persuade any one to invest, even without the alluring placards exhibited.

The following poetical attempt was much admired by everybody, and was eventually auctioned off for fifty cents. We hope the Bard did not exhaust herself in this effort.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

CORN-SELLER'S SONG

IF corn with milk
You'd like to try,
Just walk right up, and buy! buy! buy!
Of it there is a large supply;
Or if in bags you'd like
A store,
You'll find of that
There is still more!
So come again, and say
Encore!
If still you wish
Another kind,
Come right along,
Don't stay behind,
The best of Pop-corn Balls
You'll find!

The latter kind proved the chief attraction, and several mammoth special orders were displayed in some booths. Very soon, balls and bags, "pop-corn with milk," and even the unsatisfactory dainty "pop-corn on a tooth pick," were circulated through the room. In a surprisingly short time the entire stock was exhausted; the tables were empty, and the treasury was full!

Upon the arrival of the orchestra, which was represented by a musical Ethiop with his violin, the dancing began. It was heartily enjoyed, though the caller's voice was very faint and seldom heard! But everyone flew around at her own sweet will, hopelessly mixing up the figures, and having a jolly time.

At ten o'clock the retiring-bell rang (as it always does, no matter how great the occasion). The company reluctantly dispersed, not forgetting many compliments and much kindly praise to the class of '84, whose efforts in behalf of the chapel fund had been crowned with such success. The hostesses went to their rooms, weary and happy, to dream of the beautiful Chapel at St. Mary's which they had helped to build.

—LUCRETIA ROBERTS.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

PEDESTRIANISM

IT has been said that American girls think more of beauty than they do of health, and they have been unfavorably compared with English girls in that they are pale and delicate, while their transatlantic cousins are ruddy and strong.

We of the class of '83 do not choose to be classed as delicate, and to prove that we are not delicate we determined to walk to Galesburg, a distance of five miles. We started out full of enthusiasm. There were eight in the party, including Mr. Rudd, who had kindly consented to escort us and "drive off the tramps." The day was fine, the air exhilarating, and we ourselves were in the best of spirits. We took the railroad track, as that was the most direct route. Nothing occurred in the journey to dampen our spirits; a fall of one of the girls through a cattle guard proving to be more exciting than serious, and we hailed the "halfway stone" with surprise that we had walked two miles and a half without the least fatigue. As the houses and spires of Galesburg came nearer and nearer into view, we felt like Darius Green when he was just on the point of surprising the world by a wonderful feat, only we accomplished our object, and Darius did not.

To have walked five miles was glory enough for one day. We therefore took the cars home instead of walking on the track. A walk to Galesburg does not necessarily imply a walk from it.

We were greeted on all sides (as we approached St. Mary's upon our return) with "How do you feel?" "Did you walk all the way?" etc., etc. We held our heads very high, and were proud to answer that we were entirely free from the grievous ills that had been predicted before we started. We think we have set a good example, for we have already heard other undergraduates planning to walk to Galesburg.



Pleasant Ways of the Early Days

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

THE SEVEN STAGES

(Revised Edition)

THIS our world's a school,
And all the girls and (2) boys are busy students;
They have their zeros oftener than their plusses;
And in her time each enters many classes,
And acts in seven stages. At first, the Primary,
Making wry faces at the A, B, C's;
Then the Preparatory, laboring with
The dread three "R's," and creeping like a snail,
Upon her way through school; and then, the Junior,
Sighing like a furnace, with woeful essay
Upon the First Crusade. Then the Junior Middle,
Full of strange thoughts, and studying like a savant,
Bright in class, sudden and quick in debate;
Seeking to win five plus and reputation
Even in Geometry; and then, the Senior Middle,
Deep in Literature, and struggling with Astronomy,
Full of strange conceits and modern sciences.
And so she plays her part. The sixth stage shifts her
Into the grave and reverend Senior;
With head well up, and crammed with wondrous knowledge,
Ten times too much for her small brain to carry.
Last stage of all, that ends this strange career, and checkered,
Finds her, Post Graduate, in a long-trailed dress,
And her hair done high; in mere oblivion
Of mathematics and all the 'ologies;
Sans marks, sans Doomsday book, sans—everything!

—MAUDE CAHILL, '83.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND

THE last lecture of the season was delivered by Mr. Bigsby, of Oxford, England. His subject was Rugby and its beloved head master, Arnold.

Mr. Bigsby, having himself been a Rugby boy, knew every nook and corner of the old place, and the way he had of telling his experience was indeed delightful. He did not confine himself to Rugby alone, but took us on an imaginary visit to other public schools of England; to Winchester, founded by William of Wykeham, and to Royal Eton—royal because it enjoys the favor of the Queen. Then he took us on to "his Rugby," in which everyone that has read *Tom Brown's Schooldays* was interested.

His account of "Ladies' Day," when the boat races are held and the Queen stands upon the bridge to be saluted by each boat as it passes beneath the bridge, made each hearer wish that she might sometime be an eye witness of the scene. When we heard that the boys were often kept there all their holidays to make up lessons and finish "impositions," it made us feel as if even the Saturday tasks of St. Mary's were not so very severe.

Mr. Bigsby closed his lecture with a description of Arnold's farewell to Rugby, when he accepted a professorship at Oxford. Arnold had brought Rugby out of the disgrace into which it had fallen, and made it one of the best public schools in England.

The strict attention given Mr. Bigsby by the young ladies is shown by the frequent allusions that are made to his lecture, and the quotations we hear. The favorite one seems to be the motto that is written over the Library door at Rugby:

"When lands are gone and money spent,
Learning is most excellent."

Mr. Bigsby left in the minds of St. Mary's girls a great desire to know what he thought of young ladies' boarding schools in America. Perhaps on his return to England his subject will be Schools on this side of the Atlantic. If so, may some of us be there to hear!

—HELEN C. BENEDICT, '82.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

"COMING BACK"

A YEAR of boarding-school life is marked by two distinct eras, equally important and eventful, alike unparalleled in clamor and confusion. They are unmistakably distinguished from each other by the varying emotions they produce.

For those who have yet to know the rapturous sensations of packing, locking, and checking; of the hearts full of joyous anticipations which belong to the "going home" era, I will not lift the veil; but as all have recently experienced the "coming back" period, it can not be treason to disclose its various phases, for the benefit of the uninitiated.

To old girls who have learned to love St. Mary's as a second home, the day is a joyful one which again unites long separated school friends in one happy family. The evident satisfaction with which we find ourselves here again, for ten more months of the study that serves for "ornament and delight," seems truly heartless to the disconsolate maidens who are struggling bravely (or otherwise) with homesickness.

Indeed, St. Mary's usually opens with an indoor atmosphere of April weather; for sunshine and clouds, smiles and tears, are striving each for predominance, with rather complicated result. Gay confusion reigns supreme, for no one cares to get settled systematically. A few dresses are brought out, a hat-box is set on the closet-shelf, and bureau drawers are peeped into with an eye to future arrangements; but the next moment we are flying off to greet a newcomer, and are soon blissfully forgetful of such stern realities as unpacking and regulating. Alas! sweet dream of idleness and ease, thou dost belong alone to "coming back"! Soon the Doomsday Book will bear fell records of careless rooms and consequences dire! But still, sufficient to its day will be this coming evil; so let us enjoy the happy present while we may.

"Coming back" is unusually interesting and important this year, for the new building with its pillared entrance and towered roof, its "storied windows richly dight," and belfry pointing heavenward, is new to us all, and we are constantly finding "something else" to admire. It is surely worth the stings and arrows of home-leaving, to work amid such beautiful surroundings.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

THE ALPHABET OF '82

(Among the Thanksgiving Dinner Rhymes)

- A IS for Atkins, so sweet and so fair,
Renowned for her playing as well as her hair.
- B is for Belle, fond of argumentation,
Who speaks out her mind and creates a sensation.
- C is for Clara, let her dignity pass,
For is she not chief of the grave senior class?
- D is for Daisy who has left us all here,
Enjoying at present our Thanksgiving cheer.
- E is for Emma, with most beautiful hair,
And so wonderfully sweet that for her we all care.
- F is for Familia, as fresh as a rose,
No fault in her face, excepting her nose.
- G is for Green, but only in name,
Although it is true from the country she came.
- H is for Hattie, as straight as a Post,
And yet in her bearing she equals a host.
- I is for Ida, we wish there were Moor,
Who much of book knowledge is trying to store.
- K is for Knowles, a child of much Grace,
"Pacific" in action as well as in face.
- L is for Leffingwell, Sarah by name,
We hope she may ever preserve its fair fame.
- M is for Maud, who of sense has the most,
But we hear she intends becoming a ghost.
- N is for Neen, a silly young creature
Who blistered with acid her prominent feature.
- O is for Ogden, a true "Belle" is she,
And in this I am sure the whole school will agree.
- P is for Parsons, who is way above "Par,"
"May" she e'er be a "Pearl" and shine like a star.
- Q is for Quincy, many girls has she sent
To enliven St. Mary's with their gay merriment.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

- R is for Reed, who *Ophelia* will be
In the play to be given by renowned '83.
- S is for Scott, of so sober a mien
Who, as all will admit, seldom laughing is seen.
- T is for Tompkins, of musical fame,
Who to us from the wilds of Omaha came.
- U is for Us, a frolicking crowd
Who sometimes get marks for laughing too loud.
- V is for Van Bergen, a name without rhyme;
To such aspiration my muse cannot climb.
- W is for Warring, far away in the east,
Where we hope he, like us, is enjoying the feast.
- X is for Xerxes of historical fame,
Renowned because X commences his name.
- Y is for "Yes," which we hope you will say
When tomorrow we ask for a holiday.
- Z is a letter my efforts defying,
So really at last I'll have to stop trying.
- And unto all, both great and small,
I now shall sing a toast:
- "Long live us all, both great and small,
Of this renowned host."

—"Us FOUR."

ONE night, recently, the hour usually devoted to study was spent in listening to a lecture entitled "The Old Oaken Bucket," by the Rev. Dr. Delafield of Chicago. In glowing terms he painted the charms of the old country home,

"The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rocks where the cataract fell,"

until we almost felt transported to this well-known spot, and readily joined in the song that followed the lecture:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

Hearty applause frequently interrupted the speaker; and hearty thanks were, at the close of the lecture, tendered him for a delightfully spent evening.

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BISHOP HARE, missionary bishop among the Indians in Niobrara, visited the School, and gave a very interesting address on his work among the Dakotas. He spoke of several schools that had been founded, and of the intelligence of the Indian boys and girls; how they were taught to learn, and how this strong missionary work has transformed the wild and desperate Indians into the loving, earnest workers in the Church. He told us of his surpliced choir; and although a choir of white boys in their surplices is pretty, he thought his Indian boys with their dark faces and darker hair, in contrast to the pure white robes, looked even prettier. He closed by telling how this work was progressing, but that more help was needed; and he hoped some day that some of St. Mary's girls might be called to help carry on this western work. When he had finished speaking there was scarcely one among the hearers who did not feel like offering her services, then and there. We hope to meet this kind bishop again; and he may be sure that the impression that he gave of his noble work, is a lasting one.

ADVENT

BY MISS HITCHCOCK

SWEET sounds are those that wake
From hillside, glen, and brake,
When nature tells us that the Spring is born;
Yet sweeter 'tis to hear
Our Mother's word of cheer,
Her New Year's greeting, on the Advent morn.

List to the Church's voice!
Christians, Awake! Rejoice!
Rejoice ye, for your Lord is nigh at hand;
The Day-Spring from on high,
The "Long Desired" is nigh,
He, in whose strength ye may all foes withstand.

Joy in the Master's grace!
'Tis yours once more to trace
The blessed steps of His most holy life,
What time He dwelt on earth,
E'en from His lowly birth,
Until He rose, the Victor in the strife.

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Rejoice! each rolling year,
Brings your salvation near,
And nearer than when first ye did believe.
Since far spent is the night,
In armour clad, of light,
Stand ready; that your Lord ye may receive.

That when He comes again
In majesty to reign,
With us 'm to life immortal ye may rise
To join the angels' hymn,
The song of seraphim,
The everlasting anthem of the skies.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

WAKE, O ye Christians, rejoice on this morn,
For Christ our Redeemer and Saviour is born;
Lift your glad voices, let every heart sing,
And welcome the birth of Redeemer and King.
Awake, and with anthems of joy and of cheer
Praise your Creator who thus crowns the year;
Wake, O ye Christians, rejoice, happy band,
In the Lord and His kingdom of glory at hand.

Wake, O ye Christians, awake and arise,
For Jesus awaits now your first sacrifice;
Give it in praises, in prayers, and in tears,
'Tis due to thy Saviour, let love banish fears.
Glory to God, to Emmanuel, King,
Let all on this day His high praises sing.
Awake, and with love to His courts onward press,
And prayerfully kneeling, His dear Name confess.

Go now to His Table, in love it is spread,
And ask there His blessing, for you it is shed;
Go kneel at the altar in humility,
Fulfill the command, "In remembrance of Me."
Lord, we would worship and praise Thee aright,
And do what is holy and pure in Thy sight;
Grant us, O Saviour, Thy grace freely given,
And shield us from harm till we join Thee in Heaven.
—S. M. C., '81.

CHAPTER XII



ALL work and no play makes Johanna a dull girl. Possibly in these chapters so much prominence has been given to sports and recreations that the Johannas of our Early Days seem to have had all play and no work! As for work, it is a matter of routine duty and plodding, in school as elsewhere, and there is little of interest to say about it. It is in play that we have the spontaneous expression of young life and the spirit of the school.

It is true that in the Early Days (and in later days) we made liberal allowance for recreation. In this, as well as in the serious work of the school, officers and teachers were interested and helpful. And there was educational value in our entertainments, musical, dramatic, and spectacular; there was good exercise for body and mind in our games and celebrations, excursions, commemorations, and competitions.

Let it be understood, then, that play has always been included in the curriculum of St. Mary's, and doubtless it always will be. We believe in work, hard work, but not in all work and nothing but work. Strenuous work is healthy, both for body and mind, provided it has due intervals of relaxation.

It may be thought that there is no need for parents and school managers to order or encourage such intervals; that indolence or the play-instinct may be

depended on to secure more than enough rest and amusement, and that the first duty of the school is to stimulate ambition and spur the young mind to intense and continued exertion. There are, indeed, some indolent and indifferent students who need no encouragement to play most of the time. But many girls and young women, being of an ardent and ambitious temperament, are in danger from overwork. The desire to stand well in school, to improve advantages secured at great expense, the excitement and competition of school exercises, are generally sufficient to call out their best efforts, and sometimes to tax their nervous system beyond its strength. Parents and teachers are sometimes at fault in urging girls to complete the course in the shortest possible time. Students are stimulated by prizes and other motives to undue exertion, and the school becomes, not a place for educating (developing) body and mind, but a cerebral hothouse.

Young people sometimes have the idea that education is the going through a certain list of books, rushing through the course of study in the shortest possible time. They think it to their credit that they should complete the course in less than the prescribed time. They graduate before they have attained their growth of body or maturity of mind. They lose their elasticity and spirit. With all her accomplishments, Johanna becomes a dull girl.

The mind must have time to grow, to mature its powers. A well-balanced mind, a clear perception, a steady self-control, a sound judgment, are developed by time and judicious training. It is a mistake on the part of parents and teachers to allow a girl to make herself prematurely old by overwork.

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AN OLIMPIC ODE!

BY MISS HITCHCOCK

POETS in their labored lays,
If they like, may sing the praise
Of tiny feet with sandals shod,
That o'er Olympic hills have trod;
May sing, if such a theme they choose,
The buskin of the tragic Muse;
Or tell how 'neath fair ladies' tread
E'en the slight harebell lifts its head.
My humble Muse will not refuse
To sing the praise of high-heeled shoes!

And if it falls out
That she minces and tilts,
And goes about
Like a duck upon stilts,—
If she limps in her gait,
'Tis the fashion of late;
If she halts in her verse,
Pray think of naught worse
Than that she cannot well refuse
To hobble, wearing high-heeled shoes.

With her help, I will prove to each doubting wight
That sandals and buskins were high-heeled and tight.

If in rhymes you'll not scrimp us
We'll show of Olymp-us,
That the nominative case
Becomes, with good grace,
What I need not parse, for plainly you'll see
That O-lymp-us must straightway become
O-limp-we!

And why did they limp, unless we suppose
That like modern bells, they had martyred their toes?

And doubtless proud Juno
(Mrs. Jupiter, you know),
Who is oft called the stately,
Had vexed herself greatly
Had her slippers been "Three's,"
While Venus, with ease,
Had worn dainty shoes
That were marked Number Two's.

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Then let wiseacres prate!
We'll not alter our gait,
For they of Parnassus
Shall never surpass us,
And O-limp-ic grace
Shall govern our pace;
We'll have no intervention
Nor heed the pretension
That nature knows best,
And would have us refuse
At fashion's behest
To wear gimlet heeled shoes.

In spite of their giggling
We'll not cease our wriggling;
We'll patter and clatter
Though they cry, "What's the matter?"
Though they fly in a passion,
Secure in the fashion
Our toes we will squeeze
As much as we please,
Like the queer folk who live at the antipodes;
The queer folk who live in the land of the teas;
Whom people as queer, call "Heathen Chinese"!

A DAY IN THE WOODS

ONE bright October morning, a few weeks ago, a merry crowd of girls gathered in Miss Hitchcock's recitation-room, preparatory to an expedition to the woods which lie over the hills to the northward. All are dressed for a scramble, variously equipped with bags and baskets, shawls and books, ready for the order, "Forward, March"!

They advance, some steadily onward to the goal, some halting occasionally to rest upon the green sward beside the road, some lazily bringing up the rear and enlivening the journey with merry snatches of song. Woodcutters, like those of whom the little Princess Ilse complained bitterly, as the German class will remember, had come upon the hill and had felled the oaks and burned away the hazel bushes. For a moment the gay faces were clouded; but only for a moment. There, across the fence, at the left, were more sheltering trees and thick crowded hazel bushes, waiting to yield to busy hands their store of nuts. The party proceeded to the old

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camping grounds for dinner, in order to be near the spring bubbling at the foot of the hill.

After the rations were eaten, with many a game and joke going the rounds, the girls divided into groups. Some wended their way up the hill and across the road to the hazel bushes; others sat down in some nook, sheltered from the rude caresses of the wind, to while away the beautiful Indian Summer day with a favorite book, and some, the little folks, went to wade in a stream near by, and enjoy the bliss of making mud pies.

So the day passed. At four o'clock they all gathered by the roadside to wait for the big wagon which was to convey them home. The soft autumnal haze,

"From the curved horizon's bound,
To the point of heaven's profound,
Filled the overflowing sky,"

and rested in the warm-colored leaves of the changing trees. How beautiful were the brilliant touches of color which here and there lit up the woods and dells! Only too soon was the place of destination reached, and the party entered with happy remembrances of their "Day in the Woods." —STELLA PACKARD, '81.

ST. MARY'S REVISITED

Impressions during a visit after an absence of six years.

MANY were the changes that caught my eye in every direction; but, as in the growth of the children and the trees (not to omit a vine which I left a tiny plant, and returned to find reaching to the third story windows), all changes were for the better, not a retrograde movement was to be detected. All that art and comfort could suggest had been brought into requisition for elevating, cultivating, and promoting the taste and happiness of those who may be fortunate enough to dwell beneath St. Mary's roof.

As I review the past, when thirty-five resident pupils was a number to be proud of, and contrast it with the crowd of contented and happy faces, as they passed into the Study Hall for the beautiful morning Service, I felt that Dr. Leffingwell's work, aided by those who had entered upon it with him, had indeed been blest, and that such a school was an ornament and an incalculable blessing to the Church.

As I write, the sound of the workman's hammer strikes upon my

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ear, reminding me of the beautiful and much needed Chapel, and which, D.V., will be completed by another autumn. It is to be connected with the main building by a cloister. When all the additions are completed, St. Mary's School will have one of the finest structures for school purposes in the country.

While I can not but write in the most glowing terms of the many changes that have taken place, showing a marked improvement everywhere, one change was fraught with sadness to me. Many dear and familiar faces were missing; some had gone to take their places in the world, others had gone to their rest, where they no longer need the protection of the "Shadow of the Cross."

Fortunately for St. Mary's, no one is missing of those who have made the School what it is. All are there with the same untiring devotion, still working for its best interests. May their past success be an earnest of the future, a continual and increasing crown of laurel.

Good-bye, dear St. Mary's! May you stand a thousand years, and may your shadow never be less. —PILGRIM.

A LETTER FROM THE RECTOR

Written during a Temporary Absence.

MY DEAR FAMILY: As I can not be with you today, I may spend an hour with you in imagination, just at the time of your "quiet hour." Perhaps you may be interested in a description of my journey.

It is something of a trial to find a train an hour late, at any time of day; but the calamity becomes almost appalling when it occurs at night! The only diversion afforded by the dreary waiting room was the lunch counter. There, balanced on a high stool with a small top, you may picture to yourself your venerable Rector, taking coffee and sandwiches at midnight!

Our immense train of ten or twelve cars and coaches arrived at P— about four o'clock, A.M. I think I have never looked out on a more beautiful autumn night. There were no signs of dawn at that hour. The heavens were resplendent with stars. Glorious Orion stretched out his magnificent constellation nearly in mid-heaven, and almost in the zenith shone Saturn's great lamp. Jupiter was not far distant. And where, thought I, is Juno? Why is it that there is a Jupiter among the planets, and no Juno?

But we must away. The hotel is a mile or more distant in the

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darkness and in which direction I know not. "An omnibus meets every train," I had been told. But where is the "bus"? Here it is, a three-seated, open wagon! Seven people already embarked in it. "Plenty of room"! shouts John, the jolly German, who is engaged in stowing a pile of baggage between the feet of the passengers. Seven and one make eight, and with the driver there are nine. We were full, even on the most liberal omnibus allowance. There we sat, for full five minutes, waiting for mail bags, etc., when, to our dismay, an old Dutch woman of monstrous size loomed up in view, and began preparations to ascend the already overloaded and somewhat rickety vehicle. If there had been but one man aboard, of course he would cheerfully have offered to walk and give her a place; but as there were seven of us, each thought the other better able to walk than himself, and nobody moved. But John was not to be discouraged, and by a great struggle, the old lady was finally landed in the driver's place. Then John mounted the dashboard, took his lantern in his teeth, reins in one hand and whip in the other, and we went at good speed towards the town. The disembarking of the old lady at her home was a perilous enterprise, watched with breathless interest by the passengers. After all her boxes and bundles were got safely to ground, John just took that 250 pounds in his arms and put it down as gently as you could handle a baby. My admiration for John had been growing from the first. I like jolly people, though not very jolly myself; and when I find a man cheery at four o'clock in the morning, I want to count that man among my friends. We sat there in the cold wind while John carried in all the gepack, and nobody grumbled or scolded; for it was just beautiful to see how good and kind John was. "Why, John," said one of the passengers, after we had taken a new start, "you treated the old woman as well as if she were pretty as a rose"! "I treats all the ladies alike," said John, "and I don't count age against anybody."

At the hotel, all was silence and sleep. John took me in and went with me exploring for a room. Where he found a door unlocked, he went in. From one room he came out rather suddenly, and I suspect the occupant took him for a burglar. I found my bed this morning at daybreak. The pillows were small, and the blankets were scant. But there were Brussels carpet and gas! So runs the world, too much gas and too little mantle of charity. Good-bye, for a time, and the Lord be with you.

—C. W. L.

Sept. 18, 1881.

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VASSAR AND THE PROFESSORSHIPS

BY MISS HITCHCOCK

THE clause in Matthew Vassar's will which prohibits women from occupying the chair he proposed to endow in Vassar College, has been severely commented upon by the press. The college has even been advised to refuse the bequest as an insult to the sex whose "higher education" it is the noble aim of Vassar College to advance.

Leaving out of view the general principle that a man may do what he will with his own, we still fail to appreciate wherein Mr. Vassar has offended. Nay, we would even go farther, and say that there is wisdom in the clause, far-sighted wisdom, which would secure Vassar against the possible misfortune of having the masculine element inadequately represented in the faculty. As the higher education of woman advances, and as Vassar comes to number among her graduates women whose erudition the most learned acknowledge, and whose ripe judgment and matured scholarship might well grace many another chair as that of Astronomy is now graced, it is not impossible that a time might arrive when the masculine intellect would have no more representation at Vassar than the feminine intellect has at Harvard. Now, if Mr. Vassar meant to guard against such a possibility, his thought was a wise one, and that without any disparagement of woman. The college of Tennyson's *Princess* is not an ideal desirable to be realized. For, though woman is undoubtedly the best educator, it is equally true that the intellect of woman will not have its most varied and completest training if her instructors are all of her own sex.

It is a poor rule, however, that does not work both ways. It is time something were done for the "higher education" of man. While we would have Vassar thankfully accept the bequest, condition and all, we would have the world consider the benighted condition of the colleges for the "opposite sex." And perhaps some testator, with wisdom to perceive that the intellect of man cannot have its full development without the training hand of woman, will endow a professorship at Harvard from which man shall be forever excluded!

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

THE LAUNCHING OF THE BOAT

FOR many weeks the girls had been looking forward with interest to the affair which was to make a decided break in the monotony of school life. Occasional glimpses of a new boat had been afforded them, which served but to increase their desire to use it.

On a bright May evening, the Rector declared the boat ready for use; the oars had arrived, the paint was dry, and now the *Pond Lily* should be launched. Strength only was wanting to bear the boat from the carriage-house to the lake. The proposition that the school should supply that deficiency was eagerly assented to; and soon after tea a party of athletic maidens were seen emerging from the yard and making their way with their cumbersome load across the lawn. They were joined at the water's edge by others; and there, in the presence of pupils and teachers, the boat was launched.

The privilege of the first ride belonged, of course, to the Rector and his wife, who "shoved their light shallop from the shore," amid the joyous cheers and loving acclamations of the party on the land. How beautifully the little boat glided over the bright waters! It needed but one stroke to show us that a masterhand was at the oars. The Rector's party made the grand tour, were saluted by another group as they approached the bridge; returning, they went to the head of the lake, and inspected the falls!

Once launched, the *Pond Lily* was in great demand, till the bell sounded for prayers. Those who had taken no part in the series of boatrikes of that first evening, engaged the craft for the earliest possible moment of the following day, and that was before the rising bell.

Such is the history of the early navigation of Mirror Lake. Since then the interest has never slackened, though many a luckless damsel has been precipitated over the boat's edge into the sparkling depths (?) below. The inexperienced rowers who find the shores mysteriously near each other, take, nevertheless, great pleasure on the sunny waters of Mirror Lake.

—SOPHIE CHASE.



The Landing



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A RHYME OF RESCUE

FAIR Ida was a sailor bold,
Of water she was fond,
But she who had no fear of waves
One day fell in the pond.

This comic tragedy occurred
Near to St. Mary's School,
When she and Gladys dear, set out
To row around the pool.

"See me!" quoth Ida, "I can stand
And keep my balance true,
Though winds may roar and waves may roll,
And skies be black and blue.

"I came from Cleveland, don't you know!
I've got my sea legs on.
Let's rock the boat and splash around;
Oh, we'll have lots of fun."

Then splash around indeed she did,
For overboard she fell;
A blank surprise was in her eyes,
Her terror none can tell.

"Come, pull me out, I'm sinking fast!
Oh, this is awful luck!
How can you sit and laugh at me
While in the mud I'm stuck?"

Then Gladys urged the wayward boat
And rowed with all her might;
It would not go the way it should,
Oh, what a sorry plight!

Poor Ida shrieked and struggled on;
Gladys at last drew near.
"Oh, I am saved!" the former cried,
And wiped away a tear.

But all in vain the tug and strain,
Despair now follows laughter.
"Pull for the shore!" the victim cried,
"And I'll come floundering after."

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"One oar is gone, I cannot pull!"

"Then push! be quick, be quicker!

I'm getting cold, I've got a chill,

The mud is getting thicker."

They reached at last the sedgy shore

Where weeds the feet did tangle,

And Ida's case was all the worse;

Her nerves were in a jangle.

"Help, help! more help!" she feebly cried.

"I cannot move a muscle."

While with the mud and water-cress

She had a furious tussle.

Then to the rescue, brave and true,

Strong Henrie Walker came;

Her eyes were full of western fire,

Her cheeks were all aflame.

"Trust me!" she said, "my room-mate dear,

I've come your life to save,

I'll pull you out, although your boots

May find a watery grave."

A sturdy grasp, a desperate pull;

The clinging weeds give way,

And Ida's mud-bedraggled form

Comes to the light of day.

The shipwrecked maid is saved at last,

The gallant deed is done;

Gladys and Henrie shall be praised

From rise to set of sun.

—C. W. L.

TWO of St. Mary's girls, Mrs. Law (Lura Davis) and her sister Maria, are building a church in Henry, Illinois. They build it completely themselves, with the intention of presenting it when it shall be entirely finished. To the Rector of St. Mary's School this holy work of two of his children in the Lord, baptized by him and brought by him to Confirmation, has been an occasion of great thankfulness and rejoicing.

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AFTER Evensong, the family assembled in the drawing-room to pay their respects to Bishop Burgess. As this was his first visit this year, there were many to be introduced to him. Seats were then taken, as usual, around the tables in the library. There was not, however, the usual reading. The Rector proposed that, instead, the Bishop should "spin a yarn." This he consented to do, and gave us a sea-story, an adventure of his own, when as a boy he was a passenger on a sailing vessel. The other story was also one of personal adventure, a most interesting incident that befel him in Italy, when in his youth he was making the grand tour. All were thankful to the Bishop for the delightful entertainment, and echo the wish of the Rector that he would often come over to spend Friday evening with us.

THE decision of Judge Drummond in regard to the will of Mr. Knox, without doubt will result in securing to St. Mary's School enough to build the east wing, though it may be with a delay of several years; St. Mary's being the residuary legatee, after Yale and Hamilton have received the munificent bequests which are theirs by the Judge's interpretation of the will. There will, however, be abundant opportunity for all the benefactions of those who may be "ready to give, and glad to distribute for the building of this house." A chapel should be built, scholarships should be founded, and the institution should be put upon a basis that shall extend its usefulness and insure its perpetuity.

DECEMBER always brings with it merry times, and one of these times is our Rector's birthday. No holiday is expected, but the merry-making in the evening is almost an equivalent.

After prayers the family assembled in the drawing room to await the entrance of Dr. Leffingwell. (He has been sent for, and is supposed to be very much surprised!) On this last birthday he was escorted into the room by his daughter Alice, and then was read the following address:

"DR. LEFFINGWELL,

"Our Dear Rector: Again the 5th of December announces your birthday, and again your family meet to extend to you hearty congratulations. We realize at this time more than at any other, how year after year is spent by you in earnest work for St. Mary's, making strong its foundations for the

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future, and at the same time sowing such good seed into each young heart as will surely in time bring forth good fruit.

"We, the members of your family, add to our congratulations love and appreciation. Ever in each heart shall be stamped the image of your love and care; and when some of us leave our Alma Mater to take our place in the world, your kind advice and admonitions shall be kept in mind.

"Each birthday unfolds a new page in your life; may the yet unfolded pages bear as bright a record of prosperous work as those we already know, and may many birthdays come and go before the book is closed.

"And now, with great heartiness, we all wish you a happy birthday and many a one to come."

CHAPTER XIII

FOLLOWING the Decennial, as I have remarked, school work and play went on from day to day, from year to year, in the established order, with few changes or notable events. One most interesting and important work, however, was undertaken with enthusiasm, in the early eighties, and completed with great satisfaction, the building and furnishing of the Chapel. For many years we had been longing for it and discussing ways and means of getting it. It was good for us to work for it and wait for it, and doubtless we had a finer building than would have been possible had it been undertaken at an earlier day.

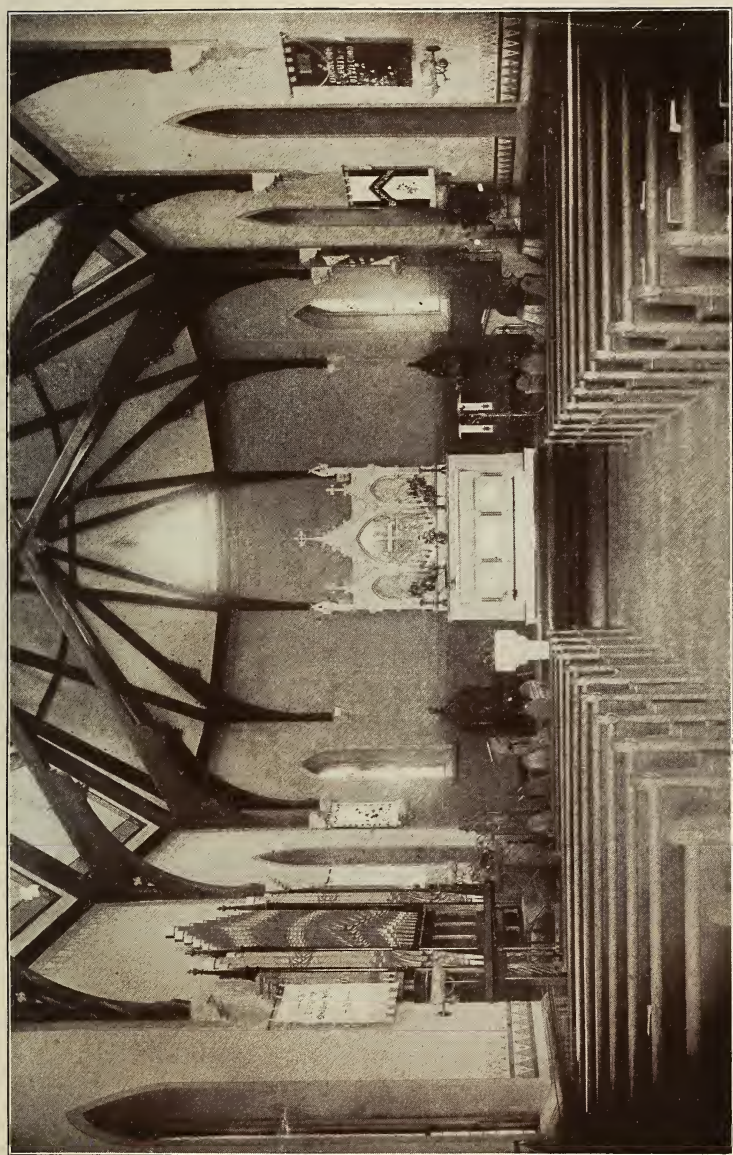
A beautiful church indeed it is; early Gothic in style, built of light grey stone, and roofed with dark slate. It is very unlike the school buildings, both in material and in architecture, yet harmonizes well with the group. It is the gem of the collection. We thought we could build it for \$10,000, but it cost much more than that. The furnishings are all gifts of teachers, students, and alumnae, the offerings of years. The altar is principally of Caen stone, which is in color a soft, creamy white. The steps, altar-slab, and shelves of retable are of white marble, and the panels in both altar and reredos are filled with tinted alabaster. The central pinnacle is surmounted by a cross, thirteen feet above

the floor of the chancel. On each side, standing nearly as high as the cross, is an angel carved in stone. The altar is seven feet from north to south, the retable nine feet. On the frontal, in letters of gold, is carved the motto of the School; "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The furnishings of the chancel are of carved oak, the massive font of white marble. The Chapel is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. The sheltered cloister leads directly from the main building to the entrance. Over the altar is a copy of Raphael's glorious *Transfiguration*. The organ, with its decorated pipes, the frescoed walls and ceilings, and the rich glass of the memorial windows, add the beauty of color to the sacred place. The great west window, "The Annunciation," was the gift of the alumnae. The open timber ceiling was made and set up in Chicago, taken down, transported to Knoxville, and put in place.

BREAKING GROUND FOR THE CHAPEL

AFTER the Diplomas were given on Graduates' Day (1881), Bishop McLaren arose and said that the most important business of the day was yet to come, and promised that, if not on the programme now, it should be before they adjourned. Then, in an eloquent speech, he stated the need of a Chapel, and pictured it as a feature, nay, as the center, of the school life. He then announced that already that morning one subscription had been made, and for one thousand dollars! by Mrs. Bradford of Cleveland. This announcement was received with an enthusiasm which was not diminished when he added that the Rector of St. Mary's School had followed with an equal sum. And now the Bishop reminded the audience that he had promised that this part of the exercises should be on the programme; they might therefore take their programmes and put upon them their subscriptions. The result of the Bishop's appeal warranted the further announcement, that the ground for the Chapel would be broken that same afternoon!



Interior of St. Mary's Church

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

At three o'clock, the guests and the family were summoned to the library, where Bishop McLaren again took the floor. He stated that the first object of the meeting was to gain the coöperation of the school in the work of raising money for the Chapel. He called upon the pupils to pledge what they would do themselves, or attempt to secure from others, subject always to the condition that parents or guardians were willing, and that no unworthy or undignified means were used to induce people to subscribe; what was wanted was free-will offerings for the holy work. The Bishop then told that the Chapel fund had not been begun, as he had supposed, that morning, but months before, by a faithful, loving daughter of St. Mary's, and a grandchild of Bishop Kemper, the Bishop whose original missionary jurisdiction of the Northwest extended over this very territory. She had thus devoted the first fruits of her earnings, in faith that a Chapel would be built; though at that time the subject had not been agitated at all.

A LONG procession issued from the east door, headed by the bishops, and preceded by the band, while some zealous priests bore upon their shoulders the spades that were to play so important a part in the ceremony. The site proposed being reached, prayer was offered for Divine blessing on the work of building "an house to the Lord." Then the first spadeful of earth was upturned by the Rector; and we doubt if in all his busy life he ever did a stroke of work with a gladder heart. May he long be spared to see the work of the Lord prospering where, amid many discouragements, he had laid so well the foundations; and in the Chapel for which he has waited so long, may many a soul be fed from his hands with the Bread of Life.

There were many thankful hearts among the company that stood that lovely afternoon on the spot where the long-desired Chapel was to be built, and tears of joy were shed on the day that made secure for St. Mary's an Altar, a place wherein should be enshrined and conserved the most holy associations of the life of the School. May God bless His work; to His Name be the praise! May He bless the founders and benefactors of St. Mary's School and Chapel for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

APPEAL BY THE BISHOPS

WE, the Bishops of the Province of Illinois, assembled at St. Mary's School, desire to record our conviction and earnest desire in regard to this Institution of the Province, in the hope of calling forth a speedy and generous response. Our conviction is that for the Christian education of girls a suitable Chapel should be provided, with all arrangements that conduce to the dignity of worship, and our desire is that the Chapel now commenced at St. Mary's shall be completed with as little delay as possible. We commend the effort of the faithful and zealous Rector in gathering a fund for this purpose, and ask for liberal contributions from all whom this letter may reach.

St. Mary's School is in admirable condition; it has done and is doing a blessed work not only for the Church but for society, and deserves the confidence and generous support of all. To finish the Chapel the sum of \$10,000 will be needed. We make this united appeal all the more earnestly and confidently, from the fact that the School is now a recognized Institution of the Province, with funds assured for current expenses, extensive improvements, and payment of all indebtedness.

(Signed)

January 9, 1882

WILLIAM E. McLAREN,
ALEXANDER BURGESS,
GEORGE F. SEYMOUR.

LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE

ONE of the happiest days in the history of St. Mary's School was that which witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of the Chapel. "Do you think we are to have a clear day tomorrow?" was asked many times. And a clear day the morrow was, as lovely an October day as one could wish. From the top of the house waved the American flag, in token that this was one of the high days of the School, and from the derrick which was to lift the stone into place floated another starry banner.

At 3 o'clock the procession formed in the east hall, the choristers singing the Trinity Hymn. In the procession were the bishops, the other clergy, lay visitors, and the members of the School. The class banners fluttering in the breeze added to the picturesqueness of the scene, as the company grouped about the platform. Thereon were the three Bishops of the Province, the Rector and the Chaplain of the

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

School, Rev. Dr. Courtney, of St. James', and Rev. R. A. Holland, of Trinity, Chicago, Rev. Mr. Benson, of Peoria, Rev. Mr. Moore, of Robins' Nest, Rev. Mr. Shrimpton, of Galesburg, Rev. Mr. Allen, of Princeton; and of the laity, Mr. Candee, of Cairo, Mr. Phillips, of Galesburg, and Mr. Stahl, of Galena.

Bishop McLaren read the lesson and the collects. The Bishop of Springfield, the Right Rev. Dr. Seymour, delivered the address.

After the address the Rector announced the contents of the box that was to be put in the stone: The *Living Church* (October 8th), the *Palladium* (October), Register of St. Mary's School (1881-82), *Knox County Republican* (October 5th), Book of Common Prayer, Decennial Record of St. Mary's School, Official Statement of the laying of the stone, a copy of the hymn written when the corner-stone of the tower was laid in '72, and sung again at the laying of the corner-stone of the Chapel. The following is the official statement:

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM

et

in honorem Beatae Mariae Virginis,
Reverendissimus et Illustrissimus Dominus,
Dominus Alexander Burgess, S. T. D.,
Episcopus Quinciensis,
Praesesque Provinciae Illinosiensis,
coram

RR. et Ill. Dominis,
Domino Gulielmo Edouardo McLaren, S. T. D.,
Episcopo Illinosiensi,
et Domino Georgio Seymour, S. T. D.,
Episcopo Springfieldiensi,
necnon

numeris clero populoque
hanc petram posuit.

III. Non. Octob. MDCCCLXXXI.

Praeside Statuum Fed: Chester A. Arthur.
Gubernatore Stat. Illinois: Shelby Cullom.

Rectore aedis S'tae Mariae: Carolo W. Leffingwell, D.D.

ALEXANDER QUINCIENSIS.
GULIELMUS E. ILLINOISIENSIS.
GEORGIUS SPRINGFIELDENSIS.

The inscription on the stone is:

D. O. M.

Sub Titulo Beatae Mariae Virginis,
A. D., 1881.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

The placing of the stone was watched with intense interest, as slowly the box disappeared from view. Bishop Burgess, as the presiding officer of the Province, then performed the official act in the name of the Holy Trinity. The *Magnificat* which followed seemed especially appropriate.

THE stone was laid, and visitors and members of the school came forward to cover it with silver pieces. The sum thus contributed amounted to \$213.45. The tiniest of the contributors was "Baby Hortense," the small daughter of the Rector, and herself no taller than the stone upon which she laid her offering. The stone was quite covered with silver. Then was sung the Corner-Stone Hymn, which was written eight years ago when the corner-stone of the central part, the "tower" of the Hall, was laid. The Benediction followed; and to the strains of the beautiful hymn, "Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us," the procession returned to the Hall.

We cannot better close this account of a day to be forever blessed in the annals of St. Mary's School, than by quoting from the appropriate lesson read at Evensong:

"And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks to the Lord, because He is good, for his mercy endureth forever toward Israel. And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the House was laid."

HYMN

For the Laying of the Corner-Stone

BY MISS HITCHCOCK

IN Thy Name, blest Three in One,
Be this work in faith begun;
While we thankfully adore,
We Thy mighty aid implore;
Resting all our hopes alone
Upon Thee, the Living Stone.

Be the Rock of our defense,
Banish every evil hence;
May foundations sure be made
On the stone in Zion laid;
Deign our humble work to own,
Tried and precious Corner-Stone!

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Seeking treasures for the mind,
Here may all true Wisdom find,
And the Pearl of Price untold,
Better far than finest gold;
Teachers, scholars, build alone
Upon Christ, the Corner-Stone.

Thou, the Heavenly Architect,
Fashion them, as "stones elect,"
For the temple of Thy grace,
For the Spirit's dwelling place;
Them, at last, rejoicing bring
To the palace of the King.

In Thy name, blest Three in One,
Be this work continued, done;
And those holy strains of praise
Which the Church delights to raise,
Still ascend unto Thy throne,
When we bring the topmost stone!

BISHOP SEYMOUR'S ADDRESS

RIGHT REVEREND BRETHREN AND BRETHREN OF THE CLERGY AND
LAITY:

IT is a great joy to be here on this bright and beautiful autumnal day, to lay the corner-stone of St. Mary's Chapel. This is the corner-stone of corner-stones; it underlies all other, and all others must rest upon it, if the structures which they support are to last and accomplish the purposes for which they are erected.

Christianity is summed up in the Incarnation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; in God the Son, clothing Himself with our nature and dwelling among us, and bringing God near to us, so that He has ears to hear us, lips to speak to us, hands to embrace us and protect us, and a heart to love us. He becomes the corner-stone of life in all its issues, of the home, of the school, of the State, of the Church. Leave Him out, and however fair the promise at the outset, and however well for a time the sequel seems to justify that promise, the end must be inevitable ruin, and the ruin is the more terrible, because the disaster is often so unexpected and so complete. Leave the Incarnate Lord out of the problem of life, and it cannot be

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

successfully worked out; be the mathematician who he may, failure will be, failure must be, the result.

A Christless home will be broken ere long. A Christless school may impart the best instruction, useful and ornamental, in every department of human knowledge; but, after all, it has only provided for the first and shortest stage of its pupil's journey, grant him or her the longest life you please. They have as luggage the languages, science, elegant accomplishments, which will serve them for three score years and ten, or perhaps four score years; but then, when they stand old and alone, poor and in misery, on the shore of the great ocean of eternity, what have they to supply their needs as they go down into the depths to be seen no more? A Christless State may rise and flourish and reach a maximum of glory, such as the world rarely sees; but in the end it perishes, because it loses its own soul, and the essence of life dies out with virtue, and truth, and principle.

Rome, to outward eye, was never grander than when Nero dwelt in the Palace of the Caesars, and St. Peter hung on his cross hard by with his head downwards; but at that very hour Rome was really dead to all that makes a nation noble and great, and in her baseness and grossness and servility was getting herself ready to be the victim of the barbarian in a future not far removed.

We say rightly and justly, then, that we are here to lay the corner-stone of corner-stones. It symbolizes Christ in His two-fold nature as the Corner-stone of humanity, the Corner-stone of life, body, intellect, and soul, complete only in Him.

This stone, then, tells us that in St. Mary's School, Christ is to be under all, that beneath her, in her care for her children, in their food and raiment, in their studies, in their affections and deepest issues of life, are the everlasting arms. The refectory, the gymnasium, the school, the rooms for recreation and social converse, all have their place and their appropriate office and character; but all rest for their real usefulness and success, in the composite and difficult work of education, upon this Corner-stone.

It must not be supposed that hitherto Christian nurture has been left out of the training of St. Mary's School, and that now for the first time it is to be added as an after-thought. On the contrary, from the outset it has been, as it ought to be, and must ever be in a Church School, the fundamental thing, the great element of education, without which all else imparted would be in the end of little worth. By its fruits ye shall know the tree; and St. Mary's girls, many of them

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

women now, bear witness all over this great State, and in many States, to the faithfulness with which the Rector and his associates have cared for the spiritual instruction of their pupils.

This day marks a stage of progress in the career of St. Mary's School. No one knows better than the speaker the trials, the difficulties, the disappointments, which must needs accompany the founding and successful establishing of a great school, since his experience for years lay in this precise path of duty; hence, he can venture to say that he uses no unreal words when he congratulates, as he does, the Rector and all who have been or are associated with him, and he may specify one whose many years of excellent service bring her nearest to the Rector in labors for St. Mary's; he congratulates them, he says, upon the bright present, which sums up a long past of love, and duty, and work, and a brighter future which seems to be dawning upon them.

It is a happy coincidence that we come here—my Right Reverend brethren, and myself and others—from the Provincial Council of Illinois. Yesterday we held our first regular annual session, and by formal resolution, unanimously passed, we recognized and constituted St. Mary's School, Knoxville, an institution, or, if you please, a daughter of the Province. She is our eldest child, and we are justly proud of her, and we mean to do—I am sure I speak the mind of my Right Reverend brethren—we mean to do all we can for her, and we feel sure that she in turn will help us, that her pupils will be the heart and soul of Church life where they dwell.

The structure which will rise here on this corner-stone will be a shelter for our daughters from the evil world, and from the evil which is in the world and in themselves. It will be, in the Presence which, when it is consecrated, will come here and abide here, a Palace, where the great King, through our Intercessor and Advocate, will welcome His children, and hold out to them His golden sceptre, as did Ahasuerus to Esther, and grant them their petitions. It will be a fountain of life, where He who gives the early and the latter rain and who fills our barns with plenty, will in His sacraments and means of grace fill the hungry with good things. It will be a Divine school, where the pupils will learn so to frame and fashion their lives that they will be like the life of the Master.

St. Mary's Chapel! The name reminds us that woman is nearest, in fact and in thought, to the Incarnation. Of the substance of the Blessed Virgin our Lord took His human nature; He had an earthly

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

mother. She was with Him in His years of dependence, in His infancy and childhood. Woman was nearest to Him at the last; she stood beneath the Cross; her eyes prevented the night watches, that she might be earliest at the tomb with her ointments and sweet spices.

What an incentive this, for the pupils of St. Mary's School to strive to be near their Lord. Let Him be before you in all you do, let nothing be so separated from Him that you can not bring it to Him in your prayers, and then will you build upon this Corner-Stone lives that will endure and that will make part of that temple which will fill the New Jerusalem with glory.

BISHOP McLAREN'S ADDRESS

On Graduates' Day, 1882

A YEAR ago was a red-letter day in the history of St. Mary's School. The event of that day revealed to us that the will of God was working out the dearest wish of many hearts, that on this classic ground an Altar shall be reared, whereon throughout the long coming years the Holy Mysteries may be celebrated. For God put it into the hearts of many who were present to give liberally towards this object. More than four thousand dollars were subscribed, of which over three thousand have been paid in, and the rest will be forthcoming when needed. Ground was broken, you remember, that very day, and the grand project will go forward to completion. The total sum required is \$10,000, and this we hope in God that we shall secure.

I have heard the objection made, that this is too much money to put into a Chapel for this School. To this I would answer that it is indeed too much, one dollar would be too much, if we proposed to furnish only a secular education here. To educate young ladies along the lines only of intellectual development, to train them only in the arts of the world, does not require any of the appliances of worship or the means by which hearts are lifted up toward God and eternity. But St. Mary's is distinctly and avowedly a Christian school. Here the name most in honor is "the Name that is above every name." Here the truest wisdom is recognized to be the wisdom that cometh down from above. Here the principles for which we would expend the best strength of our lives, and for which, if need be, we would, I trust, be willing to die, are those principles of religion which rec-

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

ognize our need of God and of the redeeming power of His dear Son.

We aim to give the dear girls who come to this classic spot a symmetrical culture into which the spiritual shall as distinctly enter as the intellectual; and in order more thoroughly to accomplish our purpose we shall have a Chapel here upon the ground. Now, as the spiritual is not only more important than the intellectual, as mental cultivation can be most successfully promoted by an earnest spiritual development, and as the instrumentalities of religion are designed to express in an outward form the deep devotion of human hearts to Him whom we love and adore, we are not prepared to admit that we could expend too much upon our Chapel. Could I command the treasures of the earth, I would build the stately walls of pure gold. Could I lay hand on the flashing gems of the mine and the noblest creations of art, I would decorate this holy place all gloriously, so that by its outward splendors, as well as by the spiritual associations of the spot, it would draw back those who from year to year go out into active life, and exert a sanctifying influence upon all who should habitually worship at its beautiful Altar.

It is generally known that provision is made for the completion of the present school building by the addition of a wing on the east, of the same size as this on the west. And what a magnificent pile it will be when all is done! Think of all the added means of useful and thorough work! Think, too, of the Chapel, looking eastward, eastward in the direction from which all the great movements of history have sprung, which have spread the blessings of civilization over the world, eastward where the Dayspring from on high burst in supernatural beauty, and where the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in His wings.

St. Mary's School has been a blessing to the Church in Illinois and to the whole State. Wherever St. Mary's girls, aye, and St. Mary's women, are known, they are recognized as having been thoroughly trained in the substantial elements of a fine education, as well as in the accomplishments which go far to promote purity and dignity of character, and to make the woman the lady. We want to keep up this grand work and to increase it by many degrees, and we must have this Chapel as an indispensable means to this end.

This school is, as I have said, a blessing to the State at large. How much more then is it a local benefit! We have no narrow or contracted plans for the future; we contemplate a larger institution than

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

many imagine. The people of this town and vicinity may well feel a pride and interest in the welfare of a school which has made Knoxville an honored name in educational circles. They ought fully to realize how vastly all this will be increased, when the work so happily begun last year shall have been completed. To them we look for substantial aid in its accomplishment. It is not our purpose today to ask for subscriptions, but one thing is to be done, the Chapel must be finished within the next twelve months—finished and paid for—so that when next we meet here upon Graduation Day, the Bishops of the Province shall be enabled to consecrate it.

I commend this work, dear friends, to your consideration. Help us, and the blessing of peace will be yours, and you shall have part hereafter, in the songs that will resound in the beautiful sanctuary, in the solemn sacrifices which will be offered, and in the grateful memories of the multitude of our country's fair daughters, who shall gather here, in the long years to come, to gain the secrets of earthly and celestial knowledge.

WORKING FOR THE CHAPEL

NO one staying at St. Mary's and seeing the earnest work that is going on every day, would doubt that the Chapel is soon to be a reality.

The different classes have formed themselves into societies to work for it, each having a special part of the building to work for; the "Wood Carvers" ('84) taking the carved oaken door leading from the cloister into the Chapel; the "Stone Cutters" ('85) the stone cross to surmount the west gable; and another society, which includes the Senior and the Senior Middle Classes, the stone carving for the window in the same gable. This is to be the largest window. We had hoped that some society would undertake the new organ which Professor Laux says we must have, but none have had courage to attempt so much as yet.

The old girls, too, are working hard; many of them feeling as much interested as if they were not many miles away from St. Mary's. One class has engaged to make a surplice for Dr. Leffingwell. Tears and rips are mended by the members of '82 and '83, at the reasonable and somewhat indefinite charge of five cents a seam. Embroidery is done by St. Mary's Guild; and now '86 offers to wash paint brushes. Surely, they are in earnest, or they would not undertake such tiresome

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

business. New notices have appeared this week, advertising to do "shampooing" and to wash hair brushes; and the new numbers on the new clothes boxes in the North Hall have just been painted by some youthful artists, for the benefit of the Chapel fund.

There is enough money collected and promised to warrant the getting of the stone, and Dr. Leffingwell will order it this month. If by the time it is ready to be put up there is not money enough to go on with the work, it will wait till there is enough, for not one cent of debt is to be incurred. We have great hopes that building will be resumed in the spring. Our readers will remember that the foundation was put in last autumn.

THE beautiful Indian Summer weather is being turned to good account by the workmen on the Chapel and on the foundations of the cloister and the east wing. A favorite stroll after dinner is around the east side of the Hall to see what has been accomplished. Happy are they who arrive in time to see one of the great stones of the cornice raised to its place.

Piles of sand and of stone occupy the site of garden beds. But in their promise of future beauty and usefulness, they are appreciated even more than the fading blossoms whose places they usurp. Perhaps some undergraduates may draw the lesson that they are gathering now the stones that must build up the fair fabric of the mind. Some of these stones are now unsightly, and are crushing many a fair flower of pleasure which we would fain have gathered. But courage! Patience and perseverance will lay the foundations of character and of mind. Thus reflecting, much that now seems hard may be accepted, not only may be cheerfully endured, but is to be enjoyed in the spirit in which we are now enjoying the despoiled flowerbeds, with their promise of more enduring good.

—Y. Y. K.

EVER since I read in *The Palladium*, "The Chapel is to be," I decided that the first money I earned should assist in building it, and now, here is my mite. My offering may come at a late hour, still I trust it is not too late. My heart and my prayers have been with you since the Chapel was first spoken of, and I am glad, even in this small way, to help. It rejoices me very much to hear of the great prosperity of the School, and to know that the building is soon to be enlarged. I do get so "homesick" for St. Mary's, sometimes, and I find there is no time that I so long to be with you, as in the Lenten

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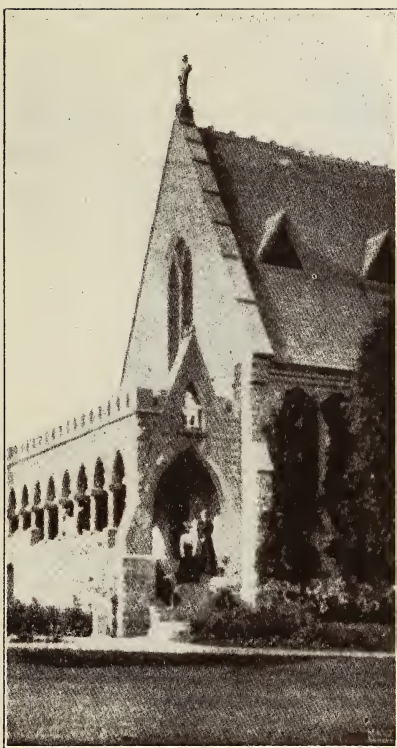
Season. I consider myself so much a part of St. Mary's as to fancy that I shared in the honor shown to the School, by the letter from Queen Victoria, printed in the last *Palladium*. —ALUMNA.

THE frescoing in the chapel is completed (1884) and is very beautiful, especially the ceiling over the chancel, which is of a sky-blue color and studded with golden stars. This was the contribution, or, rather, one of the contributions, of Dr. Leffingwell. St. Elizabeth's Guild will give the wainscoting, and St. Agnes' Guild, the flooring. The triangular windows piercing the roof are of stained glass, the gift of St. Mary's Guild; a very handsome one over the altar was given by Margaret Boyd, of '81. None of the other permanent windows are in, although we understand several are promised, and the furniture is yet wanting; still we live in the hope of holding our daily services there in the Spring (1885), as the various guilds are devoting their savings and earnings to the completion of the Chapel. Now who will give the organ?

SERVICES AND CONSECRATION

THE eve of St. Barnabas' Day (1885) was rendered memorable by the opening of the Chapel for daily service. It had been used before that time; once at the Commencement in Eighty-three, and none who were there will forget Carrie Elliot's pretty wedding, when the scaffolding was up, decked with green boughs to conceal its ugliness. But now, the scaffolding away, the tinted walls looked warm and bright; stained glass had begun to blossom into beauty in the windows; and, above all, "the altar unto the Lord" was at last in its place. It was a goodly sight, when from the house and from the green lawn groups moved towards the Chapel, as the golden evening brightened in the west, and vesper lights greeted them from the flower-decked Altar as they entered. "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord," was the language of many a heart. Matins and Evensong were sung regularly in the Chapel until the close of the school; and those who were going away not to return were especially thankful that, for one week at least, they were permitted to have a part in the long desired and beautiful church.

On the morning of the 11th of June, 1888, a large company assembled to attend the consecration. Bishop McLaren, Rev. Dr. Holland, Rev. F. W. Taylor, and Rev. John Wilkinson, were present.



St. Mary's Church and Cloisters

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

At the door, the Article of Donation was read by Mr. H. H. Candee, one of the Trustees, after which the clergy proceeded to the chancel. An eloquent sermon was preached by Dr. Holland on the text, "All generations shall call me blessed," in which he spoke in the most glowing terms of the influence of woman. Dr. Holland is a powerful speaker, and we felt it a great privilege to hear him.

The Chapel was complete in all its furnishings, and out of debt. It was consecrated under the name of St. Mary's Church.

THE BISHOP'S BLESSING

(From the Address to the Graduates)

AND now, beloved daughters, whom we shall meet here no more, a farewell blessing upon you, and upon each of you. Your teachers will miss you from their daily work. They will see your faces no longer at the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise. No longer students here, sharing their sympathy and their love, you go out from this school to take your part in life, to work, to do, to suffer, possibly, but only as the God whose name is love, appoints or permits. You may be sure our full hearts go out with you in earnest prayer to Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, that His eye and His hand may be over you for good; that, bringing you safe through every danger, He may give you, finally, the crown of life. We only crave of you your blessing and your prayer for your Alma Mater, and for those who come after you, to share the blessings and the honor which she now bestows on you.

"God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve, and keep you. The Lord mercifully with His favor look upon you and fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace, that you may so live in this world, that in the world to come you may have life everlasting."

CHAPTER XIV

THE supreme tragedy of our Early Days occurred about one o'clock in the morning of January fourth, 1883, the day of the reopening after the holidays. Only about a third of our ninety students, with officers and teachers, had returned.

After a fatiguing day I was sleeping soundly, when suddenly I became aware that the building was on fire. I sprang from bed and began to put on my outer garments. "What is the matter?" enquired my wife, aroused by my hurried movements. "There is a fire in the house. Don't you smell the smoke?" "No," she said, "you must be mistaken."

Directing her to take blankets and escape with the children, I found the little boys in the nursery across the hall nearly smothered in smoke, and started them down the stairs dragging their blankets after them. The teachers were quickly called, the gong bells were rung in the halls, and the big bell in the tower, and every room on our floor was visited. For the third floor, only two or three students had returned, and they had permission to sleep that night with companions on the second floor. Enquiry was made of each officer and teacher, if every girl in her section was safe.

All had proceeded swiftly and quietly. There was no panic, no effort to save anything except warm ap-

parel. The fire burned slowly, at first, confined between the floors and ceilings, where the hose which Dr. Rudd and the foreman were handling could not reach it.

Seeing that nothing more could be done or need be done to save life, I thought to save some books and pictures in my study. I was getting a handful of currency from the cash drawer when it occurred to me that possibly, after all, some one might be in danger on the third floor. With a few bounds I was at the head of the two long flights of stairs, and there, sitting on a trunk, was a young girl, crying. She had gone up to her room and dragged her trunk to the stairway. "Get out of this, at once!" I sternly ordered. "Take hold of the banisters and slide down!" The smoke was so bad we could scarcely find our way.

Then the door of the elevator burst open, and a dense cloud of smoke burst out. Seeing I could do no more and must think of saving myself, I shouted, "The last call, every one out!" I was about to follow the course I had ordered the frightened girl to take, when I heard a gasping, smothered cry, not far away, and plunging through the smoke I soon caught hold of a white clad figure, bewildered and almost suffocated, staggering towards the stairway. It was Miss Hitchcock. Fearing that some one had been overlooked, she had been exploring the vacant halls and rooms of the third floor. How we got down to the second floor, I never could remember. There I was able to open an outside porch door, and we recovered our breath for another desperate descent and a dash through the front door into the snow! Still almost breathless, we had to laugh as I helped Miss Hitchcock to put on my warm cassock which I had thrown out of the window with the mailbox.

People from town had begun to gather on the sidewalk, in silence watching with us the flames break through the roof and mount the tower. The fire company, with its noisy truck of ladders and tools, came by and broke the spell. The firemen dared not enter the burning building to save anything; so I set them to breaking the windows outside, to make sure that every one had been aroused. While this smashing of glass was going on, our attention was attracted by the raising of a third story window; two girls appeared, leaning out of it, calling for help, smoke pouring out over their heads.

After all our precautions and efforts, we had missed them! Could they yet be saved? The ladders, quick! "Jump! and we'll catch you," shouted some one in the excited crowd. "Shut up, you fool!" I answered. "For them to jump is certain death." Calling to the imperilled girls I assured them we would save them if they could hold on a minute or two. The long ladder was already in place, reaching to the sill of the window beneath them on the second floor, and firemen were mounting with a shorter ladder which they hooked over the sill of the third story window above. The crowd cheered as the rescue seemed assured.

In less than a minute the catastrophe came. Without waiting for the firemen to go up to steady the ladder, one of the girls was on it, and before she reached the lower end the other sprang out with such force as to throw the hook off the window sill. Her companion who had reached the lower end fell directly to the ground; the one above, who had just begun to descend, was thrown out, as by a flying leap, and fell insensible almost at my feet. The ladder to which she was clinging was not at first disengaged at the lower end, and its

slow motion as the top swung off into the air, perhaps retarded her fall.

The injured students, Miss Hosford and Miss Gillette, were taken to Dr. Rosenberg's, near by, where physicians were in immediate attendance. They found conditions very serious, and advised sending for parents at once. But the telegraph operator was sick in bed! I hurried to his home, got the key to the office, called Galesburg on the wire, and managed to tick out the message (I knew the code by practice in my own office): "St. Mary's is burning, operator ill, send man at once by special engine." In fifteen minutes he arrived.

In the excitement and anxiety of that tragic hour, none of us had felt cold or fatigue, though some were insufficiently clad. It was a winter night and the ground was covered with snow. Kind citizens almost contended for the privilege of giving shelter to our homeless people and supplying their needs. The little boys had to lie in bed the next morning until proper clothes could be sent from the store, because they would not put on the girl's garments that were offered them! My wife, in *robe de nuit* and blankets, with baby Gertrude in her arms, was taken to the almshouse by Dr. McClelland, physician in charge. There are worse places to go on a winter night (or any other night, in fact) than the Knox County poor house! God bless the dear people of Knoxville whose sympathy and shelter we shared, even to the wearing of their clothes!

"Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.

"Who saveth thy life from destruction and crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness."

How did it happen that two students were sleeping on the third floor, when the officers in charge declared

that no one was there? The only one who had a room there had permission to stay on the floor below, with a companion whose room-mate had not returned. Later in the evening, without reporting to the teacher, they decided to go to the room above.

WITH great reluctance I have written this account of the fire which destroyed the noble building of our Early Days. So far as I know, the story of that dreadful night has never before been told in detail, and the record would be incomplete without it. I regret that in this description I have had to make frequent mention of my own activities. Could I have done more and better, is a question that has haunted me all these years.

There is no doubt that my awakening as I did saved life, that of our own children first. And how did I happen to wake at the critical time? And how did I know the house was on fire? I was sleeping soundly. Suddenly I was wide-awake, on my feet, and girding myself for action. I could not account for it then, and the explanation that I offer now, after many years of consideration, may not be satisfactory to any one else. But why should it be thought incredible that an angel spoke to my subconscious soul in that moment of supreme peril, when the lives of half a hundred people depended upon the warning? All Christian people profess to believe in the ministry of angels. In our Evensong, from the first, we had always prayed, "May Thy good angels guard us." Most impressively that prayer was answered, when I was wakened by an angel that winter night.

Another recognition of the ministry of angels was given later, when the two injured students, on their re-

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

covery, united in the presentation of a great Bible for the Chapel, with this inscription, suggested by Bishop Burgess:

Presented to St. Mary's Chapel
by
Kate A. Hosford and Georgiana S. Gillette
In memory of their deliverance from the fire,
January 4th, A. D. 1883
"He shall give His angels charge over thee."

ONE incident of the tragedy of that awful night should have more than passing mention. Grateful acknowledgment is due to the fireman who was painfully but not dangerously injured, Ewing Keightley. With Orton Arms he had scaled the first ladder, rope in hand to make it fast, and there, on the precarious footing of a window sill, high in air, they raised the second ladder to the window above. It was a thrilling exhibition of skill and courage. The name of "Ewing" may have passed with the burning of the old University building (our west wing), but Ewing Keightley inscribed it on the Roll of Honor that night.

Long before daylight the walls had fallen, the crowd had dispersed, and our company of homeless teachers and students had been distributed among friends in town. Dr. and Mrs. Rosenburg were almost crowded out of their home by refugees. Bishop Burgess came by the first train from Quincy, and rendered timely aid, especially to students arriving and departing, for some were on the way before they heard of the fire.

The origin of the fire was doubtless a defect in the chimney with which the only stove in the house was connected. The soot had sifted through a crack between

the basement ceiling and the floor above, and had become ignited when the chimney burned out the day before. It was smoldering there for hours, and would have been discovered and easily extinguished, but for the ventilating construction between the joists, which kept the smoke and fire moving to a central ventilating shaft. When the fire broke out it was too much spread to be controlled.

The hour before that morning's dawn was the darkest hour of my life; not so much for what I had suffered and lost, as for the distress which had come upon so many related to me, and for the disaster which had overtaken my life work. These lines from my report in the *Living Church* indicate my profound depression at that time: "To the rebuilding of St. Mary's I am ready to do anything in my power. I shall stand by it if life and health are given me, but if it must go down, I fear I must go down with it. God's will be done."

THE night of gloom was followed by the sunshine of sympathy—twice blessed sympathy, "that blesseth him that gives and him that takes." Messages and letters came to us, "like the gentle rain from heaven;" showers of love and comfort and hope. They were all answered without aid of typewriter, by Miss Hitchcock and other members of the faculty, while I was struggling to prepare a shelter for the loyal students who were eager to return. From hundreds of consoling messages, all prized and precious, I select these for publication:

FROM BISHOP TUTTLE:

(See engraved facsimile letter opposite)

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Saethake, Jan^y 5, 1883.

My Dear Dr. Leffingwell:

I've read the
dispatch in our morning paper.
Alas! St. Mary's burned to the ground!

God keep you & give you strength
& skill to do all that now precipitates
itself upon you to be done —

Words can't much help
you — But I am praying
for you: & send herein
unmeasured loving sym-
pathy —

Again, God bless you
& dear Mr. Leffingwell —

In sympathy

Ever Affectionately yours

David Leffingwell

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

FROM BISHOP McLAREN:

Chicago, Jan. 6, 1883. It distresses me to hear that you are laid up with a sprained ankle. Poor fellow! I wish I could bear some of your burdens for you. My wife has put the latch string in Mrs. Leffingwell's hand, and we want her to pull it. Mrs. N. K. Fairbanks was here today, and wants to do something to show her sympathy.

Again, Bishop McLaren wrote to the *Living Church*:

I do not think there has ever been presented to the Churchmen of Illinois a cause so worthy of their sympathetic interest and pecuniary assistance. It was a noble School, indeed; it was doing a work for the Church, the value of which cannot be overstated; it was blooming out into larger proportions, and into the prospect of increased usefulness. In one lurid hour, St. Mary's disappeared!

FROM BISHOP BURGESS:

Quincy, Jan. 4, 1883 (Bishop Burgess, instead of writing a letter, on the morning of the fire came by the first train, and remained several days, giving helpful service.)

FROM BISHOP SEYMOUR:

Cairo, Ill., Jan. 5, 1883. I seize the earliest moment to express to you my heartfelt sympathy in this calamity. Of course you lift up your head, and cry, "Forward," but you need encouragement at such a crisis, and I beg to say that whatever the Bishops and Trustees resolve to do, I am ready to go to the utmost limit of my ability. God help and comfort you. I know what it is to stand and see a building, the pride of one's heart, burn down.

FROM BISHOP WHIPPLE:

Faribault, Jan. 9, 1883. I cannot tell you how deeply I sympathize with you in this great sorrow. None but those who bear heavy burdens know how many prayers and hopes and fears and heartaches it costs to build up such a work. None know what a burden of grief comes with its destruction. I have passed through so many such scenes, I can and do feel for you. Dark as it may be, out of it there will come a blessing we cannot see. Our Father leads us by a way we know not. It is often a rough way; the feet will bleed and the heart

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will ache. We reach out and cannot grasp His hand. He is there, the same Father in the cloud as in the sunshine. If it is His way, it is the best way home. We never succeed as we planned. We always succeed as He wills. You too will succeed in His way.

FROM BISHOP ROBERTSON:

St. Louis, Jan. 11, 1883. Oh, the pity of it! Of course the School cannot go down. But don't be cast down. I am sorry for the painful sprain. Many are watching you and thinking of you, and praying that you may not be discouraged.

FROM BISHOP PERRY:

Davenport, Iowa, Jan. 11, 1883. In the midst of visitations and pressing duties, I can not but find a moment to assure you of the sympathy and sorrow we all feel in view of the destruction of St. Mary's, and our earnest hope that your School may arise from the ashes with undiminished excellence and even greater capacities for usefulness.

FROM BISHOP J. H. HOBART BROWN:

Fond du Lac. I hope that the School will rise brighter and stronger for the fiery trial through which it has passed. I wish that episcopal treasures could yield something more helpful than good wishes and words.

FROM BISHOP VAIL:

Topeka, Jan. 12, 1883. It is a great public loss, and for the Church's sake, very grievous. I fully understand your own personal affliction, to see the labor of so many years prostrated so suddenly; for, engaged in the same toils, I know the sense of labor lost and life expended, and the prostrating disappointment. But try to keep up. This very trial may be the occasion which will give you success even greater than that you have ever before anticipated. Wait and trust, while you strive.

FROM BISHOP DOANE:

Albany, Jan. 27, 1883. We have had you much in mind and heart since the news came of the great loss which has fallen upon you;

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

while we have thanked God for the great mercy which spared you any loss of life; and honored the courage and capableness which under God prevented it. We realize the great anxiety and the grave hindrance to work which must have ensued, and we feel very strongly with you in all the trials and difficulties in your situation. The ladies and children of St. Agnes' School, Albany, have asked me to enclose the amount of their small offering, which you will take rather as measuring their ability in the presence of other demands, than as the measure of their interest and sympathies.

FROM RACINE COLLEGE, WISCONSIN:

Jan. 20, 1883. Dr. William J. Gold, Secretary, writes: At a meeting of the Faculty of Racine College, the Secretary was directed to convey to you an expression of profound sympathy with yourself and your associates in the recent severe loss you have sustained by the burning of St. Mary's School. As common workers in the field of Christian Education, we venture to express the confident hope that the injury thus inflicted upon your most important work may be but temporary, and that St. Mary's may rise from her ashes to a career of even greater usefulness and success in the cause of sound Christian training, than in times past.

FROM THE CATHEDRAL CHAPTER, QUINCY:

Jan. 8, 1883. We, the Cathedral Chapter, in common with all Church people in the Diocese, feel deeply the disaster God has permitted in the burning of the house of our Provincial School for Girls. We see the merciful hand of our Lord the Preserver in the rescue of its inmates. We sympathize with all who suffer from this calamity, and especially with the noble Rector of the School, by whose labor and skill, yea, rather, by whose heart and spirit, under the favor of our Lord, it has attained such excellence and success.

FROM LOMBARD UNIVERSITY:

Galesburg, Jan. 4, 1883. Lombard sends her deepest sympathy, and requests you to call on her faculty for any service within her power.

FROM DR. COLE, PRESIDENT OF NASHOTAH HOUSE:

Let me assure you that I mourn with you. May the good Lord open a way for you through the darkness.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

FROM THE REV. CANON KNOWLES, CHICAGO:

I could not keep the tears out of my eyes when I read the account of your dreadful experience. How frightful to see one's heart consumed that way. But good must come from all this, and I hope you will yet realize the ideal St. Mary's, which a new building will enable you to accomplish.

FROM THE REV. DR. EVERHART, MONTGOMERY, ALA.:

The loss must be terrible. The interruption of your work is really distressing. May the good Lord comfort and guide you in this hour of your trial.

FROM MRS. MARGARET W. ELLIOTT, PITTSBURGH:

If I did not know how brave and trustful you are, I should almost despair for you. I am anxious lest the shock and excitement may tell upon your health.

FROM ALBERT E. NEELY, CHICAGO:

My house is open to yourself and family, or to some of the pupils. Would suggest that you lease suitable temporary quarters in Chicago, unless you know of a better location, and re-open at once.

FROM THE REV. DR. F. W. TAYLOR, DANVILLE, ILL.:

Verily it is a sore grief to see the loving labor of so many years swept away in an hour. St. Mary's must be rebuilt. God bless you, and make the present calamity to be a blessing in disguise.

FROM THE REV. DR. WM. B. CORBYN, QUINCY:

I am too sad, sad, sad, to write a word. Your sorrow is our sorrow. Prayers were offered at the Celebration, this morning, for St. Mary's and all its sufferers. Do not despair, my brave, heroic brother! St. Mary's will be rebuilt. You will yet sing *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* over the ashes of the past.

FROM THE REV. W. H. MOORE, DECATUR, ILLINOIS:

The clergy in Illinois know what a good work the School has done for the Church, and each one can feel the blow as affecting his own work. You know you have my deep sympathy in your own sore trial.

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FROM THE REV. DR. CORBETT, BATTLE CREEK, MICH:

As my parish was the first that contributed towards the inception of St. Mary's School, so now in the midst of its charred desolation, I would fain be first in extending sympathy for the great loss which must almost overwhelm you. I congratulate you that no lives were sacrificed.

FROM THE REV. DR. JOSHUA KIMBER, NEW YORK:

It is very hard to see the fruits of so many years of faithful and most useful labor apparently consumed in the flames, and I beg to assure you of my hearty wish that I could restore to you your interrupted prosperity. I can, however, assure you of my hope and belief, which all your friends will share, that through your indomitable energy and with God's blessing, a new and even better St. Mary's School will replace the old one.

FROM THE REV. DR. RUSSELL, WATERBURY, CONN.:

I hope that though you are cast down, you are not destroyed, that you will find friends to help you, and that the future of St. Mary's will be better through the present trial by fire. Whatever comes of it, you must be grateful for what you have done in the past.

FROM THE REV. WM. B. MORROW, PHILADELPHIA:

You met the terrifying circumstances with clear head and firmness, like a man. I am sure you keep up a stout heart and look forward with calmness and trust. The Lord has wonderfully blessed you and prospered your work hitherto.

FROM THE REV. DR. JEWELL, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS:

May it please Almighty God to make this calamity the means of opening the hearts and hands of His people so that the glory of the latter house shall be greater than the former.

FROM THE REV. GEORGE C. STREET, CHICAGO:

Aside from all other considerations, your personal loss is so tremendous that, if it were any one else, I should be almost in despair. But you are gifted with such indomitable energy, that I can see light through the darkness.

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FROM THE REV. DR. C. ELLIS STEVENS, NEW YORK:

The School will be re-established and you will see it. You need not fear. The long years of labor have not been in vain. The disaster has a blessing behind it, you may be sure of that. It is the hour for faith, and firm trust in the Father.

FROM THE REV. J. M. WADDLE, PASTOR, KNOXVILLE:

It makes my heart sad to see the ruins of that beautiful building. I know you feel like letting the building go without a word, if the lives of those injured scholars are only saved. This occurrence must have fallen upon you like a terrible stroke. One thinks it would be almost impossible to stand up under it.

FROM MRS. D. M. SMITH, PRINCETON, ILLINOIS:

Please accept the enclosed to aid in the rebuilding of St. Mary's School. May God sustain you in your noble work, is the earnest prayer of a woman who has no daughters, but wants the School rebuilt, with you at its head, for the great blessing it will confer on the mothers who have daughters.

FROM R. F. NEWCOMB, QUINCY:

My hearty sympathy. Put me down for One Thousand Dollars towards rebuilding St. Mary's.

FROM S. CORNING JUDD, ESQ., CHICAGO:

We all regret exceedingly that in addition to all other troubles you have had the pain and annoyance of a sprained ankle. Notwithstanding our great sorrow because of your terrible misfortune, we have extracted from the calamity a grain of amusement in contemplating the fact that you had to go to the Poorhouse.

FROM MR. LOWBER BURROWS, DECATUR, ILLINOIS:

What can I say to you in the face of this crushing blow to your hopes and plans for which you have striven so hard and manfully? My deepest sympathies and those of our whole family go out to you and yours.

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FROM H. A. WILLIAMSON, QUINCY:

With your great energy and good judgment the School will soon be prospering again. You have the good-will and confidence of everyone, and you will not want for money to put St. Mary's on a good foundation again.

FROM LETTERS FROM THE ALUMNAE

Warmest sympathies. Hope all are well and none injured.

Are you all safe? Send particulars. Yours in deepest sorrow.

You do not know how our hearts ache when we think of the dear home destroyed, and of the sufferings of the dear man who has done so much for us.

I was so happy the three years I was there. I feel as if my home were gone.

I have heard how destitute of clothes many were left, and have been making a suit for little Hortense.

I am happy to send you a check, the proceeds of a musicale given by the Quincy girls.

I cannot realize that the school we loved so well, the building of which we were all so proud, is entirely destroyed, nor can I shake off the feeling of depression I have felt ever since I heard of the fire.

Your letter of today transformed me from the heart-broken girl I was, when I read that our invalids are improving, and the school work is to be resumed so soon.

I know we are far away, but I must express my grateful appreciation of your loving kindness to me while St. Mary's was my school home.

To me the greatest loss was the library. It takes so long to gather such a fine collection of books and pictures, as St. Mary's was fortunate to possess. With what care and judgment they were selected!

The loss has seemed to me personal. Indeed, a sad misfortune has come upon my Alma Mater, never dearer to me than now when she is in trouble.

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We can think of nothing else. The very thought is terrible and heartrending, but what can have been the reality through which you have passed!

We are heart-broken. Nothing except the destruction of my own home could make me feel as this does.

I feel almost as though my own home had been destroyed, for St. Mary's was a second home to me for four such happy years.

Enclosed find a little token of our love for the dear School, which we hope some time to see more beautiful than before.

It is with heart-felt grief that I send you my sympathy in the terrible affliction that has overtaken our dearly loved St. Mary's.

We are so thankful that it is no worse. We in Chicago, after the great fire, can truly sympathize with you.

My heart is full of sympathy for you. Your work has been so blessed for so many years. It must be that the School will rise again from its ashes.

I hope you have all recovered from the shock and exposure and that nothing more serious may develop.

It seemed at first as though the prayer for the School had not been heard; but I know it had been heard, when I think how much worse the disaster might have been.

I hope and believe that the building will be restored in fairer proportions, and that the school will be again the center of high attainments and bountiful blessing.

The burning of the school affects me like the loss of a dear friend, especially when I think of the treasures which no money can replace.

It is too bad. And the poor girls who were injured and others who lost everything! But the dreadful fire in Milwaukee should make us think how much we have to be thankful for, that everyone was saved.

CHAPTER XV

EARLY in the morning that followed the great disaster, I visited the ruins. The scene was desolate and depressing, but there was in it a ray of hope, a symbol of God's love. The beautiful stone Chapel, that had not been touched by fire, stood out against the background of the bright eastern sky, and the shadow of the Cross fell upon the snow-covered lawn. The shadow of the Cross! symbol of suffering and sacrifice! But lift up thine eyes to the Cross that crowns the unscathed edifice, and thou shalt see there a symbol of hope and victory! The shadow shall pass, but the white stone Cross above shall grow more radiant as the day advances. To my mind came the vision of Constantine and the inscription of his battle-flag, *In hoc signo vinces*.

It is the will of God, I said, that St. Mary's shall be rebuilt!

Meantime, the School must be re-assembled. The living institution is of more importance than the walls which sheltered it. What can be done? There is no available building in Knox County large enough to house the half of us.

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on."

And the kindly Light of God's Providence did lead us. That same morning came a note from the President

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

of Ansgari College, Knoxville, offering us the temporary use of his college building. God bless thee, Dr. Princell! Thy name shall lead all the rest!

PRESIDENT PRINCELL'S LETTER

Ansgari College, Knoxville, Ill., January 4th, 1883.

REV. C. W. LEFFINGWELL, D.D.

My dear Sir: Deeply touched by learning of the sad calamity that happened to you and your excellent school in the early hours of this morning, I do not only truly sympathize with you, "weeping with those that weep," but I shall be inexpressibly happy if I can do anything towards helping you in any way, by any means in my power. If you can make any use, temporarily, of our building, I do believe it will be placed at your disposal, or some arrangement can be made with you, by the proper authorities. As soon as possible I hope personally to call on and see you, Doctor.

Now in adversity and sadness sympathizing, but always,

Truly yours,

J. G. PRINCELL.

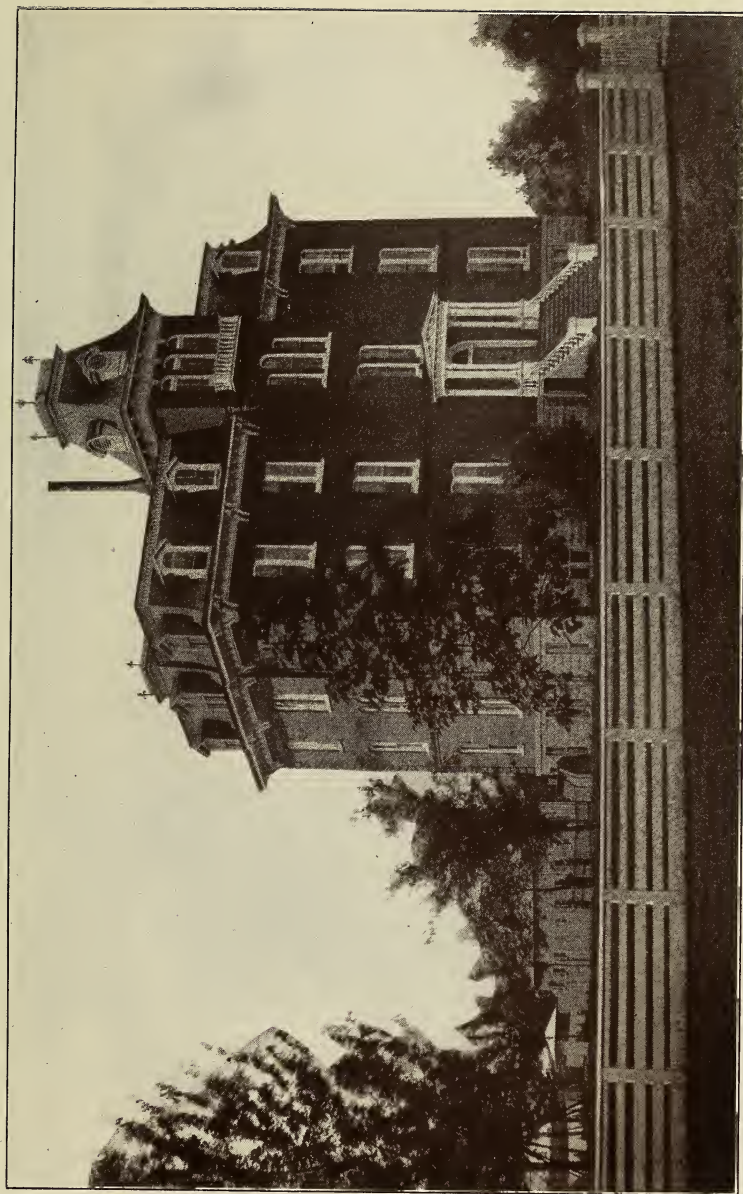
The arrangement was promptly made. The faculty and students of Ansgari College (not a large number) were to seek boarding places in town, and for recitations and lectures the city gave the use of rooms in the Court House. Within a day or two after the fire, we started to build an Annex to the College, a dormitory one hundred feet long; this would provide alcoves for forty students. With repairs of the main building it was finished, and a steam heating plant was installed, in less than four weeks, during zero weather. At the same time new furniture was provided throughout.

During these strenuous days I was reclining on my bed, in a room overlooking the work of the new dormitory. My sprained ankle was painful, of course, and greatly inflamed. For several months I was on crutches.

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My family and helpers soon followed me to the college and we were quite comfortable and cozy. Taking our meals in the kitchen, we had things hot, right off the stove! Good Bishop Garrett visited us while we were leading the simple life, and he seemed to enjoy it. His visit cheered and encouraged us. His strength and sympathy and genial personality were to us like springs of water to a thirsty land.

ON January 30, 1883, within the month of the fire, St. Mary's School was reopened in its comfortable quarters, about a mile from its former home. Good news, from day to day, of the hopeful progress and assured recovery of our injured girls had filled all hearts with buoyant gratitude, and we assembled with joyful anticipation of the renewal of our school life. We had about sixty students in residence. These, with the Rector's family, the teachers, and the domestic helpers, made a goodly company. It was a happy family; its members in close sympathy, endeared to each other by the perils they had shared, and all with glad hearts working together to perpetuate the name and fame of their beloved school. "It is good to be here," seemed to be the sentiment of all hearts. Surely, no period of the Early Days had passed more pleasantly and profitably than the half year at Ansgari after the fire.



St. Ansgarius' College, 1883—Refuge after the Fire

The Annex," under the trees, at the left

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD

THE morning of the fourth of January saw the inmates of St. Mary's destitute of everything but life itself. Nothing but smoldering piles of ashes and a few bare walls remained of that noble building. The news spread to every part of the land, and smote with sadness every heart that had once called St. Mary's home.

But as quickly as the news spread, just as quickly came loving responses. Day after day brought letters and telegrams, each one lifting somewhat the gloom that hung over all. Following the letters came boxes of warm clothing and numerous things that the kind senders knew would be needed. Especially do we remember the wonderful box sent by Mrs. Fairbanks, of Chicago, containing almost every necessary article that one could name. Strange was the appearance of everybody in these new clothes, and despite the sadness that hung over us, we could indulge in a hearty laugh over such non-descript characters, such assorted costumes! Would that we could present to our readers a few illustrations.

For several days no one dared look into the future. We lived in dreadful suspense, for the lives of two dear girls were in danger. Ah! the gladness and hope that were infused into every breast at each bit of encouraging news from the injured ones! Not until the hope of their recovery became assured did the countenance of any one become bright. The days were indeed dark and dreary, but behind the clouds the sun still shone, and when the news came of the reopening of the School, ready and eager was every one to be up and doing.

Not long were things at a standstill. "Ansgari" was offered and accepted; in three weeks the "Annex" was finished, the two buildings were heated and furnished, and everything was in readiness for the returning pupils. Under their artistic hands, the bare rooms were converted into cosy apartments, the halls assumed a cheerful appearance, and happy, eager voices were heard throughout the house.

Thus school reopened. Time heals all things. The fire is still talked of; but the horror of it has worn off. Now the leading topic is the new building. The future looks bright, indeed, and when we hear the senior middlers talking of their plans, we envy them and almost wish we could be seniors another year. —C. H. L. '83.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE

ABOUT one o'clock we, the "Bee Hive" girls, were advised by some early callers to awaken, at any rate, as their room was filled with smoke, and they feared there was fire in the house. Just as we had obeyed this summons, Dr. Leffingwell came to the door to warn us hasten. We waited only to give a few garments to some who had been driven from their rooms by smoke, without time to dress, and then rushed down stairs. The halls were at that time so filled with smoke that it was almost stifling, and flames were breaking out underneath the portico.

In front of the building we found the teachers and pupils watching with sorrowful eyes the fire, which was then to be seen in the basement and reception room. In a moment more the flames burst through the roof, and we knew the building was on fire from basement to garret. Then we heard cries of, "Oh, it's gone, it's gone! No hope of saving the building! Is every one out?"

By this time we were on the walk outside the grounds, and many of the town people were about the building. There we were, standing out in the bitter cold night, most of us not comfortably clothed, watching our dear St. Mary's burn to the ground.

As the cries of "Are all out?" reached our ears, that most horrible doubt took possession of us. We tried to comfort ourselves by looking at the number about us, by remembering with oh! such heartfelt thankfulness, that many had not yet returned from their holidays. More than all, we seemed to trust almost implicitly in Dr. Leffingwell's presence of mind, and could not but hope for the best. Yet as we tried to account for every one who arrived, and would sometimes think of one whom we could not see, our very souls sickened with fear.

It seemed impossible to leave the spot, though we must have been very cold. We watched silently and with aching hearts those cruel flames which seemed to mock human efforts. How long we watched the cross on the belfry tower, as it stood among the flames! It seemed to defy their destructive force. At last it fell. And then, realizing that we were no longer under the shadow of the cross of our beloved "Alma Mater," we listened to the kind friends who begged us not to stay longer in the cold air, and followed them to their homes in town, still unwilling to believe that it was anything more than a hideous dream, and that we should soon awaken to find ourselves again in our old rooms, with everything just as it had been.

We were providentially spared from witnessing the heart-rending

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

scene from the window of Number Fourteen, and indeed knew nothing of it until some time later.

Dr. McClelland rushed from house to house calling the roll, and not being satisfied until he saw and recognized every face. He assured us every one was safe, but told us with tears in his eyes of the sufferings of the injured. We dared not think of the grief of our dear Rector, whose life work, as it then seemed to us, was destroyed. St. Mary's, for which had been his hopes, his prayers, gone; and the lives of two of its pupils in danger.

I cannot attempt to describe the scene at the station that morning. As good-byes were said, grief and sympathy too profound to be spoken in words, were felt. Hope seemed to have dawned in no heart; all felt only that the beloved of St. Mary's were separating, when and how to meet again, no one knew. Then, we were not cheered by looking "through the ruins" and seeing the Chapel rising pure and beautiful, and promising so much. Nor could we then, as now, see the new St. Mary's, more lovely than fancy had pictured, or fond heart had hoped, tried indeed by fire.

—F. L. '83.

HOW A SENIOR GOT HOME

IT was noon of the day after the fire when she arrived at the station, which was twelve miles from her home. There being no train in the direction before 12 P. M., she procured a conveyance from the livery stable, with a driver, and started upon her journey. It was very cold and snowing hard. Not minding the storm, they drove on at a great speed. When they had gone about four miles, the driver produced a bottle and insisted upon her sharing the contents with him. Imagine the young lady's horror! She was puzzled to know what to do, as a drive of twelve miles with a drunken driver was far from being an agreeable prospect.

They went on for two or three miles more, when the man considered it time for another interview with the bottle. But during this process he dropped his mitten. She then politely offered to hold the reins while he got out for it. Now was her chance! While he was out, she whipped up the horses and drove rapidly home. That senior had a long story to tell when she reached home, which she did without further trouble. There they had not even heard of the fire.

—M. B. B., '83.

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NO sooner had post and steamer done their duty than a loving response came from across the waters. Hortense Coulter, as ever among the first, sends a welcome five hundred, and says:

"On our return to Paris, we were met with the sad news that St. Mary's was burned. It is too horrible to think of. I loved the place as my second home. It seems as if I could remember every object in the school. How can I write except to hope that the new building will be begun immediately. Would it not be nice to have dear old St. Mary's reopened and the chapel consecrated at the same time?"

THE REOPENING AT ANSGARI COLLEGE

From The Palladium

THE reopening of St. Mary's School had been announced the Sunday before in the little parish church, and at half past ten, Wednesday morning, January 31st, a few friends from the town, with teachers and students assembled for the morning service. Notwithstanding the cheerfulness we were determined to show at this first meeting as a School, our faces would lengthen, try as we might to prevent it. The walls around us did look so bare; we could not help remembering our big organ and beautiful Study Hall. Service began, it seemed more like home; and with the entrance of the clergy and the opening sentences sounding in our ears, we could almost imagine ourselves once more in the old accustomed place. We expected to feel all our regrets vanish when Dr. Leffingwell talked to us, and we were not disappointed.

THE RECTOR'S ADDRESS

DEARLY BELOVED TEACHERS AND STUDENTS:

THANKS be to God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that I am permitted to greet you here today. St. Mary's School still lives, though the beautiful house that sheltered it is destroyed. Let us not now dwell upon the desolation and ruin that the fire has wrought. The lurid picture will live long in the memory of those who witnessed the conflagration, and for many years by some of us, must be felt the irreparable loss. There are treasures buried and burned in those ruins that time and money cannot replace.

But there are treasures more precious remaining—treasures the value of which cannot be estimated by the arithmetic of this world.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

The School has lost its outward adornment, its material provisions for comfort and use, but its life is spared. Teachers and students have lost their goodly raiment, precious books and pictures, cherished mementos of other days; but they have life and strength, the active body and brain with which all that was best in the old treasure house may, by God's help, be restored. The life is more than meat, the body is more than raiment.

To know that St. Mary's lives in the hearts and hopes of thousands, far and near, that loving friends all over the land are sympathizing with us and reaching out their hands to help us, is greater blessing than to possess books and pictures, beautiful rooms and majestic buildings.

Such a calamity as has befallen us, beloved, may not be without present recompense and future gain. It is not an unmitigated misfortune to be thus stripped in an hour of all that we prized as earthly goods, and left to stand alone before God, empty handed. At such a time we realize that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth; that what we thought was needful and precious, was after all but a mere accessory to life, by no means necessary to its continuance and growth. We ought to realize, as we never have done before, the instability of worldly things, and our absolute dependence on Him who changeth not. It surely is good for us to learn that there is no strength or beauty of earth that is lasting, that the fashion of this world passeth away.

Shall we not also count as present gain the strengthening of love in these dark days? This is the sweetest use of adversity, that it knits heart to heart in bonds of friendship that can not be broken. It is the touch of nature that makes the world akin. We who have held pleasant intercourse when skies were bright, shall draw nearer now and clasp hands in the dark. We who have suffered together shall rejoice in each others' joy, and cheerfully bear one another's burdens. The fire that has swept away our treasures has kindled affections that shall never be quenched. Ours shall be a lifelong friendship, tried as by fire. We shall live together and work together in happy harmony, and I dare to hope that this term will be the best of all our school life, one that we shall cherish among our blessed memories.

In this calamity there may be, there should be, to all of us, a future gain. The stimulus to exertion which we must feel, will develop strength; the sacrifice which we accept with resignation will bring us nearer to the Cross; mutual helpfulness to which sympathy

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

impels will increase charity. Great trials borne with patience exalt the spirit. The looking forward to possible achievements kindles hope. The failure of earthly dependence leads to a trust in Divine Providence and nourishes faith. And what, after all, should we count so great gain, as the increase of Faith, Hope, and Charity?

In sight of the smoking ruins of St. Mary's once beautiful building, it is almost impossible to realize that gain may result to the school from this appalling loss. Yet so it may be. I am not the first to entertain this hope. It has been expressed in many kind messages from old pupils and friends. Loving eyes are turned hither from far distant points to catch the first glimpse of the new St. Mary's rising in grace and dignity from the ruins. The word has gone forth that by God's help it shall be rebuilt. The Church and the country expect it; prayers are continually offered in faith that the work may go on.

And if St. Mary's shall be rebuilt, why may it not be better than before? True, it will take time to gather again so many objects of beauty and interest. But affliction has multiplied our friends and helpers, and experience has fitted us to plan and build better than before. Let us not think of what is gone; let us look forward to what is coming. Let us thank God for His manifold and great mercies, praying for the complete recovery of the dear ones who are injured, and for the upbuilding of a great work to the glory of God and for the benefit of His Holy Church.

ONE summer day, I saw Vesuvius serene and tranquil against the blue Italian sky. The undulating outline of the mountain, the delicate tints of its sloping sides, wreathes of smoke gracefully and gently curling upwards and mingling with the clouds presented a beautiful picture. That night, amid thunder and lightning and pouring rain, half choked by sulphurous smoke, I climbed to the crater. How changed the scene! Desolation, and the blackness of darkness were in the sky above and in the chasm below.

The morning dawned, and there on that lonely peak, while the rain was hissing as it fell on the hot lava cliffs, I saw a picture exceeding in beauty and glory the scene of yesterday: the Bay of Naples, extended to the far horizon, bearing on its tranquil bosom enchanted isles and white-winged ships; great masses of clouds, titanic billows of vapor rolling in the sky, contrasting with the peaceful beauty of the scene below. Then suddenly the west was overarched by a rainbow, in form and brilliancy exceeding any that my eyes had ever

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gazed on. Seen from a point high above the horizon line, the graceful curve of the rainbow seemed almost to embrace the landscape in a many colored ring of glory. It was a moment never to be forgotten.

Here, not many days since, we gazed upon a picture of serene beauty, upon St. Mary's, our lovely school home. It has all been swallowed up in a tempest of fire, and we walk in darkness, groping our way, towards the high peak where we may look down upon a fairer scene. We wait for the dawning, cheered by the hope and prophecy of a fairer home and a more lasting heritage.

Yet, if this should be denied us in this world, we know that there are mansions prepared for us in heaven. When we have done with this "fitful fever of life," the glory that we sought and struggled to realize on earth shall be revealed. There shall be walls of precious stones and streets of gold, a sea of crystal, and a rainbow round about the Throne.

May God grant to us and to all St. Mary's loved ones, an abundant entrance into that home of light and joy, where with angels and archangels and with all the company of Heaven, we shall laud and magnify His glorious name forever.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY

TO GOD alone all years of life belong;
He knoweth when to give and take away;
For His high purpose weakness is made strong,
A thousand years are counted as a day.

All life and death His providence fulfil—
The days of childhood and the years of man;
No life so short that does not do His will,
No death so early as to fail His plan.

The Holy Innocents of Bethlehem,
And all sweet children that have ever died,
Are safe with Him; no harm can come to them,
No one can take them from the Saviour's side.

Though absent, still, O Rachel! they are thine;
Thine earthly loss, in Paradise is gain.
Set full with stars, in Heaven their crowns shall shine;
Their little lives have not been lived in vain.

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Then keep, with chastened joy, the Children's Day!

O mourner! See by faith the happy throng

Around the Lamb, there evermore to stay,

And sing before the Throne the blest new song.

—C. W. L.

ASH WEDNESDAY, AFTER THE FIRE

From the Rector's Address

ASH Wednesday! To us, how significant at this time is the ancient name of this first day in Lent! Ashes are, indeed, the impressive symbol of the perishableness of all earthly goods. We have been made to realize that nothing in this world is lasting. All that is most beautiful, all that seems most substantial, is only a vapor that a storm may dissipate. It is like the flower. In the morning it groweth up, and in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered. A wind bloweth upon it and it is gone.

The day is named from the old custom of sprinkling ashes upon the heads of penitents as a token of abasement. The ashes that we sprinkle today should be gathered from the charred ruins of our vanished treasures. Looking upon that handful of dust, we might realize as we have never done before, the vanity of worldly things and the need of laying up treasures that can not be destroyed. What an impressionable spectacle would it be, if we could gather the relics of our possessions that were destroyed by fire, and place them before us here! The choice books, the pretty pictures, the bright dresses, the brilliant gems, the various articles for use and ornament, that had such a large place in our thoughts and affections, would be a mass of worthless rubbish! Let us, in spirit, offer them today as a symbol of our humiliation, and bear upon our heads the ashes of all unworthy ambitions.

For the solemn fast begun today we have had, indeed, a solemn preparation. Our Epiphany star was obscured by the rising smoke that marked the site of our desolated hearthstone. Yet it was, or ought to have been, to us a true Epiphany. Even by fire, God revealed Himself to us in love. Let us not forget that His star guided the Gentiles to a very humble abode, even to a manger cradle. Here in this humble habitation may shine upon us, more brightly perhaps than in our former home, the Light that leadeth to everlasting life.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

THE ladies of Knoxville, wishing to do something for St. Mary's, kindly prepared a supper, which they gave Tuesday, February 4th, in the dining hall of St. Ansgari College, where St. Mary's is now sheltered.

Though a stormy evening, a large number from the town were present, but the weather prevented visitors from coming over from Galesburg. The supper was elegant. The neatly laid tables were served by young ladies of Knoxville, most of whom were old pupils of St. Mary's. The guests were favored with music by Misses Reed, Atkins, Phelps, and Pierce, all of whom played unusually well. The proceeds from the supper, amounting to \$92.00, have already been used in purchasing books; and a goodly number of volumes in the Library bear on the title page the words: "Presented by the ladies of Knoxville."

—G. P. K. '83.

CHAPTER XVI



AT AN early hour on Baccalaureate Sunday, in the Study Hall at St. Ansgari College (our temporary home), the Holy Communion was celebrated, the Senior Class receiving together. After dinner there were still no signs of kinder skies, and the whole school were taken to the church, in carriages. The altar was vested in white, and on it was a cross of pansies, the class flower.

The Rector's text was the class motto: "Bear ye one another's burdens"; and as he touched upon the events of the year in which the awful fire had brought so many burdens to be borne, there were few dry eyes in the congregation.

By the evening of Tuesday, there were few houses in town, it would seem, that had not as many guests as they could accommodate, and quiet Knoxville began to look like a summer resort in the height of the season. The weather on Graduates' Day proved to be all that could be desired. The procession formed at the Opera House, and marched to the Presbyterian Church. It was a pretty sight, as the white-robed train passed across the park through the avenue of stately trees. At the church door the choristers began the Trinity hymn, and the School entered. The graduating class was preceded by their standard bearer, the youngest girl in school, who carried the beautiful banner which the class had presented to the School.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Bishop Burgess and Bishop Seymour represented the Province of Illinois, and the Bishop of North Texas was the Orator of the Day.

After a shortened Service, the literary exercises began. That the essays were of more than average worth, may be gathered from the fact that the audience listened with interest to the whole sixteen of them! The selection of subjects had something to do with that pleasant result. None of the young essayists grappled with the "Correlation of Forces," nor were the audience asked to listen to a treatise on "Reason and Instinct." The valedictorian's theme, "Woven of Many Threads," was one admirably adapted to an occasion which, from the striking events of the school year, was one of more than ordinary interest. Especially touching was the reference to the two schoolmates who had been injured at the fire; to the thankfulness with which their recovery had been hailed, and to the crowning joy in the presence of one of them that day; joy that on the future of our dear Alma Mater, there rested no shadow of unavailing woe.

Bishop Burgess conferred the diplomas, and each one of the class, kneeling in turn before the Rector, received from his hands the Cross of Honor. The Bishop gave an impressive address to the class, and they sang one stanza of the hymn, "Sweet Saviour bless us ere we go." Then kneeling before the Bishop they received his blessing.

After the recessional, the school and the clergy returned to the Opera House where the class received the congratulations of their friends.

IN the afternoon the corner-stone of Knox Hall, St. Mary's School, was laid. The band which had done good service in the park and on the lawn at

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"Ansgari," showed themselves unwearied, as their inspiring strains called the people together. Bishop Burgess read the service. Bishop Garrett made the address, and Bishop Seymour laid the stone, using the following impressive form:

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

We lay the Corner-Stone of an edifice to be here erected, by the name of

KNOX HALL

forming a part of a series of buildings to be known as St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Illinois; an Institution created and incorporated for the training and education of girls and young ladies, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, under the care and protection of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church in the United States of America and the Province of Illinois.

Other Foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ, God over all, blessed forevermore, and in whom we have redemption through His Blood, even the forgiveness of sins. Amen.

The stone was laid in the southwest buttress of the east wing, on a line with the water-table. The articles deposited in the box were: Book of Common Prayer, Register of St. Mary's School and Commencement Programme for the year, the *Living Church* for January 13, Home and Foreign Church papers, the *Living Church Annual*, 1883. The following is the inscription:

A. M. D. G.
ET IN PIA MEMORIA
JACOBI KNOX
XVIII. Kal. Julii.
MDCCCLXXXIII

The climax, the thrilling moment, of this great day was at the close of the grand oration which Bishop



View from the South

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Garrett pronounced. Turning to the American flag near by, he seized the staff, and planting it upon the stone, exclaimed: "I plant this banner upon the foundation stone of a school to be built here, under the auspices of the American Church, to the praise and glory of God. Wherever floats this flag, the Christian influence of St. Mary's School shall extend." As he spoke these words, the flag was caught by the breeze, and three hearty cheers rang out from the great assembly.

THE NEW BUILDING

EVERY one will be glad to hear that the old building of St. Mary's is to be replaced by a new and better one. It is hoped it will be ready for the reopening of school next autumn. Mr. F. M. Ellis, of Marshalltown, Iowa, is the architect, and Messrs. Treat & Foltz, of Chicago, are consulting architects.

The new building is to be built entirely north of the old foundations, and will extend further east than the old building; so the cloister, by which the Chapel is approached, will run north and south, instead of east and west, as it was planned for the former building.

The new St. Mary's will consist of two wings, two stories high, running north and south, 100 feet each, connected by a three-story building 112 feet, thus forming three sides of a quadrangle, with the Chapel at the southeast corner.

The prominent features will be Gothic, not with a mansard roof as was the old building. The study hall, recitation rooms, music rooms, and studio will entirely occupy the third story of the main building, and together with a recreation hall will utilize the attic of the wings. There will be no sleeping rooms in the third story. There will be rooms for about one hundred students, with rooms for the teachers and officers connected with the school.

The building will be heated by steam, and will be provided with the best apparatus in all departments. Several large bathrooms will be found on each floor, with three or four alcoves each.

The quadrangle will be a fine feature, and can be made very ornamental. The study hall will be a grand room with open timber

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ceiling. There will be three stairways leading from the study hall to the lower floor.

Let us hope that the good work may go on, with God's help, and that the fondest hopes of our dear Rector and of others interested in St. Mary's future, may be fully realized. —C. A. '83.

THE SLEIGH RIDE

ONE evening, at the tea-table, just before the snow melted, Mrs. Leffingwell invited the family to a sleighing party. We were to be ready at about seven o'clock, and when the assembly bell rang we should find conveyances at the door. Then followed such a clapping of hands as made the walls of "Ansgari" ring. After grace, tongues were loosed, and the buzzing and the chatter and the joyous laughter were something extraordinary.

Promptly at seven the big bell rang out sharp and clear, and soon we were assembled in the main halls and divided into four parties, each under the supervision of a teacher. Four big, delightful "bobs" with large, strong horses, stood waiting to receive us; and after a little delay and a few mishaps, we were all tucked in and ready for the start.

It was a perfect moonlight night, and we were determined to enjoy ourselves to the utmost, as we all felt that this would be our last sleigh-ride of the winter; for even then a few bare spots of dark earth might be seen peeping up through the snow.

As we flew over the smooth white road towards Galesburg, we vented our spirits in snatches of verse and song. When our voices gave out, we, who were so fortunate as to be under our Chaplain's care, were regaled with some of his famous ghost stories. His descriptions were so vividly drawn that we listened with bated breath and dilated eyes.

After reaching Galesburg, we stopped in front of Brown's Hotel, and notice was given, "Fifteen minutes to get warm." Those fifteen minutes flew swiftly by in the pleasant hotel parlors; and once again we were stowed away in the "bobs," homeward bound. Although our superfluous spirits and our gaiety were more subdued, we enjoyed our homeward ride not a whit less than the ride over.

When the lights of "Ansgari" came in sight, we gave as a grand finale "Home Again"; and I think we sang it with a great deal of feeling, as we remembered that dear, old home which now lay in ashes under the pale moonlight.

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Arrived indoors, another surprise awaited us. We were asked to be seated in the schoolroom, where a repast of coffee, sandwiches, and cake was served. Ere we separated for the night, the happy faces that surrounded Mrs. Leffingwell, and the chorus of thanks which resounded from every side, showed what a truly pleasant evening she had made for us.

EASTER DAY

ONCE again the forty days of Lent have come and gone; once again the sweetly solemn strains of the Miserere have been heard; and once again we welcome the joyous Eastertide with gladdened hearts.

No sooner had the impressive gloom of Good Friday lifted, than preparations for Easter began. The last Lenten service was held on Easter Even at the church, after which several of the girls remained to dress it for the glorious feast day. Their labors were well rewarded, for with the aid of plants, flowers, and gleaming lights, the chancel was transformed. The most beautiful of the decorations was a large cross of rare flowers, given by the class of '83.

Easter morning dawned, and alas! not bright and fair, but with a steady, silent rain which, however, failed to make it less bright and cheerful indoors. Instead of the sound of the rising bell, we were 'wakened by the beautiful carol, "Lift your glad voices in triumph on high"; and half an hour after found us on our way to the church.

At breakfast time the dining-room presented a merry scene. Each table was ornamented by nests filled with brilliant hued eggs; and each girl found at her plate the cards which had been sent to her, but which had been withheld until Easter morning.

The night before, lights were left burning in some parts of the house until after ten o'clock, and there were many conjectures as to what this might mean; but at breakfast the mystery was cleared away, when the Seniors appeared in dainty Swiss caps that were, indeed, a marvel of ingenuity.

The rest of the day passed like all Sundays at St. Mary's except that there seemed to be a deeper peace pervading everything, as if even the air reverberated with the joyous strain: "The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die."

—J. S. B. '83.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

TO THE RUINS

ONE of our interesting occupations is a visit to the ruins; so one evening after school I set out for the place where once stood, but now lies, our old St. Mary's building.

I tread again the familiar road, and cast my eyes in the direction where once was a fair and stately edifice, but now, alas! nothing but ruined walls meet my gaze. As I draw nearer I see a vast pile of bricks, from which little curls of smoke steal out in several places. These bricks are surmounted and surrounded by workmen and girls. These latter have come on the same errand as I have; and with sad hearts we look on all that remains of dear old St. Mary's.

Each girl is armed with a shovel, in lieu of the pickaxe of the workmen; and though with perhaps not quite as much strength of body, yet with quite as resolute hearts, they set bravely to work clearing away the debris, and now and then a triumphant cry from one tells that she has found something. The rest of the girls at once hasten to her side to view the relic, and with slight feeling of envy go back to their own labor and fall to work with renewed vigor. What raptures they go into over a bent and blackened knife, spoon, or fork! No soldier just home from the wars was ever greeted with more expressions of delight, than is some vase or fancy article, which in spite of fire, has somehow preserved both its shape and color. Each one hovers near the spot which was especially dear to her.

I step to the west side, and see, through the parts of the ruined and blackened walls yet standing, the Chapel glistening in its white purity, with its snowy cross pointing heavenward; and as I look at that symbol of faith and hope, I can almost see the future St. Mary's which is soon to rise out of the ashes of the old one. Many were the hopes that went down with the building and many are the fond memories that cling round that ruined pile. Although to some of us, St. Mary's as a school home is gone forever, still in our great desire for the erection of the new building, and the pride we take in the same, much of the sharpness of our grief is worn away.

—N. P. '83

THE third of April, 1883, was as bright and beautiful as I imagine was the third of April, 1783, when Washington Irving, the most genial and charming of our American writers, was born. It was most fitting that we should commemorate this important Centennial, and it was done in a charming manner. A fancy dress

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party representing characters of Irving's creation, and opened by a formal reception by Irving and his niece, was the order of the evening's entertainment.

The schoolroom was decorated for the occasion, and a dais raised on the rostrum, where the host and hostess were to do the honors of the evening. At the ringing of the bell, when all the spectators were assembled, far off in the distance sounded a patriotic march; simultaneously entered at one door the procession of guests, at the other, Irving, gently leading his lovely niece to her position on the dais. While the music outside continued, the guests marched up the aisle, and as they were announced in a most stately manner, greeted the host and hostess. Two essays were read; one by Miss Warren, of '85, the other by Miss Castle, of '84, and alternating with these were patriotic songs.

A dance and supper in the dining-room closed the evening; and many a one was heard to say, "Why, we could not have had a pleasanter time had we been at old St. Mary's."

—C. H. L. '83

THE May Concert, now considered the best of all good times at St. Mary's, was given, this year, in the Opera House, instead of the study hall. Reasons for such a change I think I may safely leave to reflecting readers.

The day dawned, oh! wonderful, wonderful! Never was day fairer. Such an unheard of circumstance, that of having a sunny day before May Concert, caused those interested in the entertainment to spend most of the time in walking about in the sunshine, in order fully to appreciate the blessing.

But, ah, woe! Just as the last curl had been put in place and the last ribbon was tied, every dainty muslin properly arranged, and the *tout ensemble* viewed with natural satisfaction (where's the harm?), just then was heard "the patter of raindrops on the roof." But excitement and anticipation kept dampness from the spirits as effectually as the "gossamers" kept it from the immaculate toilets, so circumstances were not so unpropitious after all.

A PLEASANT episode of the evening before Graduates' Day of '83 was the presentation of a banner to St. Mary's School. After the conferring of diplomas for music and French, the banner was brought in and the class president, Clara Liscomb, presented it with these words:

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DR. LEFFINGWELL: The class of Eighty-three desire to present to St. Mary's School this banner which bears their motto. They beg that it may be accepted as their memorial in the dear School, in whose future they would fain have a part.

The Rector in reply thanked the class on behalf of the School, spoke of the deep significance of the motto, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and promised to future generations their beautiful gift. It may not be amiss to mention here that the banner is safely laid away in the fire-proof vault of a bank, until such time as a similar receptacle is ready for it at St. Mary's.

The banner is a very beautiful one, is of rich pansy-colored silk, of a light, almost lavender shade, crossed diagonally with a broad strip of velvet of deep pansy purple, on which is embroidered the class motto, and the monogram of Eighty-three, and above which are pansies of many hues. The pansy, it should be mentioned, is the class flower.

With rejoicings over the beautiful gift were mingled regrets for the banners of preceding classes, which had perished in the flames of the fire of January 4th. We cannot but hope that when all is well again, the classes will restore these memorials.

A REMINISCENCE OF ANSGARI ANNEX

NO loss without some gain. If St. Mary's had not burned, where would have been the Annex, "that fair house built on another man's ground"? Though its outward appearance does not boast of beauty, yet it is certainly fair, being built of unpainted white pine. The architect seems to have drawn his plans on the principle, "To be simple is to be great." But enough for that; the glory of the Annex is in its inward adornment. "A box where sweets compacted lie," it has been aptly termed.

The visitor, approaching the Annex from the main building, as he enters, sees a long hall, with alcove rooms on either side. In place of doors, there are gay little portieres, some of which are closed, others drawn aside. Glancing within he sees a little boudoir, curtains at the window, made of some soft, pretty material, and walls which are covered with a profusion of pictures, arranged with artistic carelessness. A carpet of many hues covers the floor. The tables are strewn with trinkets and bric-a-brac. There, too, are chairs, whose appearance tells of comfort and repose; looking glasses draped with

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

that same soft material as the curtains; beds which are made for long hours of sleep. Leaving these "infinite riches in a little room," we pass on.

It is early in the morning. A soothing quiet broods upon the air. The far-off tinkle of a bell is heard.

"Was it the chime of a fairy bell
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear?"

Alas! not so. It was the harsh tones of the rising bell calling all to shake off sleep, and awake to the stern realities of life. The scene has changed; what a few minutes ago was so quiet, is now all life and noise. There is a sound of many voices, as the good mornings are said.

Perhaps the time when the Annex looks its best, is between study hour and nine o'clock, when the silvery lamps spread a soft light over everything. That is the nightly social hour of the Annex. Those who love solitude must seek it elsewhere.

We notice that something interesting is about to take place. The Annex is filled with girls, and we see at one end a great pile of stools. As we stand there some one shouts: "Close doors! the performance is about to begin"; "No extra charge for seats on top of partitions!" We take reserved seats, and await the beginning of the entertainment. Stools are placed at equal distances apart, through the whole length of the hall. The performers now make their appearance; they are clad in startling colored costumes, red being the favorite shade. The rapidity and agility which they display is amazing; and the appreciative audience applauds vigorously. The stools are now placed in groups of two, three, four, and five. The "crowning effort" of the evening was a clear, high jump over five stools; the excitement reached its highest pitch, and the one who so distinguished herself, was quite overwhelmed by the storms of applause.

'Twas a bright picture that the Annex presented. Through the long hall were the performers in their gay costumes, and all along, on each side, the partitions were loaded with girls of every size, age, and class of undergraduates; yes, even the seniors were there.

In the midst of our gaiety, we hear the warning tones of the retiring bell. So the performance comes to an end, and also our fun, for that night; but we remember how pleasant it was, and shall "call again."

—M. A. R. and M. E. C.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

THIS year, St. Mary's birthday (the fifteenth) was rather a solemn one. She had met with a great misfortune and was still under its shadow. We had a holiday, with Service in the morning, and a long quiet afternoon. No birthday cake crowned with lighted tapers marked the fifteen years of the school life. But next year will be a grand anniversary, St. Mary's will be "sweet sixteen." Long may she live, a loving Alma Mater to all succeeding classes that leave her as sorrowfully as we do.

KATE HOSFORD'S presence at St. Mary's during Commencement week was the occasion of something very like an ovation. That she was really well, after the horrible fall, seemed too wonderful to believe, until we had seen her. And now Georgie Gillette has a room engaged for the reopening of school, and we hear good and hopeful news from her. Though her injuries are of a nature that will require a long time for her to be entirely restored, there seems no doubt that she will escape lameness, and be entirely well.

THE ASCENSION

LIFT up your heads, O gates! Be lifted high,
Ye everlasting portals of the sky!
The King in glorious majesty draws nigh!

He comes with power, who lived on earth unknown,
Despised by men, rejected by His own:
He comes, a King, victorious to His throne!

The Lord ascends! His work on earth is done;
The Lord ascends! His reign in heaven begun;
His people ransomed, and His Kingdom won!

Sing, O ye heavens! Be joyful, all ye lands!
O all ye people, shout! Lift up your hands!
High over all, the King of Glory stands!

O earth rejoice! Ye isles thereof, be glad!
O suffering world, so long oppressed and sad,
Behold your King, in strength and beauty clad!

Behold your King! Though passed from human sight,
By faith behold Him, where in regal might
He comes a conqueror, to His Throne of Light!

Lift up your heads, O gates! Wide open swing,
Ye doors of heaven! While men and angels sing
A loud Hosanna to the glorious King!

—C. W. L.

CHAPTER XVII

THE School never opened with brighter prospects than in the new building, on Wednesday, October 24th, 1883. A larger number of pupils than ever before were in attendance. That a hundred girls should have waited so late in the season, after all other schools had begun, was a fact complimentary indeed to St. Mary's.

After Matins, Dr. Leffingwell addressed the school, drawing attention to several impressive passages from the Psalter for the day, as "The Lord hath inclined His ear unto me;" "He hath heard the voice of my prayer;" bringing to mind again the sad scene of that terrible conflagration which, less than a year ago, had consumed our school building. But since this misfortune had brought us such a beautiful new one, we could believe there is truth in the old adage, "Blessings sometimes come in disguise!" The opening day of the new St. Mary's was indeed a memorable one.

THE SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

From the Rector's Address

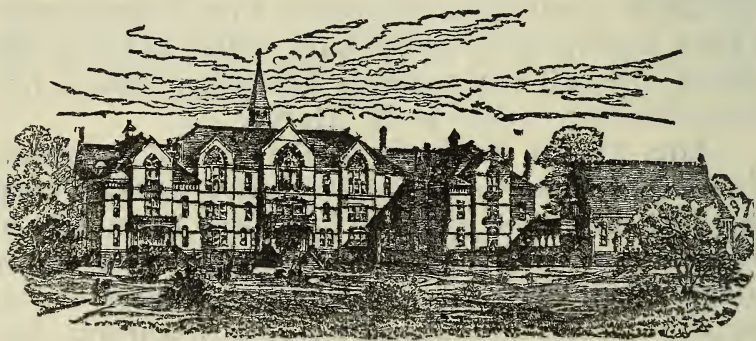
SIXTEEN years ago, almost to a day, this School was opened in prayer and faith, by the Rector, Principal, and Matron, who are still spared to rejoice in its continuance and prosperity. . . .

In these sixteen years changes have come. The great house was renovated, filled, enlarged. A generous benefactor was raised up to

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aid our growing work. James Knox, of blessed memory, provided largely for the extension of the building. Hundreds of earnest, educated young women have gone out from here to bless the world by their ministrations. Wherever they went, to the hamlets of Illinois, to the homesteads of Nebraska, to the frontiers of Utah, to the prairies of Indiana, to the great cities or the crossroad villages, they were loved and honored. In California, in Oregon, in New Hampshire, in the Sandwich Islands, they are today doing the blessed work which only Christian women can do. "Praise the Lord O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Then came the great calamity of the fire. In one night the work of years was swept away. Our beautiful home was in ruins; our books



NEW BUILDING AND CHAPEL

(Erected 1883)

and apparatus and works of art were consumed, the very tools and implements of our work were wrested from our hands. It was a dark hour; and as we stood by the bedside of our loved ones wounded nigh unto death, we felt that all was over. "Hath God forgotten to be gracious, and will He shut up His loving kindness in displeasure?" The white cross of the Chapel gleamed through the gray dawn, and hope rose with the rising sun.

You know the rest. Some of you know the struggle that followed, the toil, privation, and anxiety that ensued. Many of you shared it with us. You were to us as God's hand held out in the dark.

While we rejoice today in a better home, in larger numbers and fairer prospects than at any preceding anniversary, we must not forget the kindness of our good friends at Ansgeri College, who

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gave up their building to us, and submitted to much discomfort, that we might reopen after the fire. We must not forget the many kind attentions of neighbors and the offerings in aid of rebuilding. By the loving ministrations of Christian friends who have fulfilled the injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens," we are enabled to celebrate this day.

Yes, great changes have come, even within a year. Twelve months ago the ground of the site where we are now sheltered was not broken. Trees were growing where now is the dining room, and piles of brick and stone filled up the court which is now ready for fountain and flowers. It seems like a dream. The transformation has been wonderful.

For the patience and cheerfulness with which you have borne the trials of starting anew, I thank you. To your courage and perseverance, the future of St. Mary's will be largely indebted. What would be the value of the material building without the living school? It is you, dear teachers and students, who have made the living school to correspond to its environment. The building in its fair proportions and admirable construction, is but the outward expression of the beauty and stability of the institution in which you are the living stones. May it ever be so; and when you and I must pass on the treasure to others, may they guard it and use it for the glory of God and the benefit of His Holy Church.

THE tables at luncheon were arranged in the form of a square, and in the center, surrounded by flowers and fruits, was the birthday cake, with its sixteen wax tapers. "The Day We Celebrate—Sweet Sixteen; a day bright with hopes of the future, and fragrant with memories of the past," was the first toast. The felicitous response was made by Dus Benjamin, who by the date of entry at St. Mary's was entitled to rank as "a woman of '76."

DEAR OLD FRIENDS AND NEW:

We have left behind many of the events of the school year, and now we come upon "the day we celebrate," remembering much (if we have been here long) of old girls, old ways, and old days; and looking forward, if we are new, to much glory in the time when we

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shall say, "Oh, Anniversary? Yes; I was at St. Mary's at the first Anniversary in the new building." Can I be prouder of anything than that I was here on Miss Annie Versary's ninth birthday? Then, when I looked around I saw Hortense and Ida, Maud and Sue; Margaret, Mary, and Nell, and Jean were there, too.

We who watched the growing child of nine, are proud and glad of the fair maid of sixteen, giving assurance sweet of what perfect growth of womanhood she will attain; and all, from us who date back farthest, to Gertrude who represents the class of 1900, will feel that of all the friends that we make in the future, or all that we have made in the past, none is dearer, truer, or more tenderly remembered than Annie Versary, whose sixteenth birthday we celebrate this day.

The next toast was "The Fire Brigade; high on the roll of names cherished are the names of those who stood by the School in its darkest hour, who were with us in the memorable session at St. Ansgari, and who by their cheering presence and loyal support made possible a future to St. Mary's School." Cora Lingo of '84 said:

DR. LEFFINGWELL: We, St. Ansgari's girls, are most proud and happy in constituting the Fire Brigade of St. Mary's. Unlike Portia we are not unschooled, unlessoned, nor unpractised, but like her we are ambitious in our wishes and we desire to stand well in our school's account. We rejoice in her present welfare, and glory in her outlook for a brilliant future.

Permit me to recall a few of the humorous incidents of the night of the fire. We are indebted to the fire in that it displayed the acrobatic ability of one of the members of the faculty. Yes, the illustrious resident of Number Eight was that night to distinguish herself. Not even stopping to fold the drapery of her couch about her, she mounted to the third floor. Then she began to descend. Not in the orthodox way, however. With proverbial disregard of lowliness, she "scorned the base degrees by which she did ascend," and, as if to witch the world with daring, she slid, yes, slid down the banisters! As if this feat were not enough to immortalize her, she further added to her re-

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noun by saving from her "worldly worth," from her choice store of bric à brac garnered in both the old world and the new, from her bits of priceless china, from her fine collection of books, a hair-pin; in fact she was what Shakespeare would call "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

Several instances occurred on that memorable night, which will shed lustre on the annals of St. Mary's in the coming ages. For example, one young lady with the coolness and self-possession only read of in books, locked her trunk, placed the key in her pocket, then her common sense predominating, showing how much more preferable is health than wealth, sallied out of the burning building with a dumb-bell! One teacher transported her china plates to the library, as being a resting place more to be desired. One damsel true to nature and her sex, paused to take down her crimps. We have all heard of the teacher who returned to extinguish her light.

On the happy life that the Fire Brigade led at St. Ansgari's after the fire, I will not dwell. We were certainly drawn closer together in the bonds of a common misfortune; and we high privates are proud to be enrolled under officers who have proved themselves so worthy of an enthusiastic following.

The next toast was, "The Alumnae of St. Mary's School, the well beloved daughters of their Alma Mater. They are ever welcome when they return to renew the hallowed associations of the past." Belle Sanford of '83 responded as follows:

Though I am not surprised as Mark Twain was when called upon to respond to a toast, with a lengthy manuscript in his hand containing his answer, yet I find myself at a loss for words to reply to the sentiment offered by our beloved Rector in regard to the Alumnae. We, the Alumnae of St. Mary's from 1870 to 1884, are scattered, some in foreign lands and others in the remote portions of our own country; yet I can safely say that St. Mary's has not a joy or sorrow, a hope for the future, a regret for the past, not an interest so trivial, but it is shared by her Alumnae. The very thought of that loved name awakens many tender memories laden with old joys and aspirations.

Though our number is small in comparison to what we trust it

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will be in years to come, yet we are strong in our united well wishes for the School and all those laboring in its behalf.

I say we are few, and we are also young. There are none among us with silvered heads, as in many of the older institutions of learning; but, young as we are, we hope we may grow better and more useful with age, not only to our fellow-men, but also to the School that we love best. Old St. Mary's has fallen. New St. Mary's has risen. We loved the old; we love the new; and may we manifest our love in the near future by giving it some material aid.

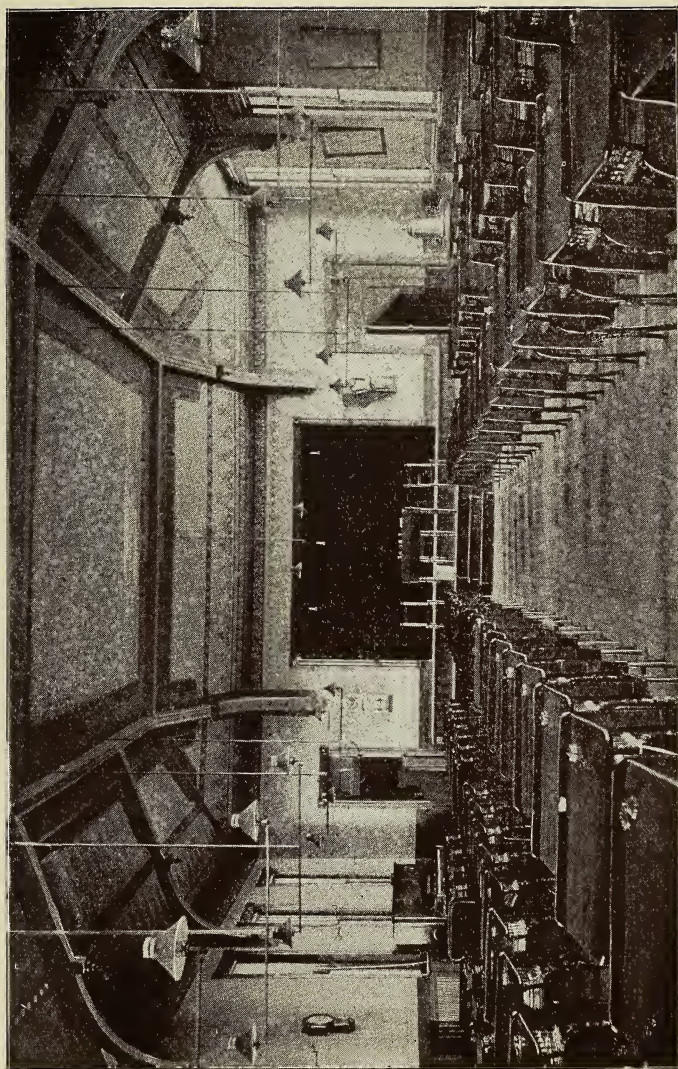
The next toast was, "The Birthday Cake. May it and St. Mary's grow brighter, bigger, and better together." Carrie Castle, of '84, responded in rhyme, while the tapers were lit by several "old girls," in the order of their entrance.

The tapers were blown out and given to those who had lighted them, while Mrs. Leffingwell cut the cake (and it should be remembered she baked it) and some of the teachers distributed it. After it had been eaten, and pronounced as nice as it looked, the last toast was proposed: "The Memory of Mr. Knox." The school stood while the sentiment was read:

"Though in the future a host of liberal givers may come forward to enlarge and endow St. Mary's, the name of James Knox will remain on the corner-stone through all generations, and he will be remembered as the benefactor who came to us in the day of small things and helped to make it a day of great things."

A CONTRAST

OUR entrance into the new building last year (1883) was marked by events such as had never been recorded in the annals of St. Mary's, and which will go down to her future children as legends scarce to be believed. Even this year's girls open their eyes, when we old girls relate, how some camped out in the recreation hall and practice rooms, how the study hall (our ideal of a study hall) presented last year a scene of dire confusion; how on the first day



Study Hall

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

of school, the morning session was suspended in order that the beautiful south window might be put in place; how one evening a painter fell from a scaffolding overhead while we were studying. At one time, indeed, the study hall looked like a Gothic Cathedral, with its many rows of scaffolding timbers. This scaffolding was put up for the purpose of redecorating the ceiling (injured by rain), and all day long the skillful artists worked above our heads. "High art!"

The West Wing, now so familiar, was at the beginning of last year veiled in mystery; the halls leading thither were blocked, and only at rare intervals could we have a glimpse of what was beyond. At all hours might be heard "the sound of hammers, blow on blow;" and if it disturbed us we were consoled by the thought of the beautiful house we were to have in days to come. Each day, as we came down from our lessons, some improvement greeted us.

One peculiarity of these days was that we frequently spent study hour in our rooms; think of the delight of studying when we might be clad in the much loved Mother Hubbard! On occasions not so very rare, we had no study hour at all.

Last year school opened with rain outside and, I am afraid, inside; for while the old girls were rejoiced at being in the new building, and gladly suffered any inconvenience, the new girls (what with the gloomy weather and the confusion of the house) could not help feeling a little homesick. They had not, however, been long in St. Mary's halls before their faces began to brighten.

NOW call to mind the opening of school this year. The examinations for admission to classes were all over the day before, much to the relief of both teacher and pupil. Wednesday the 17th of September dawned bright and clear, and when the bell rang for Matins, a goodly company of happy, smiling girls gathered in the study hall to join in the beautiful and impressive service. After prayers Dr. Leffingwell made a brief, but not the less impressive, address. Indeed,

"A little said and truly said
Can deeper joy impart,
Than hosts of words that reach the head
But never touch the heart."

The first week, outside of school hours, was devoted to the exciting duties of unpacking, and of household decoration. This year we

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were able to adorn our bowers when inspiration prompted, without awaiting the pleasure of the relentless carpenter.

Last year, in spite of unfinished building, homesick girls, and darkening skies, was a time most of us remember with pleasure. For was it not the greatest event in the history of St. Mary's School, when it arose from its ashes more beautiful than before? This year also, with its completed building, its bright skies and cheerful girls, will form a precious link in "memory's golden chain."

THE BOX FROM CHINA

(*The Palladium*, January, 1884)

AN interesting event following the fire was a box from China. The children of our St. Mary's Mission School in Shanghai, reading about the burning of St. Mary's, decided to do something to aid in rebuilding.

Though busy with their examinations, they contrived to make many fancy articles, to dress dolls, etc., all of which were sent, to be sold for the benefit of St. Mary's. The box arrived on the third of January, and the next evening, the anniversary of the fire, it was opened. Dr. Leffingwell first read the letter sent by the matron of the school, telling how those Chinese girls had sacrificed their play-hours in order to get the box ready to send before their school should break up for the summer vacation. Every article was nicely done up in soft Chinese paper. First appeared two large dolls, then half a dozen smaller ones, all beautifully dressed. Everything was complete from the bead-like charms on their caps to their dainty little shoes.

Silk mats exquisitely embroidered, pincushions in great variety, shoes and socks of different colors, crocheted silk mitts, and ever so many more pretty things were gradually unpacked, amid exclamations of delight from the interested beholders, who could not but be deeply touched by the kindness and thoughtfulness of those friends at the Antipodes. Arrangements were made for placing these beautiful gifts on sale in Chicago.

WITH the box came this loving message, given here exactly as written by the Chinese Bible Reader, Izumi Wei.

TO ALL OUR BELOVED FRIENDS IN CHRIST: Venerable gentlemen, ladies, friends, all superiors and elders: In sending this box of work done by St. Mary's girls, I write a few lines according to Mrs. Boone's advice,

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to give report or even to bear eye-witness about our hands and minds go on to work from the first to last. On Saturday morning Mrs. Boone came in on a sudden, and consulted Miss Wong about having such and such work for the girls to be done in a limited time of two weeks.

At first Miss Wong thought, according to her thorough judgment, that the time would rather too short, and suggest to Mrs. Boone that as the children were all very busy with their lessons for the coming examination of Summer Vacation, she thought they certainly could not do much within so short a space unless they could be allowed to give up their study and works entirely. Mrs. Boone said indeed so, but it will be a pity to spoil them of their very good examinations which was always so highly esteemed by all. At last Miss Wong determined to send for the girls to see what idea they have for it. All felt very sad about your loss, but their faces soon brightened when they heard that they were asked to do some good works, and declared their willingness with childish glee.

You can imagine that they have joked a great deal while dressing the dolls; for instance, one would say, "Ah, ma! come and see who this baby likes! O, he is the very picture of our Coolie, but I think that one is more like you, for he looks so pretty!" "And what of this one here, and that one?" they argued more on other works, small feet, embroideries, baby shoes; about their colors, and which or what every one likes or preferred. Some said "Lents-uns, how beautiful your embroidered pin cushion is! I am sure it will sell a good price, and it is the prettiest and also the heaviest." A ringing of merry laughing followed. Another said: "Perhaps these Chinese small feet shoes will be a wonderful amusement to foreign ladies, and will not doubt sell off well." One remarked sincerely to the rest: "Oh, these sweet dolls? how fortunate for them to be dressed so nicely and leave here to America to meet so many good Christian friends! I do envy them, for we fellows could never have such a chance. Good bye, dolly! May you be a pleasure to them that shall possess you!" Miss Wong thinks the couple of lace-trimmed mats must please you, especially the one with the Fancy flowers, as the stuff itself was spunned by silk worms.

Thus they reason upon everything they made with gladness, till a heap of work is done, then they began to count the things, calculating how much will be its worth. Some thought it so little, and wished they could have some more, others thinks it will be so nice if they could make up a hundred dollars. In less than a fortnight Miss Wong got them all ready and spread out all on our piano, showing to Mrs. Boone and the other ladies; the girls all clapped their hands for joy, proclaiming that they did not believe themselves that they have made up these works in two weeks, hot weather, at the same time sincerely hope that more time will be given them to make some better works for next year.

I do not mean to boast of them from what is written, but simply to show their character of Christian love and gratefulness to what has been done for them. Besides, you see they are merry and cheerful, and as Mrs. Wong here have been indeed greatly satisfied to see with us all them so willing to labor for this good cause.

I trust and hope that you with all friends will likewise be much comforted, and encouraged to lift up your hands for more good works towards

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all heathen nations. The girls seemed to feel always in their minds how good and liberal you all have been to us in giving freely for our mission, and our hearts went low when we think how we couldn't do any good in return. So we all highly value the opportunity Mrs. Boone suggest, and tried to improve it with what is in our ability to perform. Here I am to beg for our girls encouragement, that we hope many generous friends will give their kind assistance in buying of the things, and let us know what kind of work will best suit you, for we are afraid that they may find unprofitable.

Now may also I be permitted to ask the favor of your acceptances of this humble gift in this Chinese adage which seemed to fit the case so well: "Carrying presents of feathers to a thousand miles distant friend, yet sincerity of the heart is great and heavy, though the gift is rather light and small, is not this a fair excuse?" but more fervently I hope that even this or every other Christian's little words of kindness, little deeds of love, through God's blessing may turn the Gospel to mighty ages of eternity in everywhere.

We send you all the greeting in the name of our Lord, our Common Redeemer and Mediator. May His blessing pour abundantly upon you, His smile like sunshine brighten your path, and prospering all your labor to the saving of poor souls for His name's sakes. Farewell, and best wishes to all dear friends, till we meet in the world above, where no oceans and seas may separate us from seeing each other; and indeed that will be joyful when we meet to part no more.

Respectfully yours,

IZUNIE WEI,

Teacher and Bible reader of St. Mary's.

THE READING FROM HAMLET

IT was with more than ordinary interest that all anticipated the reading from Hamlet. It was the occasion of a grand opening, or at least the first using of the new stage in the study hall. So it was, that the event was hailed, not with the merry enthusiasm of Pinafore days, but with enjoyment profound and well befitting the dignified character of the drama. Promptly at the hour indicated on the programmes (yes, we had real printed programmes), a stately march was heard; then, as the curtain parted and the *Dramatis Personae* entered, so superb were they in costume, and in bearing so distingué, that the general and suppressed murmur in the audience meant, "Oh, brave new stage, that hath such players on it!"

And then the play began; for play indeed it was, and a very complete one, though the programmes had modestly announced, "Reading From Hamlet." Carrie Castle personated Hamlet, presenting, in

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truth, a most intelligent idea of the character. One of the best points in her rendering was thought by many to be her responsive manner in the ghost scene, and indeed that ghost (it was Christa Burgess, who ordinarily appears as a substantial reality), that ghost, I say, might well have infused in Hamlet the spirit which seemed to possess him; for as regarding costume, gesture, and voice, one might have supposed it a being directly from the realm of spirits. The fair Ophelia (Grace Warren), in her most piteous madness, caused many an eye to moisten. The king and queen (Lucretia Roberts and Emily Seamans) were very magnificent in their royal robes, and by their majestic bearing and the excellent rendering of their parts, proved how fitly those characters had been cast. Especially was the Queen Mother complimented, in the scene in which Hamlet "cleft her heart in twain." Hattie Post excited much enthusiasm in her impersonation of Polonius, while many admiring comments were made upon the grace and tastefulness which characterized the acting of the Player Queen (Annie Foot).

Indeed, every part of the play was so "well spoken, with such good accent and good discretion," as to show the admirable understanding and delicate appreciation of it by those who thus held the mirror up to nature. And those who have so well studied this literary wonder, are rewarded not only by the praises they have received, but by the "knowledge which comes, and the wisdom which remains."

—FANELIA LEWIS, '83.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

THE snow white cake adorned the festal board, and the Seniors lighted the seventeen tapers. The usual toasts were responded to most eloquently. "The day we celebrate. Many happy returns of the day," was the first. The response by Christa Burgess, of '85, was as follows:

DR. LEFFINGWELL: Not many of us who are present were so happy as to witness the lighting of that little taper which, once upon a time, proclaimed that St. Mary's was "just one, going on two." Indeed, most of us, like our Alma Mater, had our future all before. To all of us, however, the early history of the school is a story always heard with interest, and we loyally hold that our Alma Mater, if not a veritable Minerva, had, at least, no salad days when she was green in judgment. Many of us have seen the birthday candles grow in number from thirteen to seventeen; we have

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shared in the sorrow, and rejoiced in the happy recovery from the calamity that marked as memorable St. Mary's "teens."

The day we celebrate is associated with happy memories of the past, and with loving hopes of the future. May he who has guided that past be long spared to shape the future of the school we love.

"The Alumnae of St. Mary's School, The Well-Beloved Daughters of their Alma Mater." The response was by Miss Post, of '84:

Had I but known years ago, when in a rhetoric class, that I was to be called upon for this response today, I might have observed, reflected, conversed, and read upon the subject; but as it happens I have not had time to prepare an extemporaneous address. And here let me give you undergraduates a caution. Don't be too sure after you have finished that all-important graduating essay, that then and there your literary career is finished. Those of you who will be here on some future anniversary day are liable to be called upon to do just what I am doing now, and I believe that the less you expect it, the more surely will you be kindly invited to perform a similar duty.

Now let me say something concerning the present and the absent alumnae, whose delegate to this convention of merry-makers I am. We that are present are rejoicing with you in the glad prosperity of the School that permits every year this commemorative holiday. The thoughts of the absent alumnae of our dear Alma Mater are no doubt with us; and, though many of the St. Mary's girls have never seen the present fair proportions of our stately building; still they can imagine and fondly picture the doings of this day, the birthday cake, the toasts, the merry peals of laughter, and the bright and happy faces of the inmates.

Now a word about those who have determined to try the matrimonial experiment. Every issue of that popular journal, the *Palladium*, brings us hymeneal notices, and we cannot help pitying our eastern contemporary, out of whose nearly six hundred graduates, only one hundred and eighty-eight have been married. Truly, Pope must have been right when he said:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

And now to the health of the young brides who, we hope, lighten their husbands' hearts as well as their pocketbooks, and who are helpmeets as well as help-me eats; and now here's to those that are absent, and to those that are here, and to those that are near to us, and to all who are dear.

"The Fire Brigade! High on the roll of names cherished at St. Mary's School will be those of the pupils who stood by the School in its darkest hour, they who were with us in the memorable session at St. Ansgari; and who by their cheering presence and loyal support made possible a future to St. Mary's School," was the next

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toast proposed. The response, by Marguerite Bouvet, of '85, was as follows:

DR. LEFFINGWELL: In behalf of those whose names are immortalized by being enrolled in "The Fire Brigade," I, a modest private, rise in all humility to respond to the toast with which you honor us.

Wherefore should I dwell upon the sad memories of that period which we would fain forget in the wealth of today's happiness and prosperity! It is of the five happy months spent at Ansgari that I would speak.

Which of us, now, does not look back to that time with something like a longing for the jolly hours in the Annex? Was ever family more closely united, in the most literal sense of the word, than ours was in that abode which proved to be, certainly not a thing of beauty, but at least a joy forever! Even now, I seem to hear that sound of revelry by night, which kept the officers on duty, mounting guard with book and pencil in hand.

Surely, our Principal could well lose sight of her former glories, even of her much lamented lounge, when surrounded, as she was in her palatial apartment at Ansgari, with school benches on one side, and milk pans, tin spoons, and divers cooking utensils on the other. 'Twas then that ration teas abounded, and girls were wont to flock up there with startling appetites.

The morning walks, too, had a new charm; for these were often converted into digging expeditions to the ruins. The ruins! how strange and old that sounds now that they are ruins no more!

I wonder if the Jasons, of '49, sought their gold in a more determined and efficacious manner than did Mrs. Rudd, for the relics of her former possessions. She and her party haunted the premises with shovels and pokers, and other instruments of excavation; and the news of every discovery, even that of Harold's tin savings bank, was hailed by our little world with joyful acclamations.

There is a certain tender pathos hovering about that yet cheerful season, that must go with us through all our future; and every member of the "Fire Brigade" will be proud to write after her name, though that name itself may change, the significant letters, "F. B. of St. M."

In those days we learned lessons which we shall remember longer than Algebra or Psychology, lessons which only that sternest of teachers, Experience, can give; and it is only by having felt her mighty ferule that we can now realize how sweet are the uses of adversity.

Short addresses by Mr. Rudd and one of the guests enlivened the merrymaking, and the school stood while a sentiment in memory of Mr. Knox was read. The day closed very pleasantly by a dance in the Recreation Hall to the music of, if not the spheres, something better attuned to ears accustomed to the harmonies of our terrestrial globe.

THANKSGIVING DAY

AFTER dinner, the usual "quips and cranks" caused much merriment. When these were finished, our dear Rector invited us to come to the parlors in the evening, and roused our curiosity by saying that he had still another surprise in store for us! Many were the surmises as to what this could be; but we finally decided it must have something to do with the new wing, which was about completed; for had we not noticed an air of secrecy about "Kurtz," and found that after every trip thither, ostensibly to put in gas and steam pipes, he securely locked the door?

Tea was served and then the mystery was solved; strains of music reached our ears, as the doors of the new building were thrown open, and we were invited to enter. Imagine our surprise at finding ourselves in a large room, brilliantly lighted, gaily decorated with Chinese lanterns and flags, an orchestra at one end, and the floor waxed for dancing! And how we danced, and how merry we were! There was indeed a "sound of revelry" in the air, for, while dancing was going on in this "new trunk room" (as it is to be called), the parlors were the scene of good old-fashioned games. The school girl's favorite expression, "perfectly lovely," is the only way in which we can describe our enjoyment of the evening; and we imagine that our hostess, as we took our leave of her, heard it over and over again! This Thanksgiving Day at St. Mary's will be long remembered by us, as one of the happiest days of our lives. —S. M. J., '88.

I N MANY climes, thro' many years,
I cannot now remember
An autumn month so mild and calm,
As this serene November.

In all the happy scenes and days
In which I have been living,
There's none, I think, that can compare
With this superb Thanksgiving.

I never saw so many girls
With sweet and happy faces,
Such winsome lasses, all adorned
With lovely charms and graces.

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I never saw such pretty hats,
Nor heard such witty rhyming,
There's music in the air today,
With which our hearts are timing.

—C. W. L.

AMONG the objects of interest at New St. Mary's is a large Meneely bell, given by Miss Hitchcock, in memory of her mother. The memorial is especially appropriate, from the fact that Mrs. Hitchcock was a Meneely, of the family so long known throughout the country in connection with bell-making; indeed, the bell was cast by her nephew, Clinton H. Meneely. The weight of the bell is over seven hundred pounds. Its tone is very sweet, unless one happens to be too near, as is often the case; for at present, the bell occupies a place on the stage in the study hall. We hope soon to hear it ring out joyfully from the belfry of our new St. Mary's; and may it never have to sound a fire alarm!

THE Rev. Wm. B. Morrow, of Sayre, Pa., has spent another week at St. Mary's, having been so kind as to come all the way from his home to train the School in Church music. As on former occasions when he has been at St. Mary's for such a purpose, there has been most earnest practice, and all were thankful for such an opportunity to improve the sacred music of the School. Mr. Morrow's kindness is appreciated, and the influence of his training will long be felt. We regret only that we can not have oftener the benefit of his instructions. On Sunday evening, at the request of the Rector, Mr. Morrow consented to give us an account of his work in Bethlehem, during the pestilence that raged there something more than a year ago. He dwelt eloquently on the devotion, heroism, and efficiency of his helpers, the Sisters of St. Margaret. His audience listened with almost breathless attention to his graphic descriptions of scenes in which the pathetic indeed predominated, but in which the horrible, the grotesque, and even the humorous, strangely mingled.

PROMINENT among the host of St. Mary's well-wishers and helpers is Bishop Garrett of Northern Texas. This last summer he showed his interest and affection for the School in a very pleasant manner. In response to numerous invitations issued by the Bishop and Mrs. Garrett, a large number of guests assembled at his.

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beautiful home in the suburbs of Dallas to meet the Texas girls soon after their return from school. A gay and animated throng filled the spacious drawing rooms and promenaded the well-kept lawns, while the orchestra discoursed sweet music. The grounds were beautifully illuminated; one noticeable feature of the illumination being the bright outline of a large ship. At a late hour the guests dispersed, having spent a most delightful evening, while the Texas girls were proud of the honor they had received, and grateful to the Bishop and Mrs. Garrett for their thoughtful kindness. For the greatly beloved Bishop, who takes such a hearty interest in the welfare of our School, we wish that he may be spared yet many years to wear "nobility's true badge," and gladden the hearts about him by his virtue, kindness, and benevolence.

A SCENE IN STUDY HOUR

IT is a very little thing,
The subject of this rhyme;
But great the trouble it may cause
In pleasant summer time.

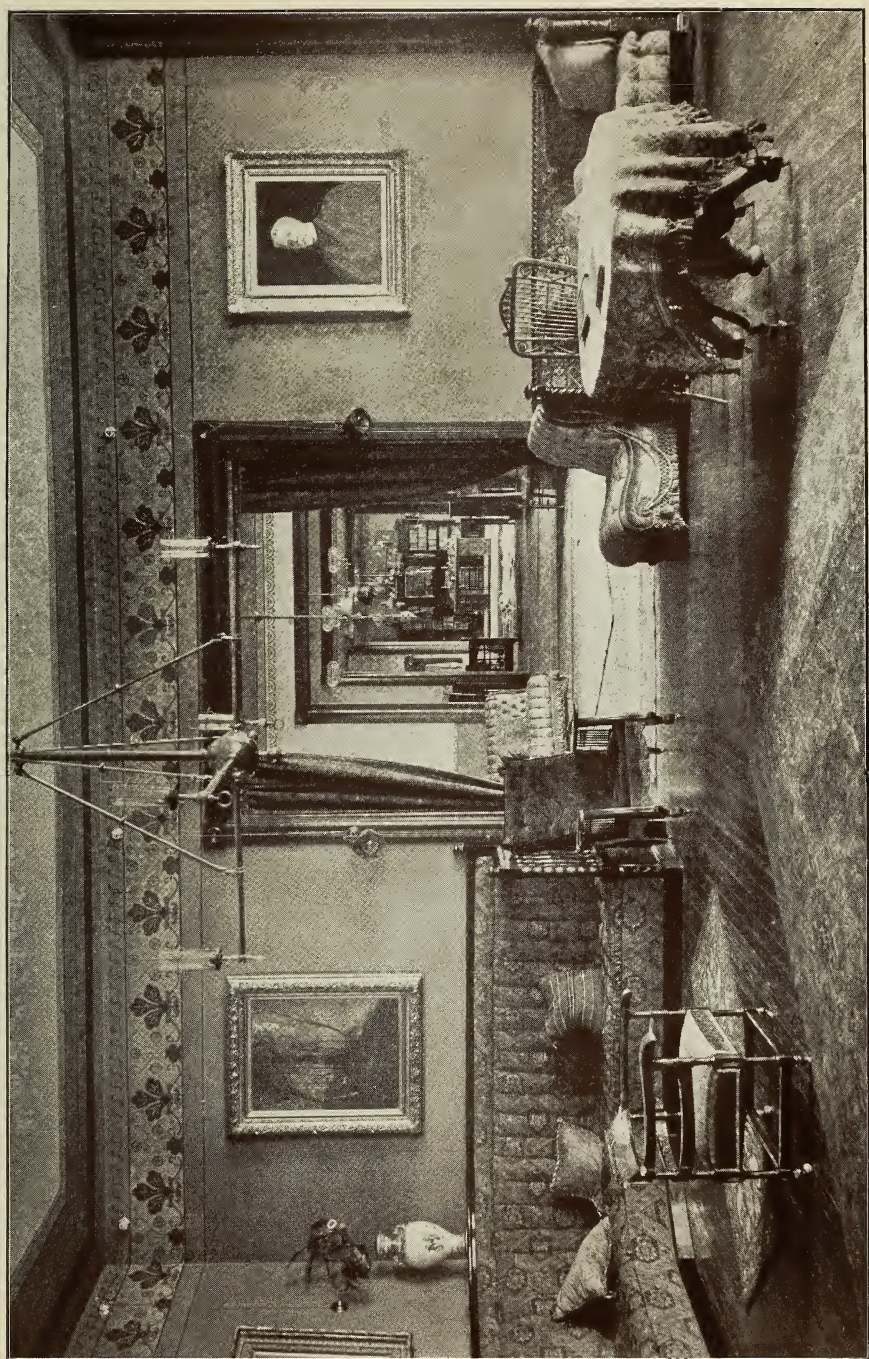
Come with me to the Study Hall
This warm and balmy eve,
The place is beautiful enough
A monarch to receive.

Great silence fills the spacious room,
Bright eyes o'er books are bent,
Deep thought is seated on each brow
On lessons now intent.

One thinks that naught could e'er disturb
The mystic, witching spell,
Save when a warning note shall sound
From prompt electric bell.

But, quietly, a something black
Comes floating toward the light,
A start, a look, and all is changed;
No more the world seems bright.

Those Latin verbs, and vexing sums,
Those tales of ancient Greece,
All vanish from the youthful mind,
And war now follows peace.



Reception and Drawing Rooms

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Anxiety is on each face,
One clutches at her hair,
Another scans her neighbor's neck
To see if it is there.

The Desk assumes a mien severe
As little shrieks arise,
But smiles when bold and valiant maid
The visitor defies.

O! you of black and shining wing!
Ambition we admire;
But much prefer you'd stay below
And not so high aspire.

We love the green and leafy May
The radiant, smiling June;
But wish the bug that comes with them
Transported to the moon.

—J. C. B.

THE following is a letter received by Dr. Leffingwell from a stranger:

"My attention was first called to St. Mary's while on my way west a few years since. The students were just leaving for home at the close of the school in summer. I may say the car was filled with them. I at once marked their ladylike conduct. There were none of the over-giddy and boisterous demonstrations so common with girls 'just out of school.' I thought they were the happiest lot of girls in each other's company I ever saw, and also the most healthy-looking. I at once concluded that the young ladies at your school received that maternal oversight so essential to good and proper discipline at a boarding school. All further inquiries have strengthened my faith therein."

MANY kinds of trees are found in St. Mary's lawns and gardens: Butternut, chestnut, walnut, box-elder, tamarack, mountain ash, pine, arbor vitæ, spruce, hard-maple, soft-maple, elm, sycamore, poplar, oak, catalpa, three varieties of willow, birch, larch, apples, crab-apple, cherry, wild cherry, peach, pear, and plum, twenty-eight distinct varieties of trees, besides a great number of shrubs, vines, and flowers.

ON Monday evening, October 29th, the long looked for Piano-forte Lecture Recital, by Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist of Boston, took place. The recital was given in our large

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study hall, and was listened to with keen appreciation. Those who heard Mr. Perry's recital a year ago knew what a treat was in store, and gave such glowing descriptions to the newcomers, that an enthusiastic audience was the result. Mr. Perry's manner of speaking in the small lectures which preceded each number was as charming as his music, and aided much in the appreciation of the compositions. The programme was admirably selected and rendered, and received the applause it merited. The Gavotte and the Twelfth Rhapsody, in particular, were received with great enthusiasm. —A. B. S., '89.

AS is the custom of the girls of St. Mary's, all sorts of queer names have been given to their rooms. This year, since all was new, there was a wider field for the display of ingenuity; and one, in traversing the halls, meets with such odd names as, "Old Curiosity Shop," "The Asylum," "Poor House," "Dew-Drop Inn," "Utopia," "The Bee Hive." These names are probably devised to attract visitors, since those possessing inquiring minds may desire to investigate "what there is (with) in a name?"

CHAPTER XVIII

PROGRESS and improvement are everywhere visible. The city has joined with the Rector in laying a substantial brick walk to the railroad, and filling up the low ground where was the bridge. In place of the bridge there are now solid masonry and iron railings. The Observatory stands resplendent in red and yellow, on the near corner of the old factory grounds; and the material saved from the mill has taken new form and a new lease of life in an Annex on the north of the main building, for the storage of trunks and for other practical uses. In the basement, there will be coal room, wood room, paint room, and work room. The old gas works have been removed, and will be used to light St. Mary's Church and the grounds about the building. New and improved gas works have been provided for the house. The large hall on the third floor of the west wing, used heretofore for trunks, is to be divided, giving a commodious music hall to the Director of Music, and enlarging Dr. Rudd's recitation room and laboratory. As the years go by, St. Mary's grows more beautiful and complete, and we trust that the work done in the school will mark as great an advance as that which is done by way of material improvements.

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A NEW DEPARTURE

THE alumnae of St. Mary's, who have stood on the rostrum with fear and trembling to read the graduating essay of which the writing had cost them so many minutes, perhaps hours of painful anxiety, will be able to rejoice with the class of '87 in their exemption from reading on Commencement Day.

It took a good deal of persuasion and one or two petitions to effect this change in the programme; but with the combined efforts of some of the faculty, and the very earnest appeals of the classes of '87 and '88, our Rector's hard (?) heart was touched, and he consented to do away with the essays for this year, or rather with the reading of them, "just to see how it would work."

A Valedictorian and Salutatorian have been appointed; and the choice made by the officers of the School is heartily endorsed by all its members. The Valedictorian is Alice Leffingwell, and the Salutatorian is Sara Wheeler. The happy recipients of these deserved honors received the hearty congratulations of teachers and schoolmates; and they were commiserated not a little, also, for alas! they have to read their essays! There are some drawbacks even to the glory of getting highest honors!

It may be well to say here that essays have to be written just as usual; and are to be read before the Rector, the Principal, and others of the faculty. We shall not mind that, though, if those who have to listen to them do not.

It may be of interest to their schoolmates if we record that our Salutatorian has had first honor the four years of her connection with the school; that our Valedictorian has not been off the roll since she was six years old, and with first honor for a time extending far back into the "Ante-Igneous Period."

THE READING FROM MACBETH

DAYS before, sixteen dramatic damsels had busied themselves preparing costumes, inquiring from door to door: "Haven't you a plaid shawl, or a rhinestone pin, or something to lend me for Macbeth?" One young lady was discovered investigating with feverish haste the chicken yard, for feathers; while all were discussing the important question whether or not cuffs and collars formed part of the wardrobe of the prehistoric Scot.

It was not a little amusing, the scene enacted in number ninety-

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seven, when the witches in Macbeth were dyeing their costumes. It had been decided that cheese cloth, most adaptable of wash goods, should be dyed the color of dunkest smoke. And so these witches met, the hurly burly of sewing hour being done, and began their preparations. Into a cauldron they threw Diamond Dyes; and when the charmed pot boiled and bubbled, they stirred in the cheese cloth, which speedily lost its creamy tint, and emerged from the mixture, of a hue that defies description, a hue without a name. When we add that the material was made up without being ironed, it will appear that the witches were sufficiently wild in their attire.

The snow had been falling steadily and lay piled in great drifts across the walks. Few of the invited guests could brave the storm, though one bob-sled full ventured out from Knoxville, and two persons got safely through the five miles ride from Galesburg.

The curtain rose upon the witches' meeting with Banquo and Macbeth. Upon every appearance the weird sisters were hailed with delight; and the cauldron scene was applauded enthusiastically. Hovering around the mystic cauldron, which in every-day life does duty as a soap kettle, the witches threw in

"Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,"

and all the other uncanny things that might make the gruel thick and slab; and as each ingredient was dropped in, a bright flame issued from the cauldron, to the immense delight of the spectators. Dr. Rudd had charge of the pyrotechnics, and to his skill is due much of the weirdness of the apparition scene. Imogene Elliot, as the abhorred tyrant Macbeth, sustained her difficult part most admirably. Especially in the banquet scene in Act Four did Miss Elliot carry the audience away with her. Lady Macbeth, who on ordinary occasions is known as Sara Wheeler, was especially good in the night walking scene. The fair maiden representing Angus was rather embarrassed at the close of the banquet scene, by finding herself alone with the footlights, outside the drop curtain! But accidents will happen; and some of us have not forgotten how an ill-timed rise of the curtain last year revealed Hamlet's mother, in royal crown and mantle, perched on a stool, adjusting scenery!

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"WHEREVER I GO!"

MRS. MOORE (Helen Johns '75), wife of Admiral Charles B. Moore, U. S. N., writes from Honolulu: "I was surprised to be introduced one day to a Mr. Winter of Galesburg, Illinois. 'Have you a sister, Marion?' I asked. 'Ah, yes, she is living here. Mrs. Hendry.' 'I am a St. Mary's girl, and she is my classmate!' I replied. 'Why, who were you?' and so on, exclamations, recognitions, introductions, friends found at once. Marion is a much valued teacher here, but resigned recently.

"It is so strange that I should meet her here. I did not even know that she had left Galesburg. Florence Winter is teaching here, too, it seems. I was much pleased also last night, to receive a call from the Rev. Mr. Wallace, who introduced himself into my regard at once by announcing that he was a friend and classmate of Dr. Leffingwell's, and that he had a daughter at St. Mary's now. St. Mary's influences are far-reaching! Wherever I go, I find friends who greet me warmly for the sake of our Alma Mater. Kindest recollections cluster around the beloved school days, and a bond of friendship reaches out to the farthest alumna. Blessings of peace and prosperity go with St. Mary's! And to her founders who have made her what she is—whose influences for good are spread throughout the land! Ah, my friends, you have your reward! Who has known you, and is not better for the knowledge? Stronger for your strength, more appreciative for your appreciation; more patient for your patience; more faithful for your faith!"

A WEDDING IN THE CHAPEL

LAST Commencement (1884) was made memorable by a wedding. As only a few chosen ones were let into the secret, many of us were not a little surprised at seeing one of our dearest schoolmates, Carrie Elliott, snatched from our midst by the hands of crafty Hymen. Though a surprise, it was none the less welcome; for what company of school girls would not be ready to enjoy romance, even though it came at that busiest and most important season, Commencement time!

The ceremony was certainly most impressive and beautiful. It was held immediately after Matins, in our yet unfinished Chapel, which had been decorated for the occasion in rustic fashion with wreaths of evergreen. The Misses Seamans, Hayes, Post, Benjamin,

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Ogden, and Knowles had been chosen for bridesmaids. There were indeed a hundred bridesmaids, as the school, clad all in white and veiled, were in the train of the bride as she returned to the hall. It is needless to say that when the deed was fairly done, we all pronounced it the prettiest wedding we had ever witnessed; and I am sure that when Carrie left us, she took with her the best wishes and sincerest affection of her schoolmates.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL COMPLEX

ELEVEN shaking, quaking Seniors with despair plainly depicted on their faces, on a certain Wednesday morning awaited the announcement of the result of the much feared and long dreaded Psychology examination. On hearing the verdict, despair gave way to elation; and as soon as the first few moments of jubilation had passed, there arose "the craving of the sentient susceptibility," and this craving, "directed towards its object of gratification, was the occasion for an executive agent (or rather two executive agents) to go forth in attainment" of a class supper, that should signalize the victory over that Nemesis of girl graduates, Psychology. The two composing the commissary committee, blessed with an "antecedent state of knowing," as they had acted in that capacity once before, were again appointed. They collected, not from "past experience," but from the girls, the wherewith that insured "the capacity of spontaneity (we suppose it was) to meet the wants of its nature." All fears that this "conjunct activity" might prove a retent of the cents instead of a "content in the sense," were dispelled on the return of the committee with the viands, which produced a deep content in more senses than one. The menu was rich and varied, and through Mrs. Leffingwell's kindness, we were enabled to realize the great benefit to be derived by "ration-al" proceeding. At the end of the feast there was a "reciprocal complacency," and we felt that our stride through the "field of consciousness in the understanding," had been pleasant as well as profitable.

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THE FIRE ON THE HEARTH

(WRITTEN FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW FIREPLACE
IN THE LIBRARY)

SHRIVELED flowers and foliage sere
Mark the waning of the year;
And where summer beauties linger,
Bleak November's fiery finger
With a touch the landscape burns,—
Green to gold and crimson turns.

Come within; make fast the doors.
How the lonely night wind roars!
Gloomy is the realm sidereal;
Clouds, like battleships aerial,
Threatening, thunderous, issue forth
From their harbor in the North.

But we heed not storm and night,
By the hearthstone's leaping light;
Gathered here beside the ingle,
We are safe, though slate and shingle
Quiver, while the autumn blast
Rages round us fierce and fast.

Branches bare may writhe and swing;
Merrier shall our carols ring;
Frost and wind may wage their battle
Till the very curbstones rattle;
By the hearthstone, bright and warm,
We will fear not night and storm.

Gathered round the cheerful fire,
Pile the wood up high and higher!
As the flames leap, brighter, clearer,
Home grows dearer, Heaven seems nearer;
Though the storm may rage outside,
Here within sweet peace shall bide.

While the flickering flames ascend,
In sweet songs our voices blend,
Youth and age, and fair-faced matron,
Studious girl and loving patron,
All in thankful praises share
As we say our evening prayer.



Mrs. Leffingwell's Rooms



"The Fire on the Hearth"

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Now the fitful firelight fades,
And the bell warns little maids
That they must not here be staying.
Curfew rings! There's no delaying!
Angels guard you while you sleep,
Watch and ward around you keep.

—C. W. L.

SMOKE ON THE HEARTH

A sequel to "The Fire on the Hearth," which was written for Candle Light Recital, Oct. 27, 1900. The chimney did not "draw" and the inauguration of the Colonial Fireplace ended in smoke.

COME let us make a cheerful fire!"
The smiling Rector said:

"Full many a year we've waited here,
The hearthstone cold and dead."

"Ah! Yes, and we will celebrate,"
Miss Howard quick replied:

"By candle light we will recite
Around the Fireplace wide."

Then straightway, fair, in hall and stair,
This notice all did see:

"Come one, come all! the new Fireplace
Tonight shall opened be."

And so it was, but sad to tell
Fond hopes are sometimes hollow:
The Fireplace opened wide enough
But chimney would not follow.

Like mule perverse it would not draw,
It kicked against the smoke
Which filled the room so full, it seemed
That everyone would choke.

All eyes were red; the show was dead;
The candles faintly flickered;
The audience smiled a doleful smile,
And here and there one snickered.

The more they poked, the more it smoked,
And coaxing did not cure it;
'Twas plain that nothing could be done
But sit there and endure it.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Though it was late to celebrate,
The programme was forthcoming,
A charming symphony of songs
And stringle strangle strumming.

The climax was a poem fine
That told of hearthstone warming,
Of how the fire was leaping higher
While storm outside was storming.

The poet soared, the tempest roared,
The fire burned bright and cheerful,
Or so at least he sang, the while
His eyes with smoke were tearful.

All things may come to those who wait,
The longest road may turn,
But watching never boiled the pot
When fire refused to burn.

Colonial Fireplace without draught
Is but a costly joke;
So life's emprise, must heavenward rise
Or all will end in smoke.

—C. W. L.

MY JOURNEY TO KNOXVILLE

PARTING is such sweet sorrow!" It may have been to Romeo and Juliet, but I failed to discover any sweetness in parting from my friends that beautiful September day.

I had disappointed everybody by not shedding a tear; but even as I thought this, dear me, I was crying! Where had fled my bright dreams of boarding school? In vain I recalled all the bewitching stories I had read of midnight feasts, of girls making heroines of themselves by saving some mate from disgrace, or possibly by saving a life.

Why did I leave my home? Would my brothers miss me? If that baby would only stop crying, I am sure it would be easier to bear my own grief! What would St. Mary's look like? How could I ever stand it, to meet so many strangers? Oh! if I were only at home, I would never leave it, no never!

Some people across the aisle, feeling sorry for me, tried to draw me into a conversation, but finally gave up in despair. How long it seemed since we left Aurora! We must be half way to Galesburg!

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Just then the brakeman called out "Plano!" Only at Plano! I was sinking lower and lower into the depths of despondency.

The conductor came up and took my ticket. He saw that I looked as though I might be unhappy, and comforted me with, "You're rather late, ain't you?" taking it for granted that I was going to St. Mary's! As if I didn't know that I was late! How did he know that I was going to St. Mary's! Were all the girls such woebegone looking creatures as I? I had heard that they were known by their high collars; but surely my collar was not very high!

It was no use to try to read, although the peanut man had supplied me with books, such as *A Midnight Marriage*, *Jack Harkness*, *The Detective*, etc., which he assured me were the latest, and of the highest standard of literature. Homesickness and seasickness combined, are almost more than an ordinary person can well endure; and I was sure that I could never live to reach Knoxville.

As we arrived at Mendota, a gong was sounding from a neighboring hotel, and the brakeman called out in sonorous tones, that we would "stop twenty minutes for refreshments." A ragged man on the platform was grinding a national air from a squeaky old organ. It failed to awaken in me any patriotic feeling. Even the monkey's desperate attempts to keep time to the music, had no interest for me.

Just then one of my neighbors who had left the train returned with a huge watermelon in his arms. Presently he came towards me with a great piece, but I was not at all disposed to be amiable. He should have known better than to offer me any! I have forgotten what I said; at any rate, he went away with his watermelon, and did not deign even to glance in my direction once more during the journey.

At last the train stopped at Galesburg, and I was actually alive. The fresh air revived me somewhat, and I settled myself in the depot, for I had another hour of waiting before the train left for Knoxville. I do not know what happened during that hour. I was too miserable even to think. I only know that at last, the train was ready for Knoxville, and I was again in the cars.

In a few minutes I reached my destination, and was met there by a gentleman who inquired anxiously if I was "Miss A." I assured him that I was myself, and we walked slowly away to St. Mary's. I shall never forget what a pretty sight it was. The girls, most of them in white, were walking about the grounds; and the beautiful building, with its cross-crowned spire and the stone Chapel on the right, formed the background.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

I was warmly welcomed by Dr. Leffingwell, who made me feel at home at once. After a good night's rest, I felt quite like myself again, but shall never forget my first trip to Knoxville.

—M. E. J. A. '88.

THE DEATH OF MRS. STONE

DIED, at St. Mary's School, Knoxville, November 22, 1891, Helen Frances Stone, Director of the Studio. May she rest in peace.

IT was a solemn Sunday morning that dawned upon St. Mary's School, when it became known that one so dearly loved, not only by her own pupils, but by all who came in contact with her, had suddenly been called from their midst. The morning service was a memorial, the clergy entering repeating the opening sentences of the Burial Service.

The Rector's sermon was singularly appropriate, written as it was for the last Sunday of the Christian year, and now emphasized by the solemn event that had taken place.

The body was taken to Hamilton, New York, Mrs. Stone's early home. Mrs. Leffingwell and Miss Dawson went with it as far as Chicago, where they resigned their charge to a cousin of Mrs. Stone's.

IN MEMORIAM

ONE came to us when, bright and gay,
All nature smiled beneath the sun;
And now the fields are brown and dun
She comes no more henceforth this way.

The days were few; but hearts still hold
What touch of years cannot efface,
The memory of a gentle grace
Enshrined in woman's sweetest mould.

We knew her to be one of those
Whose lives are purified by pain;
To whom the world brings little gain,
And thorns, perchance, without the rose.

She rests in peace. Ah, happy soul!
The weary one has gone to sleep;
And we who linger must not weep
That life for her has reached its goal.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

And so we leave her—"Dust to Dust,"
What is, we know must be the best.
Grant her, O Lord, eternal rest
And light that shines upon the just.

—J. C. H.

ANOTHER unsightly landmark is gone! The old house which was nearly opposite the Chapel has been removed and the lot on which it stood has been included in the school garden. The cellar is filled up, the ground is graded, the old fence has been taken away, and the railroad landscape is broadened. The ugly woolen mill is to go next. The Rector has bought it, and its days are numbered. The smoke-stack and the boiler room are already down—some of the bricks are down in the new well. Each year marks progress in the School and its surroundings. What a change, already, from the unsightly place as shown by a photograph taken twenty years ago!

BISHOP McLAREN accepted the manager's invitation to "Patience," and was welcomed with enthusiasm by the rapturous maidens. It is now several years since his last visit, and none of the many improvements escaped his notice. The Bishop says that St. Mary's affords him his only operatic entertainments. While here six years ago he witnessed "Pinafore," given in the old building. It is to be hoped that six years will not elapse before he may be prevailed upon to be present at another of our operas.

TWO beautiful stained glass windows have been presented to the new Chapel, one in memory of Mary McCracken Sanburn of the Class of '71, and the other in memory of Carrie Skinner Burgh, who graduated in '81. They are placed face to face, one on each side of the chancel. Mrs. Sanburn's was presented by her husband, Mr. Frank Sanburn. It bears the inscription, "Blessed are the pure in heart," which encircles a bunch of annunciation lilies. Mrs. Burgh's window was given by her classmates. It has a central figure, Fra Angelico's Angel of the Resurrection. Both of these windows are rich in coloring, and add greatly to the beauty of the Chapel. They are the work of Messrs. McCully and Miles, who made and presented to St. Mary's the lovely window of the Blessed Virgin in the Library.

CHAPTER XIX

FTER all the candles were lighted and the big birthday cake was aglow with its nineteen tapers, the following toast was offered: "The Day we Celebrate: the nineteenth anniversary of St. Mary's School. It brings bright skies, and brighter hopes." Miss Mary Reynolds of the class of '87 responded:

St. Mary's! nineteen years ago today but a new-born infant, we welcome thy nineteenth birthday with joy and thanksgiving. So many happy anniversaries have rolled over thy fair head, and each returning one sees thee more blessed and more perfect in thy young beauty than before.

Nineteen years ago today our dear Rector, with a few helpers, founded St. Mary's School in the old building known as Ewing Hall. Before the greater number of us were born, or at most were prattling children! Who could have been able to foretell that, in the course of a few years, we should all be gathered under its sheltering wings, studying, working, playing; we, who were then entirely engaged in learning to walk, or to lisp our baby words? The path of learning we have not found all posies. Indeed no! the stings and arrows of outrageously hard examinations, ignominious tasks, girlish quarrels and grievances, sieges with our "social page," have been felt sorely at times; but now, as we are about to say goodbye forever to our dear, dear home, these seem as nothing to the great benefits which we have received.

Anniversary Day! It is, to St. Mary's girls, a synonym for a merry holiday.

This day is called the feast of Anniversary.
She that outlives this day sans indigestion,

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Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse her at the name of "birthday cake."
She that shall outlive this day and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil, pause and think,
Tomorrow is St. Mary's birthday feast.

"The Ante-Igneous Period from a Post-Igneous Point of View," was responded to by Miss Imogen Elliot of '87:

"The Ante-Igneous Period!" What visions flit across my mental horizon at those words! To begin with: from personal observation, I know of but two things that really belong to that time, namely, the old hitching post and "Printer." We never see the old post and think of those days of "Auld lang syne," but we see the æsthetic, clay-colored steed, patiently waiting at the post. And the rooms in old St. Mary's! Were the names indicative of the inmates? "The Bee Hive"—ah, what studious, exemplary girls dwelt there! "The Dark Room," what deeds of horror could have been committed there! "Steamboat," I wonder what induced the dwellers to give it that name? And then the boxes they had in those days! They came by dozens, by hundreds. Those were the days that inspired the song of "Have-a-box-a":—

"Should you ask whence come the boxes,
Boxes small and boxes mighty,
Whence they come with goodies laden,
Come with odors from the kitchen,
Come with odors appetizing;
I should answer, I should tell you:
Many doting home folks sent them.
Come they from the town Keokuk,
Come they from the village Quincy,
From the far-off Mormon country
Where the people are much married;
Down from Bunker Hill they tumble,
From Missouri and Iowa
And the village of Chicago!
Mothers cried, Oh, have-a-box-a!
Daughters pleaded for a-box-a.
So they came in wondrous numbers,
Laden all with many goodies."

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

And there were young men before the fire, "stacks of them"; but when further questioned, my informer modified her statement, saying, "Only one, but he was a host in himself."

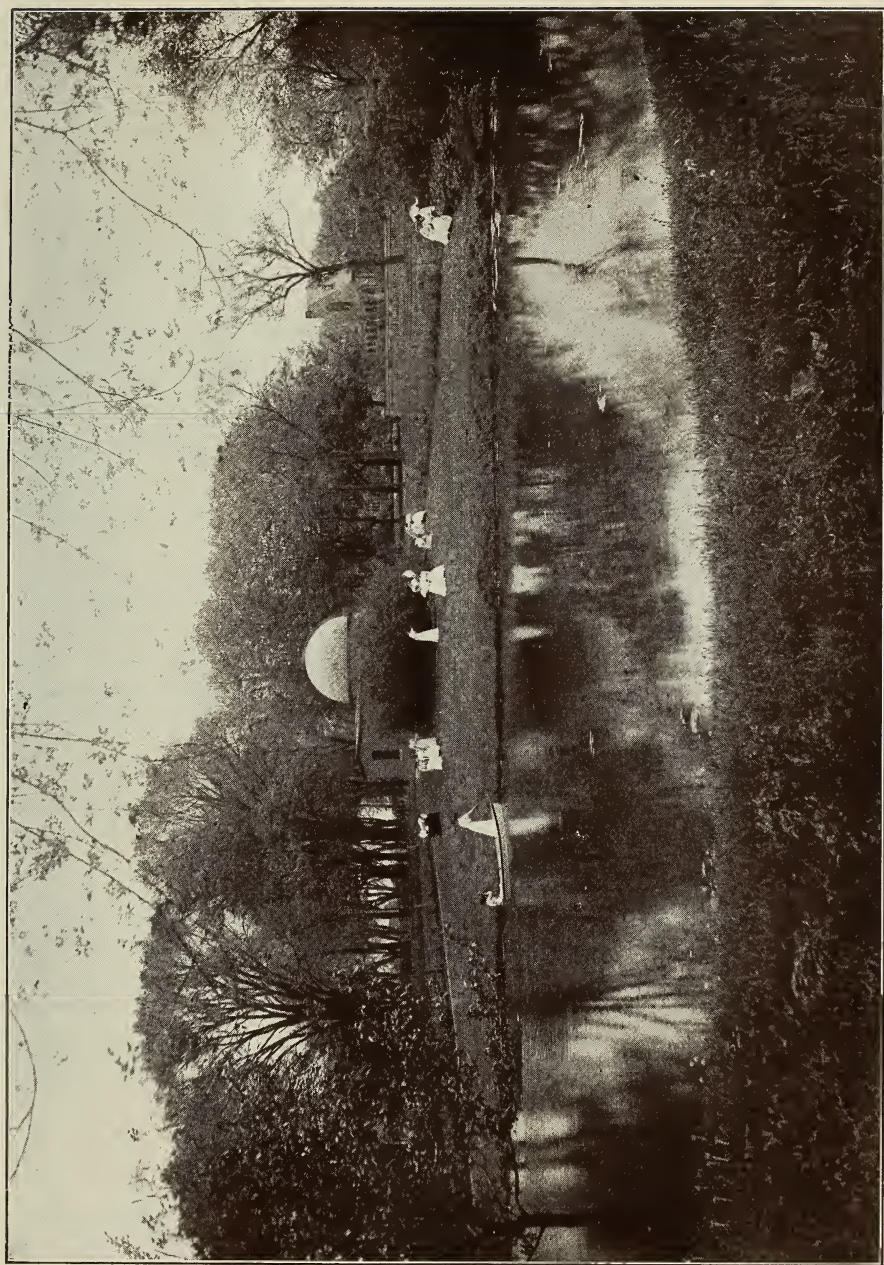
Before the fire, they had torch light processions; before the fire, they had operas, in which Miss Hitchcock and Miss Francis "did themselves proud"; before the fire, they had weddings. Yes, even in the faculty! Why, ah, why, have they given them up? Can it be that Barkis is no longer willing? Those were the days of affluence; the days of Mrs. Rudd's cameos and real lace; the days when the Queen took the *Palladium*; the days when Gunther sent St. Mary's a box of candy every week; the days of (and thereby hangs a tale) the days of Miss Hitchcock's Easter bonnet!

"The Fire Brigade: the well beloved three score and three who came back after the fire, and cheerfully endured the inconveniences of the never-to-be forgotten winter at St. Ansgari; on Alma Mater's bede-roll worthy to be fyled." Response by one of them, Miss Christiana Burgess, Class of '85.

We are looking back more than four years. We had lost books, clothing, ornaments, keepsakes; two were suffering distressing injuries with no prospects of speedy relief. Heaviness endured but a little while. He who had builded gazed upon the ruins, then turned and spoke with a courage which created hope. That St. Mary's was not to be disbanded, was a wonder; that it was to be rebuilt, was a greater marvel; its career was to be stayed but a few days. Who could credit the reopening at St. Ansgari, its enlargement and its occupation by thankful and happy students? They were prepared to accept hardships, if but the school might be continued; and lo! comforts and conveniences! The quarters were snug indeed, but very homelike. "A feline could not be oscillated," in some of the rooms, but fortunately no one wanted to oscillate a feline. All the goods the fire had left found "ample room and verge enough"; and the whirl of the happy girl had a fair sweep.

After nine months, out of the contracted walls of the college and Annex, as from the confinement of the Chrysalis, burst the new St. Mary's. A winged creation went out to a higher life than before. This it is on which we are looking and wondering today.

We of the "Fire Brigade" ask our beloved Rector to accept our



Observatory and Mirror Lake

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hearts' gratitude. If he will look upon us as the "old guard," we shall be indeed honored. We shall try to come up to the expectation of this title. For the future we have nothing but cheerful confidence. If a time of imminent danger to St. Mary's should arise, and her life, or her well-earned reputation be in peril, we pledge ourselves to be ready like the old guard at Waterloo, to spring forward into the valley and to do our best to hold St. Mary's in her acquired place at the head of Liberal and Christian education in these Western states.

"The Faculty" was responded to very happily by the Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Rudd; after which Bishop Burgess, in his most delightful manner, spoke at length of the past achievements and future prospects of the school. Frequent applause interrupted both these speakers. All stood while the following was read:

"The Memory of the Hon. James Knox; a friend in need, he was a friend indeed. Though not a Churchman, he did more than all Churchmen by gifts to build and rebuild St. Mary's. Long after his name is erased by time from the Corner-Stone, it will be cherished by grateful souls, and he will be remembered as the first great benefactor of St. Mary's School."

THE NEW OBSERVATORY

Lo, the small stars above the silver wave,
Come wandering up the sky!

AND lo, too, at St. Mary's, a new Observatory! with a splendid telescope, by means of which these small, small stars, as well as glowing sun and wandering planet, together with all the heavenly host, can be accurately watched and noted. Ample in its proportions, admirably arranged, and conveniently located, on the corner, just over the way, southwest of the school building, it stands pre-eminent as the great improvement of 1888.

Long has it been desired, and many an earlier class, as it wandered beneath the silver stars with cold feet and bedewed wraps, has wished that it might be completed in their day and generation. Yet the school has not been without its telescope hitherto, for this is the

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third instrument that we have had; the others, however, have all been of a portable nature. The last one, four inches in aperture, was thought to be a great possession; but now we have risen to the dignity of a six-inch glass and a permanent building for its convenient use and protection.

The new telescope, for its size, is the very best that can be had, the lens being made by Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridge, Mass., who are acknowledged to be the best makers of telescopic lenses in the world. It is mounted equatorially with polar and declination axes; has silver circles, slow motion driving clock, and all the appliances that science has devised for the proper furnishing of such a glass. It stands firmly fixed upon an iron pillar, which, in turn, rests upon a tower of substantial masonry extending several feet down into the solid earth.

A proper housing for this valuable possession is the Observatory. Made of brick and stone, fifteen feet in diameter, with a height sufficient to give an ample horizon; the sliding dome moves about its track with a slight pressure. But this is not all; for attached to the main building is a room, with another pier solidly planted, upon which is soon to be placed a transit instrument. The lens is already in hand, having been purchased in Paris this last summer, by our wandering astronomer.

Having so large an instrument, St. Mary's Observatory is to be registered at Washington; and who knows how soon, among her pupils, will be found a second Miss Mitchell, whose conquests in the starry realm shall bring fame both to herself and her Alma Mater!

THE LAST OF THE CENTENNIALS

IN the rejoicings and celebrations of this day all over the land, St. Mary's was not a step behind. Miss Hitchcock, with her usual enthusiasm, had arranged an attractive programme, and for many days beforehand was busy drilling the school in patriotic songs and other exercises for the occasion.

The religious service in the Chapel was conducted at nine o'clock, being as nearly as possible in the words used at the service which the President attended in St. Paul's Church, one hundred years ago. The Rector made an address in which the grand principles of the nation's life and prosperity were set forth; and he was followed by the Rev. Dr. Delafield, of Chicago, who was on a visit to his daughter in the

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school. At the close of this service, all repaired to the Study Hall, where the following literary exercises took place:

THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON

Celebration, April 30, 1889

Processional Chorus—Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.
Essay—The Last of the Centennials. By Miss Nellie Tobin.
Music—Hail Columbia, Happy Land.
Essay—The Day We Celebrate. By Miss Louise McFarlane.
Music—Sound, Sound, the Trump of Fame.
Recitation—Carmen Bellicosum. By Master Harold H. Rudd.
Music—Quartette. Our Native Land. Peace be to Thee. Misses Johnson, Phelps, Lloyd, Allen.
Recitation—Revolutionary Tea. The Misses Hortense Leffingwell, Maude Neely, Carrie Darling, Ellen Dermont.
Music—Yankee Doodle.
Essay—Our French Allies. By Miss Frances Wheeler.
Chorus—The Marseillaise. By The Club Chantant.
Essay—Leaves from My Great-Grandmother's Diary. By Miss Marion Wiggin.
Recitation—The Minuet. By Gertrude Leffingwell.
Essay—Our Flag. By Miss Eunice Phelps.
Music—The Star-Spangled Banner.

Just one hundred years ago today, at Federal Hall, in New York, George Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States, and took the oath to support the Constitution. Time has proved that no more able man could have been chosen as ruler than he who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

"Washington's a watch-word, such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo in the air."

Still we hail him with rejoicing, as the Father of our country; and his great name shall ever "ring through the world with loud applause." Today, as we celebrate that event, may every spark of patriotism that is slumbering in the breast of man, woman, and child, be awakened, and find vent in our nation's songs.

Let the church bells ring out, calling a grateful people to praise the Power that has made and preserved us a nation. Let us render thanks for the blessings of a hundred years, and ask grace for time to come.

—NELLIE W. TOBIN, '90.

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A CHRISTMAS TREE

EARLY in the holidays, it was decided by the girls and teachers who remained, that a Christmas tree should be given for our small neighbors, some of whom Santa Claus had forgotten this year. Accordingly as the appointed time drew near, great were the preparations going on. Here might be seen a group of maidens, busily engaged in dressing dolls, crocheting hoods, and making little aprons. There, others were filling bright colored bags with bonbons and nuts, stringing pop-corn and oranges. The shops were visited for toys, books, clothing, and candles.

When all was ready, the bob-sled was sent around to gather up the little children. And what a jumble of them there was! Small babies in long dresses, little chaps of four years in short jackets and long trousers, girls and boys of all ages. There were, in all, thirty-five.

As a happy prelude to the Christmas tree, the little ones were marshaled into the dining-hall, where the "inner child" was thoroughly satisfied. They were then conducted to the Library; and when the doors were thrown open, there stood the Christmas tree, all agleam with light from the many tapers, and glistening with ornaments. Then what exclamations of surprise, delight, and wonder burst from the children! There they stood with faces beaming with joy or timid with bewildered awe. Under the tree stood Santa Claus, clothed all in fur from his head to his foot, distributing gifts from his wealth of beautiful things.

When all was over, the little folks were carefully bundled up and packed into the sleigh. As the sound of the sleigh-bells died away, I am sure we all realized the blessedness of giving to those less favored than ourselves.

HOW WE SAW THE PRESIDENT

ON Wednesday morning, October 8th, an announcement was made that President Harrison would pass through Knoxville on his way to Galesburg, where he expected to meet the soldiers of his old brigade. Dr. Leffingwell ascertained the time of his coming, and tried to telegraph the compliments of the school to him, hoping that he might stop and address a few words to us; but the wires were so occupied that it was impossible. About 9:30 the girls and faculty were assembled at "St. Mary's Crossing" awaiting the arrival of the train. Soon our patience was rewarded by the appearance of the loco-

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motive decorated with the golden eagle and with many flags. As it approached its speed slackened, and there in the cab of the engine we beheld the President, with raised hat in one hand, the other extended towards us, and his kind face wreathed in smiles, to show his appreciation of our enthusiastic welcome.

This is how many of us saw for the first time a President of the United States, and by these, the day will long be remembered as an eventful one. In honor of the occasion, the flag was raised at St. Mary's and could be seen floating in the breeze, waving a welcome to the leader of our glorious land. There is one incident which must not be overlooked. A number of pins and pennies were laid on the track to be passed over by the wheels of "Caesar's chariot," and kept as souvenirs of the occasion. Some of the girls declared that the handkerchiefs waved at the President should never be used again.

THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL

BLESSINGS brighten as they take their flight." Now that vacation is a reality, the pleasant phases of our school life seem doubly attractive; while the duties, which we thought at times to be irksome, become rare privileges. The French pupil, in a really sorrowful tone, says the last of *les verbes réfléchir*, or *irréguliers*. The German scholar, with woeful look, lingers o'er her final *regelmässige* and *unregelmässige zeitwörter*. The art pupil says with misty eyes, "Our last lesson in perspective." The student of harmony represses a discordant sigh as she labors with the last of her "covered fifths" and "octaves." Even the Latin scholar has something like a feeling of tenderness for her "prose composition." The senior-middle lovingly clasps her "Science of Rhetoric," as she realizes that a parting is at hand. The senior gives a loving pat to her geological chart, as she learns the last of the formidable catalogue of names.

But one and all are loath to leave the bright and cheery buildings, the grounds so picturesque, and the Chapel, hallowed by a throng of sacred memories. It is not the sketchers only, who love to watch the play of the sparkling fountain, or the varying shadows of the ivy-mantled walls. It is not alone the artistic taste, which appreciates the soft hue of the fresh spring grass or the beds of fragrant roses bordering the walks on either side. We all, with uniform consent, declare that St. Mary's in June is one of the prettiest spots that memory can

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find. But the parting with friends is the greatest trial attending the close of school. The "good-byes" are really most touching.

Such is the tone of the last days of school. If this contradicts the tradition that study is the school girl's bugbear, and vacation is her clover, it must follow that St. Mary's is singularly blessed in the loyalty of her children.

—M. E. P., '89.

TENNIS AT ST. MARY'S

UPON the lawn I sit alone,
Until the bell with mellow tone
Calls forth the girls for exercise,
Which reddens cheeks and brightens eyes.
All hasten toward the tennis ground,
With hearts light as the balls they bound,
The games proceed with merry sport;
While my eyes seek the nearest court,
Where stands a girl with graceful pose
Her fair face flushing like the rose.
With head erect and eyes intent,
Her whole heart on the game is bent.
A large white hat, a jaunty thing,
Rests on the sunny curls that cling
To thoughtful brow with simple grace,
Framing with light a gentle face.
And, as with airy tread she bounds
Returning balls with whizzing sounds,
Her face shows forth the inner grace
Like precious jewel unencased.
Her dress is tasteful, neat and plain,
Yet fashion she does not disdain.
Her slender hands that love so much
To make sweet tones with gentle touch,
Are ever quick to sooth and pet
All homesick girls with lashes wet,
Her kindness, sympathy, and love,
Her nature sweet, and far above
A slurring word or sneering smile,
Are all expressed in plainest style,
By dark brown eyes and curving lips,
Where truthfulness so firmly sits.
All these make up a priceless pearl,
A tender, pure, and charming girl.

—I. C., '90

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ONE of our Missionaries in Shanghai, writing of our scholarship in St. Mary's Hall, says: "Siam-Mae Wong is as bright as ever in her studies, sewing, etc. She is learning also a little English and can say the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in English. With others she sang some hymns at the examination." Our hearts go out to that little Chinese girl, lisping the Lord's Prayer in the language which is carrying the Gospel to all lands. It is to the women of the heathen nations that this Gospel comes with especial benediction. That timid maiden singing Christian hymns in far-off China is a representative of millions of dear girls who are longing for a better life than that to which the degrading traditions of their fathers have doomed them. To help one such gentle soul to reach that higher life is surely a blessed work for which we may be glad to make some sacrifice.

IMPROVEMENTS never stop at St. Mary's. Workmen are busy here now, masons and carpenters. A northeast wing is in process of erection, not, however, for the purpose of accommodating more pupils, but of increasing the facilities of the work. The studio is to be the especial gainer, being thus doubled in size, a much needed improvement, as this year, 1893, it has been no easy matter to thread one's way thro' the thicket of easels.

A handsome porch and steps with ornamental iron railing connects the east door with the cloister. The cottage east of the Chapel has been removed, and this change opens up a lovely view.

Poles are already in place for the electric lights that are to illuminate the city, and there are to be lights on each front corner of St. Mary's grounds. The grounds, by the way, with the well-kept lawns, flowering shrubs, and beautiful shade trees, were never more attractive than now. It is difficult to realize the fact that when Dr. Leffingwell came here twenty-five years ago, not a solitary shrub existed where is now such a wealth of foliage.

TAP lightly at the door of the Senior Study any evening during study-hour; enter, and you will find its occupants deeply engrossed with their various duties; but merely mention the fact that there are but three more weeks of this dear school-life at St. Mary's when, Presto! the golden-haired girl in the corner will melt into tears! The black-haired Mary, who always cries when anybody else does, quickly follows suit! The Mary with blue eyes, drops them to the floor! The Mary who dotes on her art album, grabs frantically for

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her handkerchief! The Mary who sighs over her final vowels in Latin, desperately strives to drive away the dreadful lump from her throat, as she thinks of her final departure! The other Mary sobs! The girl who can never keep a pen, is pensive! The girl with the cousins hides her face in her apron! The two girls who play the banjo are melancholy; while the two hard-hearted wretches who always laugh when other people cry, manage to assume a lugubrious smile, the sad smile that haunts me still.

This is not one bit overdrawn. A more doleful spectacle would be hard to find, than the Class of '88, when dreaming of leaving St. Mary's.

SOME weeks ago we had a pleasant visit from the Rev. C. R. Hodge, whom we might almost name as the sweet singer of our Province. Certain it is, that none have written sweeter tunes for the hymnody of the Church. We have before us a remarkable collection of his composition adapted to the "Seven Last Words," the hymns for which were written by Mr. Egbert Phelps, brother of our late Minister to England, and uncle to one of St. Mary's girls. Mr. Hodge, during his visit, gave us two lectures on vocal expression, illustrating them by songs of his own composition. It was a rare treat. The girls sang at Evensong one of Mr. Hodge's hymns, written and named for the School, and were pleased and proud to have his commendation.

ONE of the annual Easter gifts to St. Mary's Chapel is a generous box of beautiful St. Mary's lilies, from Hortense Coulter, '81. No matter where she may happen to be, the flowers are sure to come. Last year she was in Egypt about Easter time, and this year in some other distant land; but St. Mary's and the altar were not forgotten. Among the Easter remembrances received this year, was also a dainty and beautiful booklet, *She Saw the Risen Lord*. It was sent with the "compliments of the author," Mary Lanning Bailey, Class of '76. Mrs. Bailey's home is now in Parkland, Ky.

THE purchase of the Hellman property gives Dr. Leffingwell full possession of the four blocks facing the school and cottages on St. Mary's Avenue. The house on the corner has already traveled to other quarters. This is the eighth that the Doctor has bought and moved away. It is the last obstruction to the outlook in front of St.



Entrance to Cloisters

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Mary's. The fence is gone, the street is graded, and nowhere is there a prettier or more attractive bit of driving than by the beautiful grounds of St. Mary's.

—*Knox Republican.*

THE gift of two seven-branched candlesticks for our altar was from Mr. Robert Pilcher of Louisville, in memory of his wife and child in Paradise. Julia Derby will be remembered here, as pupil and teacher, with tenderest regard. Hers was one of the saintly souls which even in this world seemed always to be clothed in white. The memorials are elegant specimens of brass work, the standards being adjustable so as to hold the lights in almost any position desired. The inscriptions are very handsomely engraved.

THE beautiful reading desk, gift of the Class of Eighty-Three, was placed in the Chapel and consecrated on the Feast of the Annunciation. The Rector, in accepting it, spoke feelingly of the days when the class motto of Eighty-Three, "Bear Ye One Another's Burdens," had proved to be a near prophecy; as before their senior year was over, there were burdens to be borne, indeed; for it was the year of the fire, and lovingly and loyally did "Eighty-Three" stand by their Alma Mater in that time of trial. The Feast of the Annunciation is always a high day at St. Mary's. The class banners adorn the Chapel; the altar, in festal white, is fair and sweet with St. Mary's lilies—the lilies of the Incarnation. We were glad that the presentation of this beautiful gift of "Eighty-Three" should have so pleasant and hallowed an association; and so, we are sure, will be its generous and loving donors.

WE are glad to note that the new Diplomas are in Latin, and that this classical language is hereafter to be a requirement of the course. This will not necessarily crowd out the modern languages, a part of the extra time required for Latin being gained by placing some of the easier studies of the regular course among the Preparatory Studies. Latin has of late years been practically the rule, few having graduated without two or three years' training in it. Now let every undergraduate understand that if she would have a parchment she must learn to read it.

ON our return to school this year (1890) we were delighted to find many improvements in and around the building. First, of course, was the beautiful cloister, and next, a wonderful electric

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

clock, which through all the day rings the bells that summon us to duty. (Miss Hitchcock objects to going to Chapel by electricity!) In the main entrance hall, we noticed that the walls had been newly frescoed, and that a soft Brussels carpet was under our feet, while at the head of the main stairway we found an arch of ornamental grille work, screening the "Bower" from the hall. In the center of the Bower, and bathed in the bright sunshine from its windows, now stands a stately banana tree, while on either side are blooming plants belonging to the Altar Guild. The library, too, was much improved; a new sofa, a large reading table, some easy chairs and rugs, having been added to its furnishings. In the music department we found Miss Johnson, rejoicing over a new parlor grand piano, which had been assigned to her music room. These are but a few evidences of the constant thoughtfulness of Dr. Leffingwell, by which St. Mary's is made so attractive.

"PASSED!"

NO dreadful bell will ring at three,
No sorry seniors you will see
For they are feeling very mighty;
No more Logic—happy "Ninety,"
No more "figure," no more "mood;"
Not e'en to "Barbara" they allude;
No *Petitio Principii*.
No *Camestres*, or *Darii*;
No deceitful enthymeme—
The cause of many a sorry scheme.
No middles undistributed
As *Caesare* oft contributed.
No more "sphere," no more extension,
No more matter or intension;
No dilemmas or sorites,
No disjunctives or *Camestres*;
No equivocated fallacies,
No second figure *Caesares*;
No hidden Amphibology,
We've "passed"; and now—Psychology.

—M. B. P., '90.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

MARY D. Reynolds, '87, closes a most interesting letter about her visit to the Land of the Midnight Sun with this appreciation of her preparation for travel by her course at St. Mary's.

I can't say good-bye without expressing to my dear teachers at St. Mary's the renewed gratitude I have felt to them since coming abroad. I believe it is Dr. Johnson who said "To bring home knowledge one must take knowledge with him," and though travel has a very humbling effect if one did perchance madly imagine one knew anything at all beforehand, still when among the mountains and glaciers I have remembered so often Dr. Rudd's geology class; Mrs. Rudd's art class in the galleries where I recognized old friends she showed me first; and Miss Hitchcock's English literature and Shakespeare classes in London, Stratford, and indeed all through England. Miss Bouvet's French has stood me in good stead many a time, as indeed everything else I learned in the wise curriculum of St. Mary's.

DURING October, Dr. Leffingwell was called to California on business, and on his return, instead of the usual Friday evening reading, gave us an interesting description of his trip.

A sad event occurred on the return journey. The train was delayed at the Needles by an accident to a freight ahead of it. A young fireman who had been injured in the wreck was brought on the sleeper, to be taken to a hospital at Albuquerque, 500 miles distant. Dr. Leffingwell, seeing that the poor man could not live long, aided the attendants in making his last hours as comfortable as possible, and over the departing spirit read the commendatory prayers of the Church. In an account of the accident, the Albuquerque *Democrat* of Nov. 3 has the following:

Rev. Dr. Leffingwell, of St. Mary's School, at Knoxville, Illinois, a man of considerable experience in the sick room, although a total stranger to the injured man, attended him with a brother's care, and the employes of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad will ever hold Dr. Leffingwell dear in their memory, for the kind attention shown their deceased brother.

THE following figures may serve to give our readers some idea of the amount of work done in the music department.

Number of pupils taking lessons on the piano, 80; organ, 2; vocal, 25; violin, etc., 7; guitar and mandolin, 5; making in the music department 119 pupils. An orchestra of ten pieces, six violins, cello, viola, cornet, and piano, has been formed and promises good results before the annual concert. The Franz Abt Society is in a flourishing condition, and we anticipate much pleasure from its delightful choruses. From the little band of St. Mary's choristers, Eunice Phelps,

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Frances Wheeler, and Iva Woodruff are greatly missed. Edith Delafield presides, as before, at the organ, and Harold is still crucifer.

CLASS DAY SONG

MIDST tall trees, in stately splendor,
Robed in foliage green,
Stands the home of happy girlhood,
Peaceful and serene.

Chorus. Raise your voices, joyful maidens,
Loud her praises tell!
Benedicta, Alma Mater;
Hail, all hail! Farewell!

As the vines in green profusion
To her fondly cling,
So do we; and we shall ever
Thankful praises sing.

Loyal be your love, Alumnae,
Every heart be true;
Ave! Vale! dear St. Mary's,
Wave the white and blue!

"SWEET WILLIAM" COMES TO ST. MARY'S

SWEET WILLIAM has come"! So sped' the news through hall and corridor. Would Miss Bouvet let us have just a tiny, tiny peep between the lids? And so we fell in love with *Sweet William* at first sight. There was the cover with a bunch of sweet williams below the title; there was a wreath of marguerites crossed by the sword of St. Michael; and there was the name of the author, in shining letters, "Marguerite Bouvet." How proud we were, for was she not one of us?

We can fancy the wonder with which some of its admirers will hear a St. Mary's girl say: "Its author teaches me French and how to write compositions!" Will she add: "And keeps me after school sometimes?"

This is the story of how *Sweet William* came to St. Mary's. We bespeak for the young Norman the hearty welcome he deserves from those to whom the book is dedicated: "The little people of this great free land, blessed with Heaven's most precious gifts—Love, Light, and Liberty."

—H. M. H.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL entered upon its twenty-third full year in September, 1890. As years count in the West, twenty-two is a long time. Indeed, it is a large period in the estimate of an ordinary life. There are three of the highest officers of the School at this time, the Rector, Principal, and Matron, who have served during the entire period; and another, Mrs. Rudd, has been here most of that time. There is not a pupil in the school who was born when it was founded, while there are some here whose mothers were educated at St. Mary's. We hear of other grandchildren who will enter soon.

MRS. Bottsford (Mona Laux) Los Angeles, in a pleasant letter to Dr. Leffingwell, says: "I have now three little candidates for St. Mary's, the oldest of whom we hope to send next September. She is looking forward eagerly to going, as I have told her so much of my happy times there. But was there ever a St. Mary's girl who didn't enjoy her life in the dear old school?"

AN OLD custom, and a very pleasant one, has been renewed this year, viz., that of "Shakespeare Quoting Matches." The players assembling in the bower, two are appointed to draw lots for the choice of sides. First choice is desired by both; for would it be improper to say that Miss Hitchcock is the "bone of contention"? Happy the leader who secures her, and happier she, on the other side, who can catch Miss Hitchcock in a misquotation. These matches are most excellent divertisement for those who have graduated from the Shakespearean class, as well as for those who are still filling their minds with bits from the works of the "myriad minded."

CHAPTER XX

THE severest test that the manager of any business has to meet, is the selection of an executive officer. The school rector has to meet this test, from time to time, and he is fortunate who has to meet it only twice in fifty years. All who knew St. Mary's in the Early Days know that there was no mistake in the first selection. Miss Hitchcock enlisted for twenty-five years and served the entire term with notable success, retiring in good health and high honor, in 1893.

Of course I was greatly concerned to find a successor. This was all the more difficult since the school had grown in numbers and importance; standards and methods of education were changing, while competition had made the conditions of school management in the Middle West more exacting. A kind Providence again opened the way. Emma Pease Howard accepted the office and served as Principal for a term exceeding by one year the long record of her predecessor. Miss Howard devoted herself to the interests of the School, increasing its efficiency and reputation, and relieving me of many burdens. I cannot adequately express my appreciation of her service and influence as Principal of St. Mary's School for more than a quarter of a century. I quote from a resolution of the Associate Alumnae, 1919: "We desire to express our grateful



Emma Pease Howard

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

appreciation of Miss Howard's truly remarkable work for St. Mary's, her admirable executive ability, and her multiform labors, in which she has indeed abounded."

Twenty-five years may fairly be considered the limit of the Early Days. For the period following, another volume would be required.

But, we may have at least a glimpse of the School, in its new environment. In many respects the conditions were greatly improved over those of the earlier period. The arrangements for comfort, convenience, recreation, and the "pursuit of knowledge," were almost ideal. We had gas, electricity, and steam heat, in place of kerosene lamps and furnaces; abundant bathrooms and artesian well water; a large recreation hall with dance-floor; a swimming pool; a well-equipped gymnasium and a physical director; adequate laboratory and studio; music rooms, mostly in one group; no sleeping rooms above the second floor; the beautiful Chapel and connecting cloisters; domestic science training for all; observatory with telescope and revolving dome; walks and grounds, gardens and parks, greatly improved; a suitable stage for entertainments; a trolley-car line to Galesburg. Most notable of the improvements of the Early Days was the architectural beauty of the noble group of buildings, and the charm of the surrounding landscape, with avenues of stately trees, and artistic arrangement of foliage and flowers, where formerly stood unsightly buildings with weather-worn sheds and fences scattered about.

In the way of scholastic advantages also, great advance had been made during the Early Days at St. Mary's. The course of study had been extended, studios and laboratories had been enlarged and more fully equipped, notable additions had been made to the fac-

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

ulty. The beginning of the Later Period found the institution established on a higher plane and with a far wider range of activity than in former years.

In no department was this advance more timely than in the field of Household Economics. I say "timely," for with the rapid increase of higher education among women, since the founding of St. Mary's, this phase of women's calling, the making of home, had received scant recognition in the colleges. The ambition of women to keep up with men in college seemed to extend to the post college career, and vast numbers devoted themselves to business and professions. In 1870 there were less than a million women engaged in gainful occupation outside of the family and domestic service; in 1920 there were over eight and a half millions so employed.

This is not to argue against higher education for women; it does, however, seem to indicate that for the special and most necessary work of women, adequate opportunity for preparation should be included in the new order. Nothing more deserves the highest and best training than the calling of women as home makers, and for no other career is a higher order of intelligence and character required.

With these and many other less important improvements, the new St. Mary's and its environment were better beyond compare than those of the Early Days. Yet we loved the old school home and the old school life. We seemed to be nearer to each other in a real family than at any later period. With all the advantages and attractions of the new St. Mary's, our school life was never more happy and harmonious than in those Early Days. We were content with what we had then, but could not have been content with it at a later

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date, when the standard of living, the domestic and social conditions of the Middle West, had changed. Notwithstanding its destruction by fire, St. Mary's survived the Early Days, restored, renewed, and "up to date," and continued for another quarter century under the same management, progressive and prosperous.

I wish the story of the Later Days might follow, but that would perhaps be "too much of a good thing." I hope that this one volume may not prove to be "more than enough."

THE CHICAGO REUNION

IN response to the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Leffingwell, a goodly number of the Alumnae assembled in Chicago, at Kinsley's, on April 13th, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the School. With Mrs. Leffingwell at the head, and Dr. Leffingwell at the foot of the table, and with the old familiar "grace" sung, the luncheon seemed a genuine bit of school life. On the walls were hung the beautiful class banners, while St. Mary's lilies in profusion adorned the room with their beauty, and made it fragrant with their perfume.

At each plate was a souvenir booklet containing photographs of Dr. and Mrs. Leffingwell and Miss Hitchcock, the three who founded the School on the 13th of April, 1868; views of the old building and of the new, and a lovely glimpse of the grounds and house. On the cover appeared St. Mary's lilies, painted on a ground of blue, the school color.

An interesting feature of the occasion was the alumnae roll-call by the Rector; each one present answering, of course, for herself, while a representative of each class answered for the absent members. In many cases, however, the absentee answered for herself by letter or wire.

Telegrams were received from Mrs. George Kretzinger (Clara Wilson, '70), the first valedictorian, who was in California; from the alumnae now resident at St. Mary's, Emily Seamans, '84; Marguerite Bouvet, '85; Victoria Cleveland, '90. Then followed the

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

toasts, the responses to which we would gladly reproduce with all their wit and wisdom.

So much for the programme of this memorable occasion. We shall leave "old girls" to imagine what we cannot reproduce, the delightful side-talks among long separated schoolmates and teachers. Some interesting statistics might have been culled from the roll-call, such as the number of marriages—we will not say the appalling number, since such things must be, and need not excite our special wonder. Here and there a class reported all its members as "wooed and married and a."

The reading of a part of the first valedictory, the Farewell to Alma Mater, all standing, closed the exercises around the board. Mrs. Leffingwell distributed the lilies among her guests; and bearing lilies in their hands, Alma Mater's chosen flower, these wearers of St. Mary's Cross of Honor went forth into the great city, some to near homes, others to take trains for distant places; but all glad of the occasion that had brought them together, and wishing for St. Mary's a future as blessed as the past, a golden anniversary as bright as the silver one had been.

—N. M. H.

COLUMBUS DAY

OF course we could not let so great a day as the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, pass unnoticed, but how to celebrate it was a much mooted question. At last it was decided that we should have a whole holiday, an event which, as Miss Hitchcock says, occurs here about as often as Columbus discovers America. So on the morning of the twenty-first, we awoke with the happy knowledge that we were to have a whole day of leisure. The large flag waving in the court, and plenty of smaller ones within the building, aroused our patriotic feelings, and made us remember that this was a national holiday. To add to the festive appearance of the day, a late dinner was served, and at five o'clock we repaired to the dining room, which had been decorated with flowers and flags. At the close of the dinner, appropriate toasts were read by Dr. Leffingwell, and ably responded to by several of the girls.

Later, the class of '93 received the other members of the family at a fancy dress party in the recreation hall. Seldom have St. Mary's walls looked down upon gayer scenes. King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella graced the hall in all the splendor of velveteen and canton

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flannel ermine. The great Christopher himself was there, accompanied by his wife and chaperoned by his mother! Spanish duennas and Italian peasant girls, Cavaliers and Genoese signorinas, thronged the hall. In the intervals between the dances, noble dames and pretty pages, courtiers and adventurers, sat over small tables in corners of the studio, and were served by Italian maidens to that very modern invention, ice-cream.

All too soon, the tower bell rang, and reluctantly we left the gay scene, and betook ourselves to our rooms, there to rehearse, in dreams, the pleasant events of the day.

—A. F. S., '93.

WASHINGTON'S ANNIVERSARY, 1892

THE morning exercises in the Study Hall consisted of patriotic songs, readings, and recitations, and the reading of a very fine original paper, "Washington as we Know Him," by Miss Burgett, '82.

But the crowning event of the day was the Promenade Concert in the evening. The spacious Study Hall was artistically decorated with the red, white, and blue; several boxes were improvised, one of which was reserved for Dr. and Mrs. Leffingwell and their guests. The stage was magically transformed into a colonial parlor, where Miss Sanford presided as hostess. The opening Grand March, by nearly the whole school, was bewilderingly pretty and unique. The uniform was the Martha Washington kerchief and cap, with powdered hair, while dresses of many colors lent variety to the scene. With minuet step and curtsy, the marchers advanced up the aisles to the music of the orchestra; at first with stately grace, and then with quickening pace, as the familiar strains of Yankee Doodle fell on the ear, they wound in and out among the sober desks that had never before witnessed such a gay scene. Then followed the programme, during the intervals of which ice-cream was served by St. Monica's Guild.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S
A SONG OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Tune—Yankee Doodle

A PRETTY sight it was to see
Our girls so blithe and merry,
When dawned the twenty-second day
Of snowy February;
The stars and stripes they waved aloft,
Their favorite tree was cherry,
The peaceful thought was, all day long,
The hatchet we will bury.

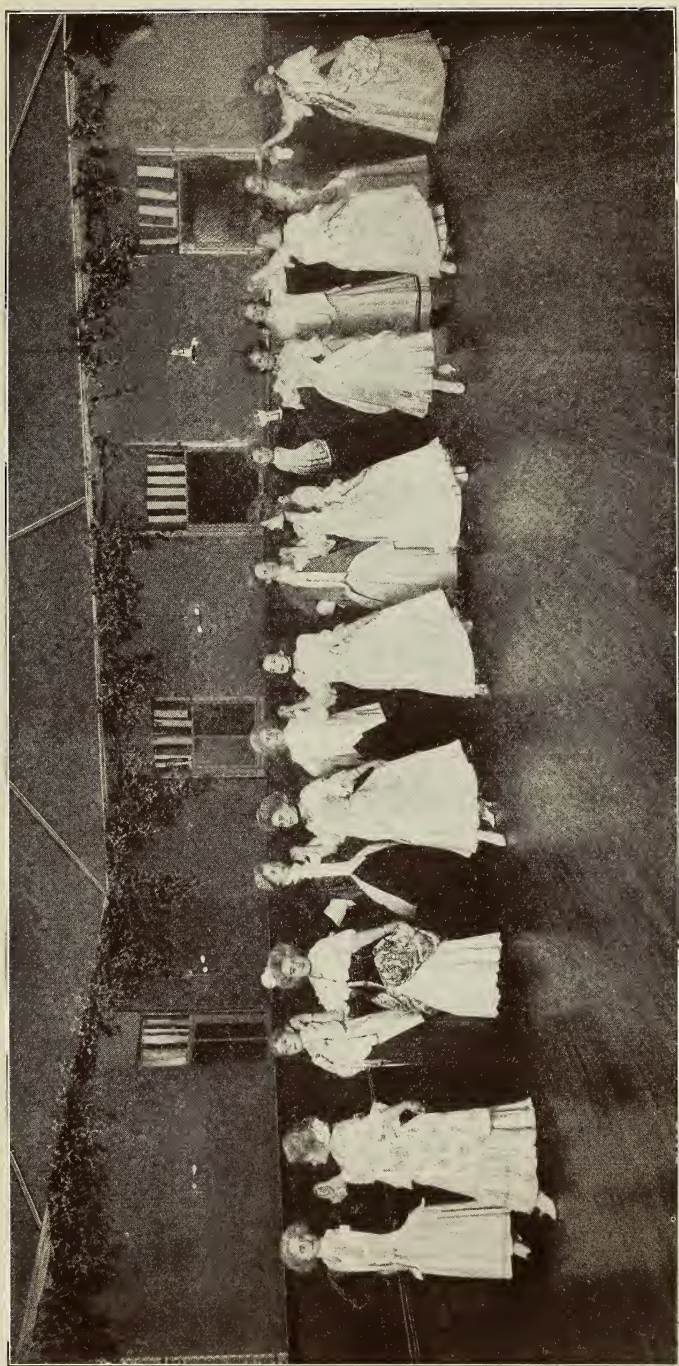
The Study Hall proclaimed the day,
Likewise the exercises,
But 'twas the eve that brought the most
To please us and surprise us.
Bewitching were those powdered heads,
The march was very charming,
The costumes of the old-time days
Were really most alarming.

There is not time to tell it all;
But this will quite suffice us,
For everyone will keep in mind
A holiday's devices.
Wave, wave the flag and shout "hurrah!"
Long live our celebration;
Honor to him whose love and zeal
Have founded this great nation!

—J. C. H.

ST. MARY'S CLUB, CHICAGO

ON February fourteenth, a most delightful meeting of the Club was held at the home of Mrs. Samuel W. Allerton, Prairie Avenue. Sixteen enthusiastic girls assembled to hear the reports of Mrs. Allerton and Mrs. Cass, who had been appointed to find rooms for the Club. The outlook was most discouraging. This was the second attempt to find suitable quarters, and like the first, it had proved fruitless. Rooms at all central, were too expensive; and yet it was felt most desirable that a club room should be established, which should be headquarters for all members resident and sojourning in Chicago during the exposition.



Washington's Birthday: A Minuet

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To accomplish this it would be necesasry to have a few hundred dollars, and it was found that the entire sum could be raised by assessing each member a small sum over her yearly dues. At first it was suggested that this money be raised by giving entertainments or by one of the usual methods employed in such cases, but on putting the question to a vote it was found that all the members present preferred paying the small sum required, to giving their time and attention to any outside enterprise at this busy season. The names of a number of new candidates were then presented, voted on, and accepted.

After business was over, came the chatter; and this running fire of conversation was kept up until the retreat, all feeling a pride in the growing success of St. Mary's Club. A few days after this, in response to an invitation from Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Charles Henrotin, a meeting of the Presidents of the leading women's clubs in Chicago was called, to discuss the entertainment of foreign guests.

The St. Mary's Club being a member of the Federation of Women's Clubs, our President, Laura Hayes, was there, fresh from our own meeting on the same subject, and knowing definitely what St. Mary's Club wished. All these clubs had been as unfortunate as ours in their search for suitable rooms.

After some plans proposed by members, Laura Hayes suggested that the Federation of Women's Clubs rent a fine house in a central location, for the six World's Fair months, and the rooms be divided among the clubs according to their membership. This would make it possible to throw all the club rooms together and give a few grand entertainments in honor of distinguished guests. The plan met with general favor, and was carried. Meantime we experienced much satisfaction at the prominent place our infant club had taken among the oldest and best established clubs in Chicago.

It is intended to make our Club Room a place where the members and their friends can always find a welcome, where writing conveniences can be had, where with magazines and journals one can while away the tedious hours of waiting for trains, and where St. Mary's girls from different cities can meet and renew old friendships over a cup of tea. A register will be kept, giving the addresses of all club members staying in Chicago, and time-tables and other sources of information may be had on application.

The St. Mary's Club has, for more than a year, belonged to the Federation of Women's Clubs, and its members will consequently share the privileges of the Federation headquarters in the Woman's

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Building. Any member desiring a Federation badge (light blue enamel) can receive it by sending fifty cents to the secretary.

—ALICE WEST, *Secretary*.

LATER: The St. Mary's Club has engaged a room in the beautiful Venetian Building, and will be "at home" on Monday afternoons during the summer. The Venetian Building is centrally located, being just opposite the side entrance to Marshall Field's, Washington St., and this will make it convenient for St. Mary's Girls who are visiting the World's Fair city. Ask for "St. Mary's Club Room," No. 1204.

FOUNDERS AND BENEFACTORS

(Response to a Toast, Easter Monday, 1893, by Miss Hitchcock)

THE benefactors of St. Mary's School! Do we all know who they are? I think we should be ready to place at the head of the list, its Founder, who has given first of all, himself. We who have been here the longest know what that means—the consecration of time, talents, strength, to a noble life work. But we shall never know from our modest Rector, the sum total, nay, even the tithe of his benefactions as the word is commonly used; and we shall spare him further hint of even what we do know.

Next to the founder's name, let us place in grateful recognition that of that staunch friend of earlier days, whose name you read on the corner-stone of the building, James Knox. He believed in a future for St. Mary's, largely, I think, because he believed in its Rector, and we today are enjoying the benefits of his bequests, as in the days before the fire the school enjoyed his living munificence.

The benefactors of St. Mary's School! Are we likely to forget the generous contributions for rebuilding that began to arrive after the fire, even while the embers were still smoking? Mr. Newcomb's telegram: "Put me down for one thousand dollars"; Hortense Coulter's check for five hundred, sent from Paris; gifts from north, east, south, west—gifts smaller indeed, but as rich in love and good will, and in faith in a future for St. Mary's.

The benefactors of St. Mary's School! Their names might be written all over the walls of the Chapel which their love erected. Their names—from that of Susan Kemper whose first earning (not the tithe, but the whole, a precious five dollars) was followed by Mrs.



The Rector
On Founders' Day, 1915

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Bradford's thousand. But time would fail me to tell of the good deeds of those who wrought for windows and organ, for altar and font; until St. Mary's Church stood forth in all its completeness and beauty.

The benefactors of St. Mary's School! Some of them have entered the rest of Paradise. Them, too, we include in our petitions, kneeling before the altar bright with its vesper lamps, itself a memorial of much loving service.

TO ST. MARY'S

BY MRS. GEORGE W. KRETZINGER (CLARA WILSON, '70)

Read on Graduates' Day, 1893, the Close of the Twenty-fifth Year

A LONE and high and desolate,
In treeless grounds,
Stood the old building where our great
St. Mary's School began its fate,
Bringing a purpose high within
Her narrow bounds.

Disconsolate we gazed, with homesick air,
Upon the place—
That sad house on the prairie bare—
And yet no dream and castle fair,
Hold half the charm our hearts found there
In welcoming grace.

Swiftly the first weeks came and went,
And it was home!
Youth's restless spirit stayed content
On new, sweet occupations bent;
Gently the hours in sunshine fell
From heaven's high dome.

St. Mary's! Whence thy charm? So near
No other skies
Have ever ope'd such portals clear,
Into the realms where those made dear
And doubly dear by loss,
Help us to rise

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

On All Saints' Day! Nowhere
Breaks Easter morn
So all significantly fair,
Bringing the soul on wings of air
To realms beyond our slower thoughts,
In hours forlorn.

Few were our numbers, as we came
To receive our meed,
But the voice shook that called each name,
And each heart felt the sacred flame
That springs when first we hear the call
Of this world's need.

Ah, Ye! who from her fairer halls,
Go forth with flowers;
Sweet are the hours each spot recalls;
Yet are these new and glorious walls
Not dearer to your inmost hearts,
Than now to ours,

Who never saw them, but who knew
The mother's heart.
We had the sunshine and the dew
Of her first hours; and so we grew
To be of her great heart and life,
Even now, a part.

Bright circle of Alumnae true!
Right glad was I,
When after many years—that flew
Before my heart the reckoning knew—
I saw your widened band and read
Your purpose high.

Not sad am I, but glad indeed,
And justly proud.
The flying years may swell their speed.
Each brings me undeserved meed,—
Sisters whose names and deeds the world
May shout aloud.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

St. Mary's! For all years to come,
Our mother blest:
We, thy Alumnae, bend the knee
And pray the heavens to spare to thee
Thy Founder, and those helpers true,
Sweet saints confessed,

To uphold his hands; long let them stay
To be our stay!
Since, while they share our earthly way
Our hearts are stronger for the fray;
Knowing that they still watch with us,
We better pray.

OLIVE OGLESBY'S WEDDING

IT was said to be one of the most brilliant and imposing affairs of the kind that ever took place in Illinois. Olive made an ideal bride, robed in a white gown of heavy silk, with train and veil. Her ornaments were Roman hyacinths, and a magnificent diamond necklace, a present from the groom's parents. Mrs. Oglesby was a perfect dream of beauty in her gown of white satin. In the bridal party there were two maids of honor, six bridesmaids, a best man, and six ushers. Lulu Roberts of '84 was one of the bridesmaids. The marriage ceremony took place in St. Paul's Church, Springfield, at eight o'clock in the evening; Bishop Seymour officiated, assisted by the Rev. F. W. Taylor, rector of the parish.

Just after the ceremony, as the bride turned to leave the church, she looked up into her father's face with an expression of mingled love and regret; then, for an instant, left her husband and embraced her father. It was an affecting scene, I assure you.

After the wedding, a magnificent reception was held at the Executive Mansion. The Governor's Staff was in attendance, dressed in full uniform, and the glistening regalia helped to make the scene particularly brilliant. At the reception I met several of St. Mary's patrons and pupils.

—A GUEST.

DURING the last month the school was favored by the presence and instruction of the Rev. W. B. Morrow, Mus. Bac., rector of St. John's parish, Carlisle, Pa., who for many years has kindly prepared and directed the sacred music at St. Mary's. Under

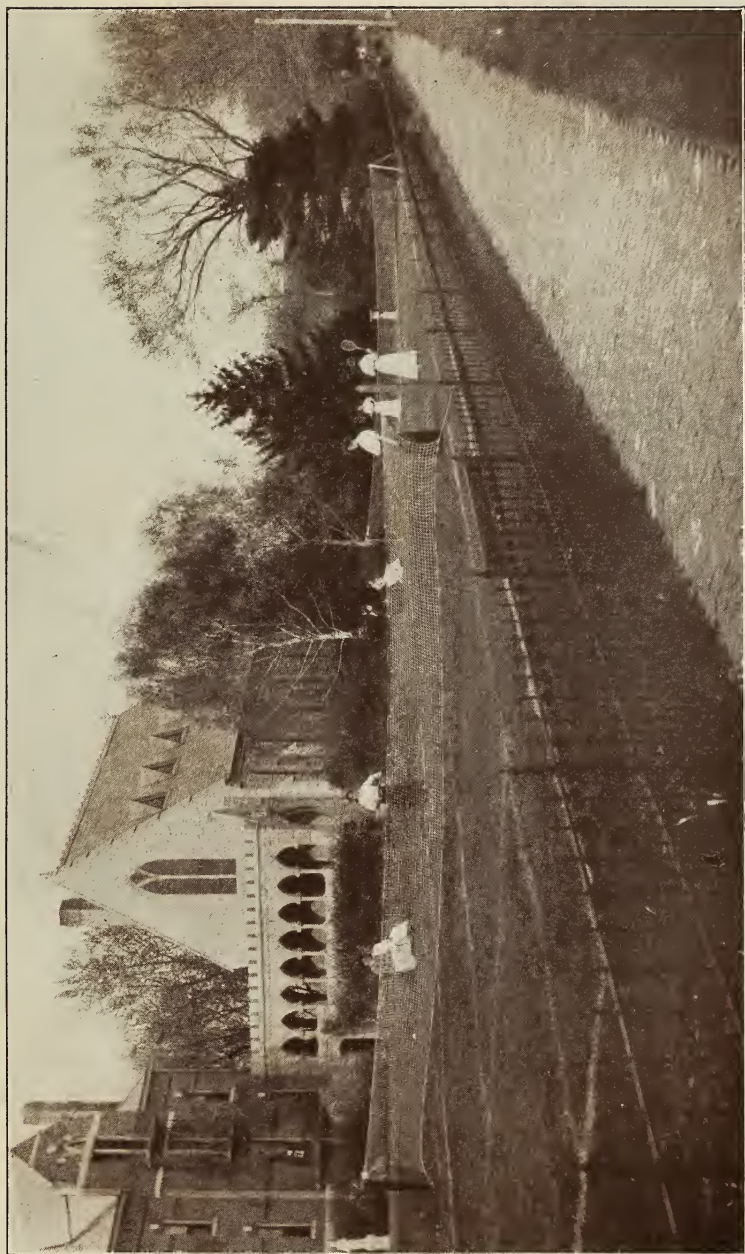
EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

his able and genial superintendence the school has attained proficiency in the choral service, and has become widely known for its excellent Church music. Pupils who go out from St. Mary's to parishes throughout the West are helpful in extending a correct taste and increasing interest in this important element of worship. Nearly all the pupils learn to sing in church, and the acquirement is of great value to themselves and to others through life. There are daily choral Matins and Evensong, and monthly choral Celebrations. There is an early Celebration on other Sundays without music. The Gregorian tones, arranged by Best, are used in the psalter, of which one psalm is sung each morning and evening.

FROM a Southern newspaper we clip the following: "The Ladies' Tennis Tournament is an annual event of much social prominence in Philadelphia, and it has just been completed on the beautiful grounds of the Germantown Cricket Club, under the patronage of a committee of twenty Philadelphian ladies, assisted by the officers of the club. The tournament lasted five days, and on Friday, Miss Harriet Butler, of Augusta, Ga., and Miss Terry, of Princeton, N. J., defeated the last of their skillful opponents and have been declared the champions of the United States, in ladies' doubles. Miss Butler (from St. Mary's) had not anticipated entering the tournament, and the fact that all of the players were in training except herself, makes her victory the more satisfactory."

ADRIE past St. Mary's early these beautiful summer evenings discloses an attractive sight—vine-clad buildings, well-kept lawns, fountain playing, flowers blooming, while life and color are given to the scene by maidens here, there, and everywhere. Some may be seen sitting on the porches and steps, reading or chatting, others gathered in friendly groups under the shade of the many trees which beautify the grounds; while at the tennis courts the more active enjoy a sprightly game. Should one happen to be passing as the tower bell rings the call to Evensong, he would see a sudden change. Books are promptly closed, racquet and ball laid aside, while, seemingly with one accord, all go their way through the cloister into the beautiful Chapel. Soon from the open door and windows, float the sweet sounds of song and prayer—a fitting close to the daily life of those fortunate enough to be sheltered there.

—Galesburg Register.



View from the West

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

THE arrival of the first grandchild is always an event of liveliest interest in a family circle; and the announcement of the birth of a granddaughter to Dr. and Mrs. Leffingwell made no slight stir at St. Mary's, and will be of interest to the wider circle of St. Mary's household of the past. "Alice's baby!" I hear some old girl exclaim, "Why! I used to borrow Alice myself at recess, when she was a baby!"

The *Palladium* which used to record the winsome ways of "Baby Alice," is quite ready to do the same for "Alice's Baby," and now offers congratulation to grandparents, uncles, and aunts, as well as to the happy parents of "Baby Binkley"; and when that small maiden shall have exchanged her present pleasingly alliterative title for a Christian name, that name shall be duly chronicled; and when she graduates at St. Mary's in nineteen hundred and thirteen, may we all be there to see!

IN November we had a delightful visit from the Rev. Dr. Brewer, founder and Rector of St. Matthew's School, San Mateo, California. Teachers and pupils enjoyed very much Dr. Brewer's account of California and his work there. He began by describing his life in the early days of California, together with the events which led to the founding of St. Matthew's, and its growth, from this beginning to its present flourishing condition. He transported us in spirit to that wonderful land of flowers and sunshine, and gave us such a graphic description of its beauties that the fragrance of orange blossoms and roses seemed almost to pervade the room. Dr. Brewer also spoke of the desire he had always had to visit St. Mary's, and made us very proud by saying that the realization of his hopes had more than fulfilled his expectations.

ON the Third Sunday after Easter, at the early Celebration, a handsome Altar Prayer Book, bound in red morocco, was presented to the church. On the cover is inscribed in letters of gold:

PRESENTED TO ST. MARY'S CHURCH,
KNOXVILLE, ILLINOIS,
BY THE CLASS OF 1893
IN MEMORY OF THEIR CLASSMATE
LIDA BROOKINGS BAILIE.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

THE new members of the "Club-Chantant" were late in getting their music books from London, but from the excellence and enthusiasm since displayed by the Club, one would think they had been practising all the year. Every Wednesday evening after study hour, they met in the Library, and the fresh young voices rang out through the house, sweet and clear in the pleasing airs arranged from Abt, Kucken, Mendelssohn, Weber, and others. One or two of the songs are in such bewitching waltz movement, that occasionally some devotee of Terpsichore, whose feet seemed irresistibly set in motion, would seize a similarly affected companion, and whirl her gracefully from the singing circle, in rhythmical gyrations about the room. When a lot of merry girls are singing songs they love, the time passes all too quickly, and the nine o'clock bell never found them quite ready to stop; all would beg for at least one verse of "Bonne Nuit" to end up with, and even after the accompanist had left her post, the sweet strains of this good-night song still went on, as the girls scattered to the different halls, singing softly to each other when parting, "Bonne Nuit, Bonne Nuit!"

CHAPTER XXI

 IF WE had foreseen that April 13, 1893, would mark the close of a period about which a book should be written, doubtless we should have had a special and unique celebration. But the twenty-fifth Anniversary passed with only the usual exercises and events. A few years later, however, occurred the Tricennial Celebration (1898) which really belongs to the Early Days, and is mostly related to the School life of that period. As a fitting close to this story of "Early Days at St. Mary's," let us take this brief report of the Tricennial.

DURING Commencement Week, 1898, on Tuesday, June 7, the Tricennial Celebration was held, having a large attendance of teachers, students, alumnae, and guests. It was a very full day, a very glad day, for all, beginning with the Holy Communion at an early hour; address by the Rector at Matins; Anniversary exercises in the Study Hall at two o'clock; Alumnae meeting and reception at four o'clock; Class Day Exercises at five; dinner at six, followed by Even-song, meeting of Trustees, Mr. Sherwood's Recital, and Mrs. Leffingwell's Reception.

At the Tricennial meeting there was a Roll Call of classes, with responses in nearly every case by some member of the class; address for the Founders, by Mrs.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Rudd; address for the Alumnae, by Mrs. Kretzinger (Clara Wilson '70); address for the faculty, by Miss Virginia Harbert, '91; address for the Trustees, by Judge P. H. Sanford (Trustee from 1868); address for St. Mary's by the Rev. Dr. Rudd, Chaplain.

The responses to the Roll Call were from points as far apart as Vermont and the Sandwich Islands. Thirteen states were represented by the Alumnae responding. The meeting closed with a hearty singing by the whole audience of the following hymn written for the occasion by Dr. Rudd, "God bless St. Mary's School."

GOD bless St. Mary's School!
Guided by Christian rule,
And strong for Right.
For many years so dear
'Mong schools both far and near,
Since it was founded here,
Clear shines its light.

In all the passing years,
One ruling hand appears,
Of gentle force.
Long may he Rector be,
No clouds nor tempests see,
Ever successfully
Guiding its course.

Almighty God, to Thee,
Our praise perpetually,
Thankful we raise.
Watch o'er our honored head,
By Thee forever led,
O Thou, of Life the Bread
Keep him always!

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S
ADDRESS—FOR THE FACULTY

BY MISS VIRGINIA HARBERT

HOW eminently fitting it is that we should gather here today to do honor to our Alma Mater, and to bind more closely that hallowed chain of associations that links us to dear St. Mary's! Old St. Mary's became New St. Mary's after the fire. It is still New, for the spirit of progress ever preserves our Alma Mater in the bloom and freshness of youth. "Forward" has been the watchword from the day that this school began its career.

Through the wise management of the Rector and his co-laborers, St. Mary's, unlike other Church schools with which the most of us are familiar, has never been a burden on the Church. Those who are in touch with Church work know of the pleadings that are constantly being made for the financial support of our schools. St. Mary's, Knoxville, is an example of the results that can be reached through wise financiering. The ship has seen stormy days and rough seas, but the pilot has inspired confidence, and we see here today a noble institution of Christian learning with no debt.

A Church school should make Churchwomen. That St. Mary's does, can be testified by missionaries and rectors of parishes all over this broad land. The Missionary Guild and the Altar Guild seem to undergraduates to be of no life importance, but in after years it is proven that there was the good seed sown which fructified in later helpfulness. The services of the Church, daily rendered in our "holy chapel edified," endear the hearts of all to Mother Church. How many look back now to those sweet services, the singing of the *Pater Noster*, and the solemn chanting of the *Miserere*! With this memory comes the picture of the cross and altar, bathed in a flood of light from the setting sun. How those rays are hallowed as they pass through the beautiful west window representing the Annunciation, the gift of St. Mary's Alumnae! Again, as our gaze is upward bent, we meet now the beautiful painting of our Transfigured Lord. What a sweet memorial it is! A birthday gift to St. Mary's placed there by her Rector in token of the completion of thirty years of service.

In intellectual training the same high ideals still actuate all of the departments of learning. Year by year the work has become more thoroughly systematized and its scope enlarged, until now the lengthening of the course another year proves that St. Mary's has not failed to keep her place in the front ranks of educational institutions. The

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

noble work which our loved and honored Principal began is being ably continued, as you all can see, by Miss Howard.

In physical training again we must note the progress that has been made. From the daily fifteen minutes' calisthenic exercise we have passed to the well equipped gymnasium with its special instructor of physical culture. And what a splendid record St. Mary's has made in the good health and growth of its students, under the watchful care of Miss Nichols!

It is indeed with pride that St. Mary's gathers her daughters together for this Tricennial Celebration. These hundreds of bright, interested faces betoken the pleasure that is felt in renewing old scenes and acquaintances.

To you, dear Dr. Leffingwell, let me, in the name of St. Mary's Alumnae, who have been privileged to know you in that double relation of pupil and co-worker, extend a hearty congratulation for the successful completion of St. Mary's thirtieth year.

How many there are of the wearers of St. Mary's Cross of Honor who, today, rise up and call you blessed! How many there are, scattered over this broad land, who can testify to the noble and uplifting influence which, as daughters of St. Mary's, was thrown around their path! How deeply do they appreciate the useful lessons learned from your lips! A kind father, a devoted Rector, and one of the world's noble educators, this is the three-fold laurel wreath we place upon your brow.

ADDRESS—FOR ST. MARY'S

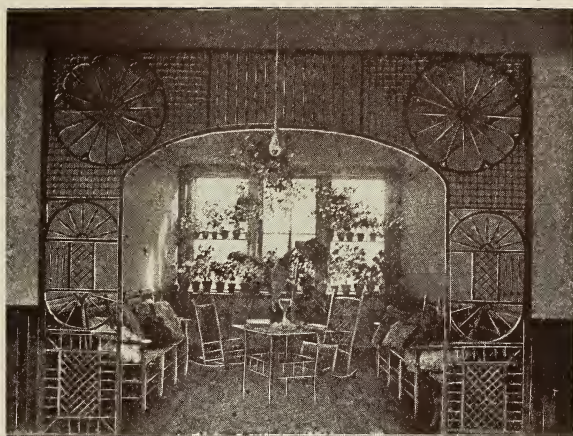
BY THE REV. EDWARD H. RUDD, S.T.D.

I AM put down for an address for St. Mary's, but this seems very much like a work of supererogation, for certainly no one can look at the long and honorable record completed this day, without acknowledging at once that St. Mary's speaks for herself.

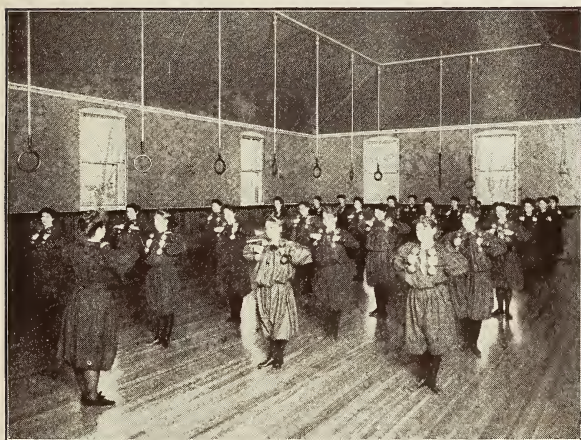
Away to the northward, a streamlet is flowing,
Yet, little by little, more confidence showing,
Becometh a river, great treasures bestowing.

This wonderful stream, so small at its birth,
A river-course vast, soon its banks it is straining,
For thousands of miles the wide country 'tis draining
Its impetuous flow forever maintaining,—

The Father of Waters, known round the earth.



The "Bower"



The Gymnasium

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

How like is our school to this beautiful river,
This stream from the northland, this bountiful giver;
A parable true in its course I discover,
Suggestive it is of excellent worth.
So small, the beginnings of this school of learning,
So great was the zeal in warm hearts that were burning,
With usefulness only, self never concerning,
St. Mary's repute now circles the earth.

* * * * *

Aside from all other influences which have contributed so much to the wreath of thirty summers that adorns St. Mary's brow today, there are two other influences which have been, to my mind, more than all, and without which the excellent work of those others which I have mentioned, great as the help has been, would have failed of such rich fruitage. The first is the Rector of the school himself. I am sure you will join with me in this simple word of appreciation of such a noble work, so nobly planned and so nobly carried out, throughout all the trials and changes of these thirty years. I can not put it better than in the words of our hymn for Founders' Day:

Through all the changing years
One guiding hand appears,
Of gentle force.

They are not mere words of fulsome and perfunctory commendation, but the deepest wish and prayer of our hearts, that are touched with the thought of all that he has been and all that he is to this school for Christian womanhood.

Almighty God to Thee
Our praise perpetually
Thankful we raise.
Watch o'er our honored head,
By Thee forever led,
O Thou of Life, the Bread,
Keep him always.

Give me only a minute more, while I mention the other influence. Did you ever notice, as the School files out of Church, with the symbol of our redemption at the head, the sweet-voiced choir and white-robed clergy bringing up the rear, and the pupils passing into the line, how all, rector, teachers, and scholars, are wrought into a cross? So this blessed School has sought through all its years of training to weave into all that the brain here contrives or the hand undertakes,

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

the sanctifying influences of our most holy religion. Other temples of learning may run after other gods, may relegate Christianity and her teachings to the by-gone past of a superstitious age; may set up altars to intellectual culture and mental improvement where religion is forgotten or denied—thus divorcing what God has joined together; but just as all the glory of the natural world is cold and dark and meaningless without the energizing and beautifying illumination of the sun, so St. Mary's believes—better than this, consistently practises what she believes—that the dark ways of learning, the obscure and intricate paths that lead to all intellectual achievement, can be adequately traveled only under the guidance of those bright rays that come from the Risen Sun of Righteousness.

Let me close with a quotation from one of our school songs:

When day cometh in after darkness of night,
And all over the east, the soft sunshine is beaming,
Then thy cross high in air is refulgent with light,
While its arms with fresh rays are so brilliantly gleaming,
Thus our school lights the way
Toward perfection's full day,
And darkness of ignorance driveth away.
For thy name dear St. Mary's exalted shall be,
And my praise and my love shall be ever for thee.

FROM THE RECTOR'S ADDRESS

TOMORROW closes the thirtieth full year of St. Mary's record. In looking back over this long period, a generation as we are accustomed to count the passing years, surely we must feel that God has been with us, and that He has a purpose in prospering this work, beyond the success of the present administration. We have good right and reason to rejoice today in the retrospect of these thirty years; and by so much as we appreciate the blessings of these years, by so much the more should we be moved to devise liberal things, that the continued influence of this work may be assured. Some time it must be taken up by others. To other hearts and hands, some day, must the destinies of St. Mary's School be entrusted, and nothing so much concerns us as that everything shall be established upon such sure foundations that no calamity shall overtake the work to which our lives have been devoted, and upon which your affections are centered.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

The architectural lines, the forms and furnishings of our school home and church, the trees, and flowers, and lawns, and surrounding landscape, are all telling to those who look and listen, the story of St. Mary's thirty years. The wilderness to which we came in 1868 now blossoms as the rose; and the beautiful shelter and surroundings of our school life are the true expression, I trust, of the spirit enshrined therein.

We may indeed be proud of our noble buildings and attractive grounds, and grateful for the material prosperity that has brought us these without encumbrance of debt; but when you have seen these, you have not seen the real St. Mary's. When she would exhibit her jewels, like the mother of the Gracchi, she points to her children. These are the polished corners of her temple, in which her pride and joy are centered, and devoutly should we thank God, that year after year, from east and west and north and south, He has entrusted to our care many of the best and loveliest of His children. We have rejoiced in the happy and healthful lives that they have lived here "far from the madding crowd," and safe from the dangers and distractions of the wicked world.

These dear girls, indeed, are the living stones of which our temple is builded, and not these alone who are here today, but also the great company who are making the name and fame of St. Mary's to be known in all the land. As they have received gifts, so are they ministering the same, and giving to the world not only the benefit of their ripe scholarship and cultivated taste, but also that which is of much more worth, the influence of consecrated, Christian lives:

"Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found."

May they never have less reason to be proud of St. Mary's than they have today; and when they and their children gather here in future years, may they remember kindly the toilers of the Early Days who, by the blessing of God, helped to make for St. Mary's an honorable record!

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S
FROM THE TRICENNIAL VALEDICTORY

BY MARGARET MAY CROWLEY, '98

HONORABLE RECTOR, REVEREND AND BELOVED FATHER:

IT IS the great good fortune of the class of 1898 to belong, in an especial sense, to the Tricennial year, and to feel warranted in offering you, on this high occasion, a tribute of affection, admiration, and loyalty, from all who are under your tender care and fatherly guidance.

As the "world leads around the seasons in a choir, forever changing and forever new," so does each spring-tide find here assembled a band who are about to leave this happy school home for Life's hard school; each autumn finds the ranks filled with those who are eager to learn from you the lessons which he alone can teach who "wears the marks of years well spent, of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience."

May we not venture, today, to disregard the modest preference of her whom we all delight to honor, and include in our heartfelt words of appreciation, the one who has stood by your side, and has shared your labors, for more than thirty years? Although so well fitted by natural endowments and training "to warn, to counsel, and command," she has ever shrunk from public recognition. How fortunate are we to have had constantly before us, the example of the model wife, the devoted, self-sacrificing mother! In these days of restless self-assertion, of selfish ambition, of what incalculable value, of what far-reaching effect, is such a life as hers!

Thirty years ago, in the springtime of life, as of the year, the seeds were here planted of the ample harvests that you are now reaping. Today, dear Dr. Leffingwell,

"There's a golden haze in the mellow air;
There's purple and crimson everywhere."

May the happiness and triumph that are now yours, attend you always! We crown you with our gratitude, as with flowers, while we say, FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

DEAR ALUMNAE OF ST. MARY'S:

The pride and happiness that your presence here today brings to us cannot be measured in words. The prophetic utterance of

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

St. Mary's first Valedictorian has been fulfilled—the "noonday's glorious beaming" has come to our beloved Alma Mater.

You have gathered here to bear witness to the love and favor which God has shown to the great work of St. Mary's noble Founders, and to unite with us in praying that they may long serve before Him. What more fitting wish can we have for you than that entreaty which daily ascends to the throne of God for all those who have been instructed here?

May you be sheltered with the arms of God's love and mercy, and may you be granted the "riches of His everlasting Kingdom!"

Dear Daughters of St. Mary's, thrice Welcome, and FAREWELL!

ALMA MATER, DEAR ST. MARY'S:

The fair promises of thirty springtides and the golden fulfillment of thirty autumns are thine! From the garnered treasures of thy wisdom, so bountifully yielded to all thy daughters, what gifts we now bear forth to enrich the future years!

In our memories of thee, the green and the gold are mingled. We leave thee, in the glory and the green of thy June, yet resplendent in a golden afterglow, triumphant, serene.

That still brighter springs and still richer harvests may be thine, is the loyal wish of those who now, with love and longing, bid thee FAREWELL!

OUR LOVE TO THEE, ST. MARY'S

Message from the Southern California Chapter of Associate Alumnae

DEAR ALMA MATER, loved of yore, and loved no less today,
We send to thee a greeting, from the Southland far away;
For thronging memories to us come, of the happy, happy past,
From out youth's prime, the golden time that can not, can not last;
O'er ice and snow, this message go,
Our love to thee, St. Mary's.

We hail thee, dear St. Mary's! And that our hearts are true
Is the message we are wafting thee across the mountains blue,
Across the high Sierras, o'er the Rockies crowned with snow,
From thy daughters of the Sunland shall this grateful message go;
O'er ice and snow this message go,
Our love to thee, St. Mary's.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

We love thee, Alma Mater, and each fond heart recalls
Thy tender care, what time we dwelt within thy sheltering walls,
We love thee still, St. Mary's, for thee will ever pray,
Heaven's sweetest benediction upon thee rest away;
For thee, for thee we pray,
Heaven's light and benediction upon thee rest away;
O'er ice and snow this message go,
Our love to thee, St. Mary's.

—NANCY MENEELY HITCHCOCK.

LOYALTY TO ALMA MATER

FROM DR. LEFFINGWELL'S VALEDICTORY SERMON

JUNE 1, 1919

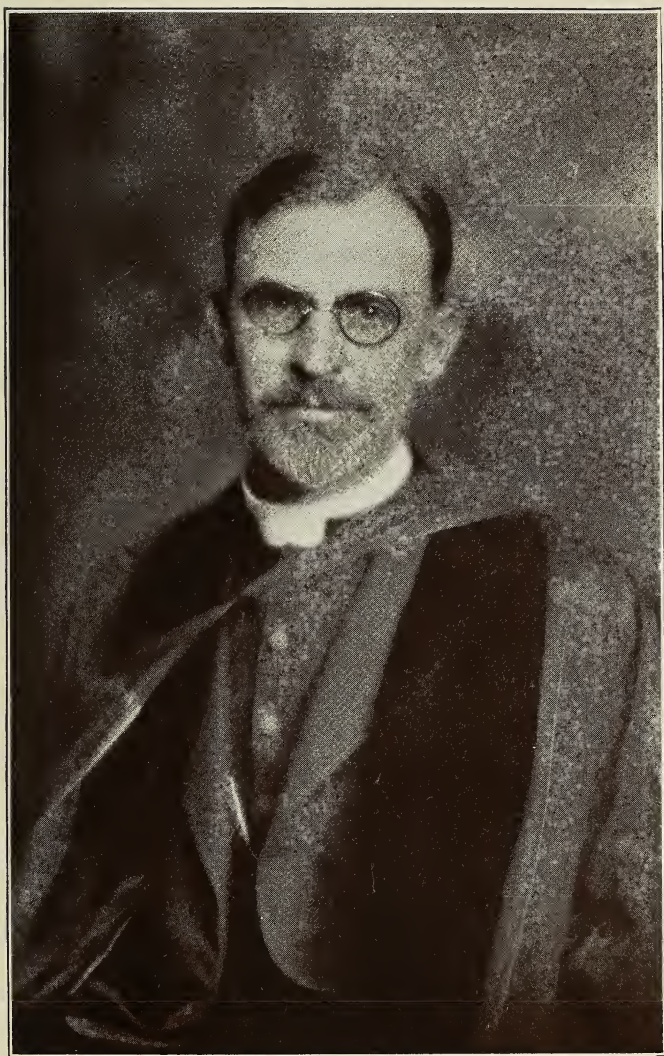
Ducit Amor Patriae. (Class Motto)

Ducit amor patriae. We may not all serve our country in the same way, but we may all cultivate the spirit of loyalty to the flag, and devotion to the public welfare. We must not enjoy the incomparable blessings of this favored land, without recognizing our obligation to do what we can in return; that we may pass on to others, with increase, the advantages that have come down to us.

You young people cannot better serve your country than by loyalty to your Alma Mater. To the student, the School is *in loco patriae*. He lives in it and by it; gets from it inspiration, intellectual wealth, ideals, character. Loyalty to it, consecration of wealth and influence to sustain it, are his duty and privilege. When it is in danger he rushes to its rescue. If it fails, he loses the friend and benefactor of his youth, the pride of his mature years, the comfort of his age.

May the love of Alma Mater lead you! Cherish the class spirit, the *esprit de corps*. Keep in touch with your classmates by friendly correspondence and reunions at the old School home where you first met them, where the most sacred friendships of your life began.

And I hope you will remember those who have had the charge and care of you here. While you were in school, light-hearted and care-free, perhaps you did not realize that the officers and teachers of your school had any burdens to bear, or that they were related to you in any way outside of the routine of school life. Later, you will understand them better, and you will appreciate your school as something far more than a place where you "boarded" and



Francis L. Carrington, LL.D.
Rector of St. Mary's: Instituted June, 1919

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studied. You will remember with gratitude even the kindly rebukes and restraints, which fretted you at the time; and you will thank God that to your impulsive youth was granted the wise direction, the uplifting influence, of such capable and consecrated women as the principal and teachers of St. Mary's School.

What memory shall be most cherished, what privilege shall be most prized, as you look back upon your life here? I hope you will say, as so many have said before you: "The memory most blessed of all is the memory of St. Mary's Church." Here, under the timbered Gothic roof, in the light of morning transmitted through memorial windows, we have together consecrated the day, and through the quiet cloisters have gone forth assured of God's blessing; here, at eventide, have sung *Magnificat* with blessed Mary, and offered prayer "for all who have taught and all who have been instructed here," for the founders, patrons, and benefactors of the School. Precious will be the memory of the Lord's Day, when at the Lord's Table we met with angels and archangels, to laud and magnify the Holy Name, to offer the Holy Sacrifice, and to receive the Bread which cometh down from Heaven. In our far wanderings and through the lapse of years, will come back to us the plaintive notes of Lenten *Misereres*, and the joyous sleep-waking carols of Easter morning. The blessed influences of St. Mary's Church shall be with us, to hallow and uplift the soul through all the changes and chances of this mortal life.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Let us adopt these words of the Psalmist, as the expression of our devotion to St. Mary's. Our love for the old School home shall not grow less as years go by. The changes that are sure to come shall not lessen our loyalty nor weaken our confidence. In more than one crisis, "out of the deep" have we called unto the Lord, and He has heard our voice. The change of administration, near at hand, we believe is in accordance with His will, is under the direction of His good providence. I earnestly ask for our successors, the confidence, goodwill, and coöperation that have been granted to us. I could not ask for more.

The hour is near when we must part, not only from each other, but also from our beloved School. We need not go with heavy heart and tearful eyes; we must not go with doubts and fears and gloomy apprehensions. You should be cheered by the bright prospect of a useful life for which St. Mary's has helped you to prepare. We who

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

give place to younger men and women, should be comforted by the thought that we have been permitted to help you and so many others. While for us there can be no exhilaration in looking forward to future achievements, we may rest in quietness and confidence, assured that others will go on to achieve in ways that we opened for them.

Beloved, last words must be spoken at every turn in life. Let ours today be hopeful words and helpful words, pledging our loyalty and love forever to St. Mary's.

The last words of my last sermon here shall be these reverent and prophetic lines, read at our Tricennial Celebration, by the valedictorian of the first graduating class:

Not unto us, but unto Thee,
O God, be praise!
The tiny seed beneath Thy care
Grows the tall tree of heaven's own air,
Through lengthened days.
In all its weakness was it Thine,
And owes its strength to power Divine;
If storms have shaken branch and root,
Not less the sap has filled the fruit.

The century moves to wider life,
And woman widens brain and heart;
At last she hears the Master's word
And chooses all the better part.
We hear Thy "Come up higher," Lord,
Our banner is not furled;
The Church shall see St. Mary's yet
Christ's College in the world.

ALUMNAE HYMN

(To the tune of "Auld Lang Syne")

FROM far and near we gather here,
And loving tribute bring
To thee, St. Mary's, mother dear,
Whose praise we ever sing.

Chorus

To thee, to thee, St. Mary's dear,
Our tribute we will bring;
Thy loving care we'll ne'er forget,
Thy praises we will sing.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

In peace we dwelt within thy walls,
In happy girlhood days,
And learned, within thy classic halls,
To walk in Wisdom's ways.

Though far from thee our feet may roam,
Our hearts are ever thine;
Thou wert to us a blessed home,
Thou art to us a shrine.

Wherever in the world we are,
Whate'er our work may be,
Thy love shall be to us the star
That lights our way to thee.

—C. W. L.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

L'ENVOI

MEN come and go; it matters not
Their names are written on the sand,
If but the works they planned and wrought
Upon the One Foundation stand.

On me the years have left their mark,
Of age advancing, sober truth;
But dear St. Mary's ever seems
A fountain of perpetual youth.

The happy girls that joy today,
To see the first June roses blow,
As young and beautiful appear
As half a century ago!

And years have lightly laid their hand
On those who teach and guard and rule;
All hearts keep young, of those who dwell
In sunshine of St. Mary's School.

On all who lend the helping hand
Of faithful service, true and tried,
On those who teach and those who toil,
I pray for blessings multiplied;

On students and Alumnae dear
Who work or wait, where duty calls;
God bless the School, and all who dwell
Within its vine-clad, sheltering walls.

God bless the benefactors, friends,
And patrons, by whose generous aid
This work was done, these walls were reared,
These strong foundations firmly laid.

St. Mary's, ever dear thy name!
Forever bright thy record be!
May children's children share thy love;
Our love till death is pledged to thee!

CHARLES WESLEY LEFFINGWELL.

Pasadena, A. D. 1926.

SUPPLEMENT

SOME SCHOOL GIRL COMPOSITIONS

THESE little dissertations are brought together in a Supplement, not as an exhibit of remarkable literary performance, but as fair specimens of school work; to my mind, the most interesting phase of that work. As a teacher, I always enjoyed "correcting compositions", notwithstanding the drudgery of it, for it brought me into closer contact with the mind of the student than any other class exercise. To note the improvement of the student in speaking and writing is most interesting, and the school girl's point of view is often quite entertaining.

While discipline of mind is the first aim of secular education, power of expression is of little less importance. Indeed, without this, intellectual attainments do not count for their full value. I believe that many readers will enjoy these youthful productions, and form a favorable estimate of our work in the "Early Days at St. Mary's."

It is only fair to say that these little sketches were not "edited" for publication, but are given as they came from the classroom, with such corrections as the teacher ordinarily makes.

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

A VISITOR who had the pleasure, recently, of being present at the reading of the essays of the Second Rhetoric Class, reports: There was a grave dissertation on Bells in general, with a sly hit at Belles in particular. There was an essay on Hand-Shaking, telling us "how not to do it." A young lady, whose home is on the shore of Long Island Sound, treated us to a pleasant sketch of "Country Life Beside the Sea." Another set forth sundry grievances in an article entitled, "What I do not Like." Especially did she empty the vials of her wrath on rising bells and composition writing. The author has but to keep on, to develop into a first-class grumbler. "Grandmother's Garret" was explored by another literary aspirant; and still another took us "Around the Lakes"; while a lively French translation gave much pleasure. "A Sunset in the Rocky Mountains" was very enjoyable; though, as we retain our childish aversion to bears, we object to being obliged to find our way down from a lofty peak after nightfall. "The Adventures of a Country Lady on her first trip to New York" occasioned much laughter.

THE Senior Class have been writing Problematic Characters. Not only have the members of the class been pondering over them, but the whole School have been trying their wits at guessing. The Junior Middle Class are engaged in "Opinions, Observations, and Reflection." Unhappy is the girl who is accosted in the hall by two or three of the above mentioned class with, "Give me your opinion on a September Day, or the Chapel, or Miss Hitchcock's Recitation Room." Ideas fly when the "opinion" seeker approaches with her notebook.

THE Rhetoric Class had been writing "Tales from Shakespeare." In the reading of them a curious coincidence was brought to light. With few exceptions, the subjects were chosen from two plays lately read, *The Tempest* and *The Merchant of Venice*. The effect was rather ludicrous when the story of Miranda and Ferdinand became a thrice-told tale, and Antonio was again and again bidden to "prepare his bosom for the knife"; while the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet suffered a change into "most sweet comedy."

On the same occasion the Seniors read papers, discussing, in a spirited manner, the question, "Has the Story of Jack and the Bean

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

Stalk Exerted a Wholesome Influence on the Young?" The affirmative was well sustained, though the general verdict was, "The Noes had it."

Serio-comic discussion like this is much to be commended. The playfulness that the development of such a theme is fitted to bring into exercise, is one charm of that most womanly accomplishment, graceful letter-writing. Few of the great army of "seniors" from college and school are ever heard of as essay-writers, after the exhausting, if not exhaustive efforts on Commencement day; few are the writers of the essay proper, in the whole realm of letters; few graduates, however brilliant, are ever known as writers at all. Nor is this to be regretted. In the midst of the making of many books, it were well to remember that the only powerful reason why we should enter the field is, the finding "in heart, mind, or soul an original thought, so vivid, so intense, that it demands utterance."

Except for the very few, the chief use of language is in social intercourse and in letter-writing. And what shall be the preparation for this? Not the squeezing of dry sponges in the attempt to produce thought where there is none, and upon themes with which the immature intellect is unfit to grapple. The result is seen in crude "essays," the reproduction of the thoughts of others. As a Junior lucidly expressed it a few days since, they "read up and write down."

"A poet can make soup of a sausage-stick," says the witty mouse in Hans Anderson's fable. Our Seniors have made a most palatable extract from Jack's Bean Stalk, and need not regret the time spent in the brewing."

—*Palladium*.

THE BULLETIN BOARD

Composition

AN Index to school life is the bulletin board; very unpretentious in appearance, being a piece of pine neatly framed in black walnut, but from which may be gathered the odds and ends of information relative to current affairs in school.

If variety is the spice of life, a considerable amount of seasoning might be infused into one's existence, by a daily perusal of the notices on the bulletin board. In one corner is a list of names headed: "Excused from school." That looks bad, we confess; but consider that students are like the rest of the world, subject to the various ills that

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

flesh is heir to, and accordingly out of one hundred pupils, some portion may each day be excused.

Here is another paper, a little awry since it is of ostentatious proportions and yet fastened by a single pin. In startling penmanship and with words well underscored, is written the following:

"Attention! Any parties desiring hair work done in the way of clipping, cleansing, and shampooing, apply to members of '82 and '83 for information."

What can be the object of this? Well, it has a laudable end in view; the proceeds from this branch of industry are appropriated to the Chapel fund.

History questions in orderly array make their appearance with the regularity of a Chicago morning paper. Directly under "The Old Oaken Bucket, to be learned by the Preparatory Grammar Class," is an announcement to this effect:

"The Philological Society calls for quotations and will be grateful for any aid."

It is to be hoped for the sake of the nerves and brains of the members of this society, that they will not have to struggle with many such definitions as we notice pinned on the board at present: "Net work is any thing reticulated or decussated at equal distances with interstices between the intersections." Thus does the inimitable Dr. Johnson make lucid the complicated idea of net work.

—X. Y. Z.

SPIDERS

Composition

WITH reference to their feelings toward *arachnidae*, mankind might be divided into three classes. First, there are those who delight in studying different kinds of insects, their habits and characteristics, who even make pets of them. Goldsmith, it is said, kept one of them in his room for three years. The second class are those who look on spiders as necessary evils, to be regarded with indifference; and the third, those who shudder at sight of this little beastie, and think there is no more fearful wild fowl living, than is your spider!

We find somewhat the same division, as regards the figurative spiders of life. There are those who enjoy misfortunes and seem to thrive on them; those who think that they are inevitable, and that,

EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S

as what can't be cured must be endured, they might as well be endured cheerfully; and there are those who are in constant terror of the next spider, feeling sure that it will be bigger and blacker than the last one.

It is not very many years since we delighted in the story of "Little Miss Muffet, who sat on her tuffet, eating curds and whey"; and the larger and more fierce looking the picture of the spider who "sat down beside her," the better we liked it.

Who of us has not, at some time, had an especially delicious dish of curds and whey spoiled by some black spider? Like a well-known modern heroine, we can say, "Every Miss Muffet has her spider; will some one step on mine?"

Little Muffet, however, did not, like some frail creatures we wot of in real life, jump on a chair and cry loudly for help, but calmly and courageously—ran away!

Courageously? Yes: Is not discretion the better part of valor? The rhyme does not tell us that the spider followed her. So may we often go away from our miseries, or, better still, we may modify them so that they will cease to be misfortunes. Shakespeare has said:

"Nothing is a misery
Unless our weakness apprehend it so."

Who can tell what might have happened if Miss Muffet had not been frightened away! Perhaps a good fairy had come to her in the guise of a hideous spider. We may—but I will let you point the moral and adorn the tale for yourselves.

No doubt many of us have a retent in the memory of the little jumping spiders which frequent the bridge near Mirror Lake. What spiteful creatures they are, always jumping out from cracks in the wood, to startle the innocent schoolgirl who leans peacefully over the railing. I will spare you any allusions to the much written of student in life's school, but will warn you to be watchful for the sudden appearance of these spiders, when you may be idling away your time on one of the many bridges in this work-a-day world.

How extremely fond we all are of magnifying "trifles, light as air," into mountains of troubles! By thinking of our misfortunes, and bewailing them, we may,

"As 'tis the adage,
Make a leek a cabbage."

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The smallest spider of them all may, by a slight stretch of the imagination, become as formidable as the largest tarantula.

This, then, is what I mean by spiders. The same idea is generally expressed by thorns in the pillow; and Thackeray uses the expression, "Thorns in the cushion." But what's in a name? Call it what you will, but be prepared to turn your *bete noire* into an airy nothing; for

"You may sit on your tuffet,
Yes, cushion and stuff it;
And provide what you please, if you don't
fancy whey;
But before you can eat it
There'll be—I repeat it—
Some sort of black spider to come in the way."

ELIZABETH K. EWING.

LITTLE WOMEN

Composition

I RISE to inquire why it is that *little* women should monopolize all the goodness, all the virtue, all the beauty in the world, and why they should have such an extended sway?

Who is not familiar with the little woman of the modern novel? Sometimes she is a motherly little person, bustling around here and there, doing all sorts of kind deeds for the poor or sick; but oftener she is a frail, fairy-like being, as lovely and delicate as a snowflake, yet capable of performing all sorts of impossibilities. She turns off sewing at a rate that is alarming to behold, and manages large households with all the ease and grace imaginable; and through all kinds of worry and trouble, she is as serene and smiling as a May morning. Generally she is beautiful, possessing wonderful eyes, a bewitching little rosebud mouth, and sunshiny hair. But whatever else she may be, she must be little.

In contrast to her, is the large woman of the novel, who is supposed to be perfectly heartless and unsympathizing in everything. She is the one who does all sorts of disagreeable things, and invents quarrels for other people, who perhaps are little and not able to invent them for themselves. She never gets credit for any spark of goodness she may happen to possess; but is put down as altogether devoid of feeling. She is supposed to spend the greater part of her



The Rector's Study

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time in working mischief to her diminutive rival, who, when these schemes have failed, angelically forgives and forgets.

Such is the idea of the novelist. But I ask, Is the picture a correct one?

Who of us cannot call to our remembrance some little woman we know or have met in the course of our lives, who is very far from resembling this fair ideal; is in fact the very opposite? We find them generally, I think, much given to reclining in easy chairs, and addicted to the reading of French novels. And when a little woman has a temper, or is disposed to scold, she can eclipse all her large sized competitors. History is silent upon the subject, but I am sure Xantippe was a little woman.

Glancing over the pages of history, we cannot see that little women have gained more glory or fame than large women; indeed, it seems to be quite the contrary. We are not told that Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, or Mary Queen of Scots was remarkably small. Little women have entirely too easy a time. Every one is willing to help them in every possible way; while their larger sisters are allowed to pass unaided, probably because broad shoulders and a few additional inches of stature are supposed to fit the owner for the toughest of life's battles.

I am unwilling that this state of things should last; and in the name of large women, I demand a reform. I see no reason why a woman's virtues should be in inverse ratio to her size; and while I am willing to grant to our small friends their share of merit, I am not content to see all the goodness, all the beauty, all the excellence of earth, monopolized by these irrepressible Little Women.

—J. L.

A DREAM IN A LIBRARY

Composition

ONE evening, at the hour friendliest to sleep, while sitting in our well filled library before a grate fire,

“Where glowing embers through the room
Taught light to counterfeit a gloom;”

I fell into a half-waking, half-sleeping condition. Suddenly I started up, for before me were two rows of books, and a large, fat volume was saying, “Is all our company here?” “You were best to call them

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generally, man by man, according to the scrip," answered a battered facsimile of the first, evidently a poor relation. "Wel nyne-and-twenty in a compainye," piped up Fader Chaucer, the leader of the other side. Next, Spenser spoke, saying, "Virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade"; to which the Blind Bard replied:

"Virtue could see to do what virtue would,
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk."

From the leaves of the *Essay on Man*, came the words, "Virtue alone is happiness below." "Assume a virtue, if you have it not," retorted the fat volume that spoke first.

"Dreams, books, are each a world,
Both pure and good,"

came with a faint rustling from a brown covered volume. "A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life," said another. "Humph," answered The Father of Inductive Philosophy, "to spend too much time in studies is sloth." "Give days and nights, sir, to the study of Addison, if you would be a good writer, or what is more worth, an honest man," says Samuel Johnson, every leaf quivering with indignation.

To prevent the quarrel that seemed imminent, Sir Philip Sidney quoted his definition of gentlemanliness: "High-erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy." Burly Ben Jonson, after prodigious hemming and hawing, slipped back to his place on the shelf. It is to be feared that in fancy he had been indulging in his favorite canary wine, as holy George Herbert said in a solemn voice: "Drink not the third glass," and Shakespeare, out of tune, broke in with, "Villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkst last." Then poor Pope said, in a severe tone, "Order is heaven's first law." Here a change came o'er the spirit of my dream, and I heard no more, until the tea-bell ringing roused me in time to hear Fader Chaucer's last words, "There is no more to say."

—A. B. S.

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THE WOEFUL BALLAD OF LITTLE BO-PEEP

Composition

THIS remarkable work of the well-known poet, Mother Goose, though framed in simple language, contains lessons of wisdom; many a nugget of pure though unpolished gold, which it were not well to overlook.

Let us observe then, in the first place, how skilfully the poet has wielded her pen in the development of the tragic story. One might think it heart-rending enough to have lost the sheep and not to "know where to find 'em." Ah, burden doubly hard to bear! And then when the perplexed shepherdess seeks advice in her trouble, what knowledge of human nature in the answer:

"Let 'em alone
And they'll come home."

Such advisers belong to the class whose motto is "Take it easy," and who, like Micawber, wait for "something to turn up." But what advice to give a poor weeping and despairing maiden, "Let 'em alone and they'll come home!"

We find Bo-Peep hesitating at first about following this counsel; but she is finally persuaded that all will be well. So she rests content and happy, waiting for the coming home of her sheep.

Meanwhile she falls asleep and dreams she hears them bleating. Alas, for the stuff that dreams are made of! How they beguile us by hopes that can never be fulfilled! Sweet it is to dream, but the awakening is pitiful.

Such an awakening had little Bo-Peep; for

"When she awoke,
She found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeing."

A joke perhaps, but a cruel one, such as dreams are apt to play upon us. Her imagination had been raised to the highest state of happy expectation, only to be hurled again into the lowest depths of despair.

Yes: "Still they all were fleeing!"—fleeing as are all earthly hopes. The hopes of childhood slowly fade; the hopes of youth are crushed and broken, and the "dead past buries its dead"; the silvery

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head bent with the weight of years has found how fleeting and deceitful are all the hopes of earth.

But behold our heroine, taking up arms against her sea of troubles!

"Then up she took
Her little crook,
Determined for to find 'em."

Thus she displayed true heroism. What courage and boldness are brought before us in those simple words.

But to proceed with the story:

"She found them indeed,
But it made her heart bleed."

Poor, poor heart, bleeding for a few little sheep! How tender it must have been! What a world of love it held! Let us draw a curtain over the tragical details of the closing scene.

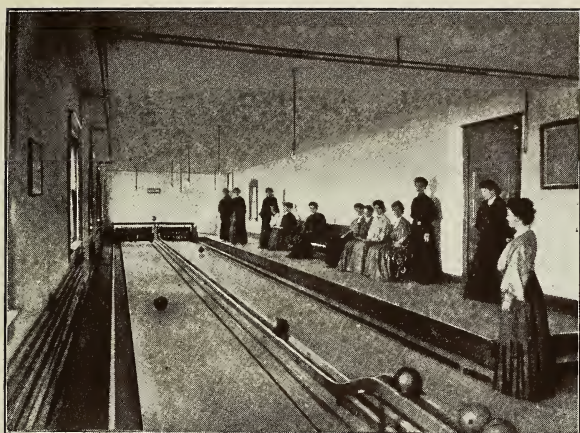
And now what lesson shall we gain from this simple little ballad? We all are carriers of little crooks; we all have our sheep to lead, and alas! we lose them as did Little Bo-Peep.

"Wealth vanishes with stealthy tread,
Then Friendship follows to be fed,
And foolish Love is after led."

So they leave us; but shall we stand gazing after? Or will falling fast asleep bring back again the fleeting sheep? As they disappear, let us rather turn and say:

"Forward! nor pause to think of pain,
Till somewhere, on a nobler plane,
A surer hope shall lead the train
Of joys withheld to come again,
With golden fleeces trailed behind 'em!"

—L. T. W.



The Bowling Alleys



The Swimming Pool

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THE MOUSE IN LITERATURE

Composition

WHILE the great men of letters seem to have found inspiration in the notes of the "sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly," and in the carol of the lark when he begins his flight, still they have by no means forgotten that "wee cowering, timorous beastie," the mouse.

This little fellow is indeed no modern personage in literature; for looking backward nearly two thousand years, in sage old Aesop we find the story of the mouse who by gnawing the ropes freed the lion from his prison of net-work. In childhood, this story of "two noble beasts," only amused and delighted us; but later, something more than mere enjoyment was to be found in it. It teaches us that everything, however small and apparently insignificant, has a place in this great universe.

Time has changed the hearts of people, or else in Chaucer's day, the nun, who went upon a pilgrimage to Canterbury, was an exception to the rule; for—

"She was so charitable and piteous
She wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe."

At the present day, if a woman wept at all because of an imprisoned mouse, it would be over the problem of how to get the little animal out of the trap without touching it.

The field of the drama, although not over-run by mice, is not entirely free from them; as in *King Lear*, we hear of this little fellow being used, with "other small deer," as an article of diet. Again, Shakespeare speaks of the mouse, and very happily alludes to the fear with which this little beastie is regarded by the gentler sex, when he has Snug, who personates the lion, say:

"You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor."

The classic fable of the "Town and Country Mouse" attracted the learned and ingenious Alexander Pope, as well as the sardonic Swift, to give it form in verse. Nor did Burns think the mouse beneath his notice; as in his quaint Scotch dialect, he has helped to enrich literature with an account of this "Wee, sleekit, cowering timor-

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ous beastie," whose lot he seems to think blest, compared with that of his "Poor earth-born companion and fellow mortal, man."

From Hans Anderson we hear of the mouse that, eating his way through a library, found that the recipe for making soup out of a sausage stick was known only to a poet. "A poet can make soup of a sausage stick!" No wonder that this discovery won for the wise mouse the pay of the daughter of the king of the mice.

Evidently, in Mother Goose's day, the gentle sex did not hold this little fellow in dread; for when the old bachelor was led to the desperate resort of matrimony, on account of the strife made by the rats and the mice, he found one woman brave enough to marry him.

Tennyson's mouse seems to have been frisky and noisy; for from "behind the mouldering wainscot" it shrieked and from a "crevice peer'd about," in Mariana's dreary abode at the moated grange.

A popular writer of the day, in one of his amusing plays, "The Mouse-Trap," seems to think it proper and necessary to mount every woman upon a chair, when the alarm, A mouse! A mouse! is given. Then from this exalted position, these fair creatures hold a controversy as to the best way to escape from the apartment. After numerous assurances that the mouse is not there, they venture to alight; and finding themselves unharmed, they assure each other that they are "not one bit afraid of mice." A great many of us who secretly hold this humble little creature in abhorrence as the "most fearful wild fowl living," may comfort ourselves by agreeing with Howell's heroine, that "it is not the mouse, it's the i-de-a."

—MARY S. MOORE.

"OH!"

Composition

BREVITY is the Soul of wit." So said the statesman Polonius, in a windy speech of "words, words, words"; and so said we one morning when, entering the class-room of the teacher of mathematics, we beheld upon the blackboard a gigantic "Oh!"

We were charmed by its suggestiveness, leaving so much, so very much, to the imagination of the reader! Its huge proportions, and the nervous energy displayed in the stroke, indicated that it had been prompted by some heart sorely overcharged, fractured perhaps in its struggle with fractions, and out of all proportion of

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temper with the "rule of three." Poor victim of mathematics! Had some radical difficulty caused her to fly off in this tangent? Had some triangular crag stood in her way, as she toiled up the hill of knowledge? Or, surfeited with conic sections, was this parabolic "Oh" written all over the tablet of her mind?

Seeing it in any other place but in that room, we might have given a different interpretation to it. In the vocabulary of school-girls it serves many uses and has a variety of meanings. How could we do without that little monosyllable? How easily it is uttered, and how much it expresses! Joy and sorrow, surprise and sarcasm, hope and fear, tenderness and severity, all in turn, can be embraced in that one word. It is, moreover, the best vowel sound in the language, the most resonant and pleasing to the ear.

Still, it may be well to cultivate a variety of expression, and avoid the charge that is sometimes made against school-girls, that their language abounds in adjectives and exclamations.

—(UNSIGNED).

JOHN SAWS WOOD

Composition

I DO not intend to parse this, as some of you may think. I am not going to explain the predilection young grammarians have had, from time immemorial, for giving this as an example of subjective and objective. I am simply going to tell why and how Jonathan, manipulating the unpretentious implement commonly known as a saw, caused the clinging fibers of the mighty oak to divide in twain.

Why should John saw wood? By hypothesis, John is a "rude mechanical," a "hard-handed son of toil," and perforce must earn his livelihood by the sweat of his brow. What shall he do to obtain his daily bread? Follow the plow? Farm work is not congenial to him, there is too much change, variety is not the spice of John's life, and besides he has no land. You say he might be a well digger, hod-carrier, bricklayer, and so he might; but these employments are not adapted to the aesthetic temperament of the over-fastidious John.

Now, on the other hand, what arguments can we bring to show that sawing wood is a good occupation?

John can be protected from the winter storms or summer heat

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while he works, or he can be out of doors if he chooses. Sawing wood develops the muscles, it gives him a good appetite. The outdoor life makes him healthy; continued application to business, and strictest economy on his part, will in time make him wealthy. Careful observation of human nature, and an occasional dropping into a school-room to hear himself and his business discussed, will undoubtedly make him wise.

And so I think you will all agree in the conclusion, that John does well to saw wood for the maintenance of himself and the little Johnnies.

—I. L. E.

A LETTER FROM BABY HORTENSE

(Written precisely as dictated. Hortense is three years old)

DEAR PAPA:

I am good and so is Ernest and Warring and Alice. When are you coming home? Tipp [the dog] is sometimes good, and sometimes bad. I did not go to the concert, because I had to go to bed. Mamma has a new carpet in her room. Dear Papa bring me a wagon, and a doll and a little kitchen, please Papa. This blot is a kiss for you, I made it on purpose. I got a blister on the inside of my hand, but it don't hurt me much. Harold goes out doors and Harold's got a vaccinate. With love from Baby.

FROM THE LOWER CLASS ROOM

"The Iliad was a statue that was supposed to speak."

"The Aeneid was written by Hercules and it revived farming."

"Country life had not been so plenteous as it had before the book was written."

"Our word vestibule comes from the word Vesta, a virgin who always kept a fire burning at the entrance of her temple."

"The Acropolis is a hill in Greece, famous for so many theaters being played there."

"The poets teach by the cup of Circe that it was to keep away the temptation from you. You get so fond of it you cannot keep away from it."

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"The British troops were stationed in Flannel Hall."

"What national calamity followed the Civil War?"

"The Emancipation Proclamation."

"How would you correct—'It is a mighty cold day'?"

"I don't know unless you say, 'It is an almighty cold day.'"

"The lagrippe has been ragging here."

"Three persons sang a pretty solo."

"President Cleveland was married, and the sermon took place in the White House."

PENTAMETERS AND HEXAMETERS

Composition

THE Literature Class in the study of Spenser are required to construct "Spenserian stanzas." A peep into their notebooks reveals some amusing results of their contest with pentameters and hexameters.

To this one belongs the glory of having embalmed in one stanza the Memories of King Henry's six wives—a feat perhaps never before accomplished, if indeed ever attempted:

"A grewsome man was this great King of old—

He dearly loved his pride, himself, his power,

But to fair Kate of Aragon was cold

And married Anne, the maid of Katherine's bower,

For three short years Anne Boleyn lived in bliss,

But at the last a bloody death she bore,

And was succeeded by another miss (!)

More fortunate than she—young Jane Seymour,

A death at home his happy queen then died.

Next Anne of Cleves, then Katherine's luckless star

Made it her fate to live in royal pride.

Then last of all his loves came Widow Parr

Whose reign of peace and joy no stumbling block did mar."

—A. F.

And here is a rendering of the story of Red Riding-Hood:

"A lovely girlie all y-clad in red,

With eagerness was trudging through the wood,

Along the beaten path which straightway led

To where her grandma's lowly cottage stood.

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Her basket laden was with viands good;
With dainty fruits and cakes that had been sent
To soothe the suffering dame as best they could,
And following the maide, as on she went,
There was a beast, whose eyes were ever on her bent.
Gallant he seemed, and took her heavy load;
And having reached the cottage long ere she,
He took the grandma's role in such a mode
That Riding-Hood would not the wiser be.
But when she did perceive that it was he,
She fled into a closet that was near,
From which she rescued was by hunters three.
The wolf was slain, and then with gladsome cheer—
One lucky hunter found a very lovely deer (dear)."
—M. F. J. A.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER

Composition

DID I but have it clear in my mind what "a feather" means, I might be able to do more with this subject. I cannot decide whether it means birds that have one feather apiece, or a collection of birds having only one feather between them. In the first case, I am not surprised that those birds, having only one feather with which to adorn themselves, should wish to flock together. How strange it would be to see them flying around with other birds! For instance, flying with the bird of paradise. Would it not seem queer? I wonder also where that one feather would grow, would it "adorn a tail," or would it grow elsewhere?

In the second case, the doubt is where that feather would be if there were, well, say fifteen birds in that flock. One bird could not monopolize the feather, and certainly they could not all wear it at once. To be sure, each might take its turn, but there would surely be hen-pecking. Each would complain that it had not had its full share; and a quarrel not unlike that of the three sisters who had only one eye between them, would ensue. Then, too, while changing the feather from one to another, a second Perseus might capture it.

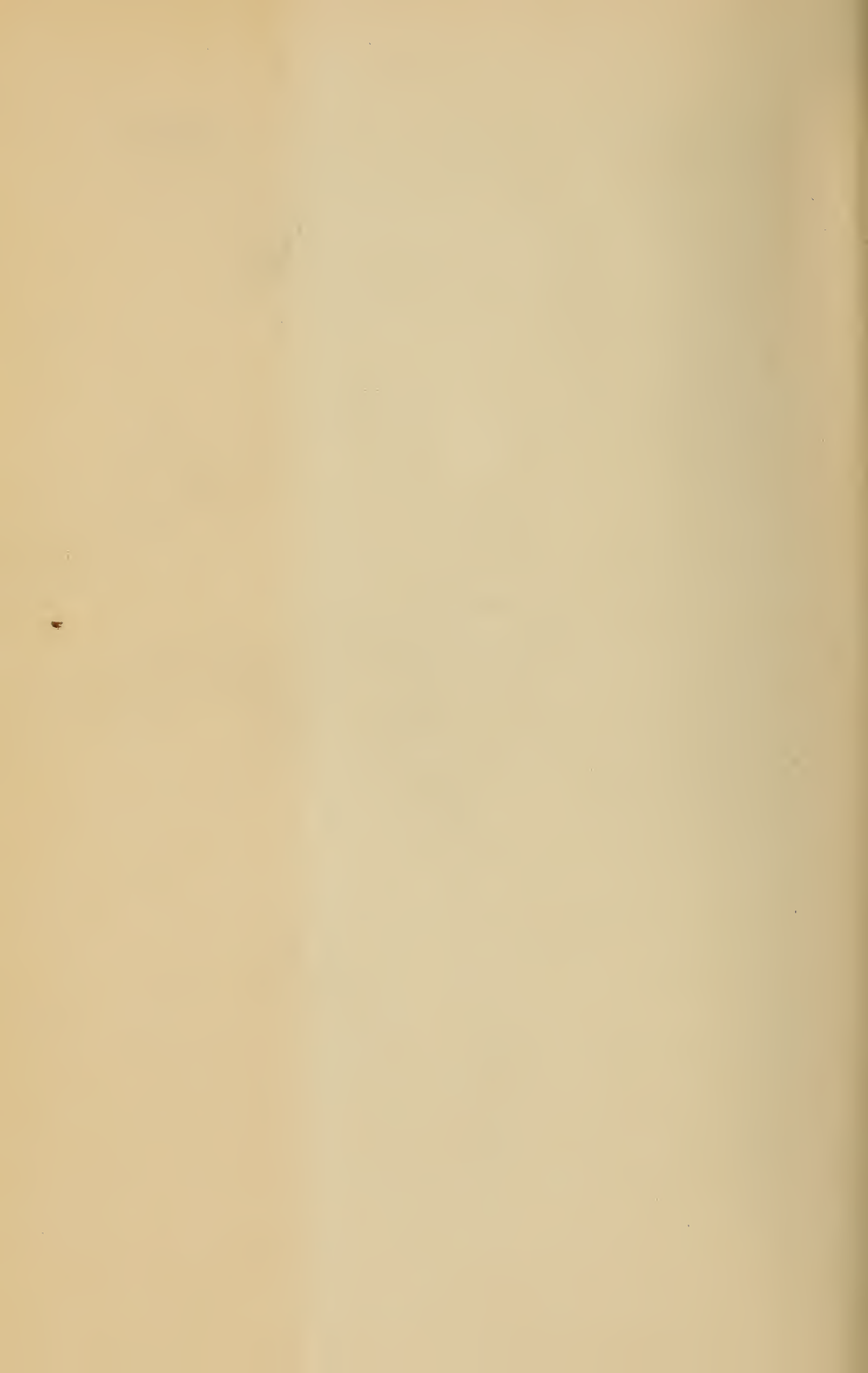
There is only one way that I know of to get around the difficulty, that is to suppose that the birds are small, the feather large, and that they carry it over them like an umbrella. But, oh, here is another

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difficulty! It rains, and the birds that are along the edge of the party have to catch on their necks and backs, the constant dribble from the umbrella-like feather. What can they do in that case? Won't some kind friend help me out; for my brain is in such confusion that I know not how to end?

—C. L. N., '87.

PRINTED IN
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY
MOREHOUSE PUBLISHING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

C. SA24MABE

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EARLY DAYS AT ST. MARY'S KNOXVILLE ILLIN



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